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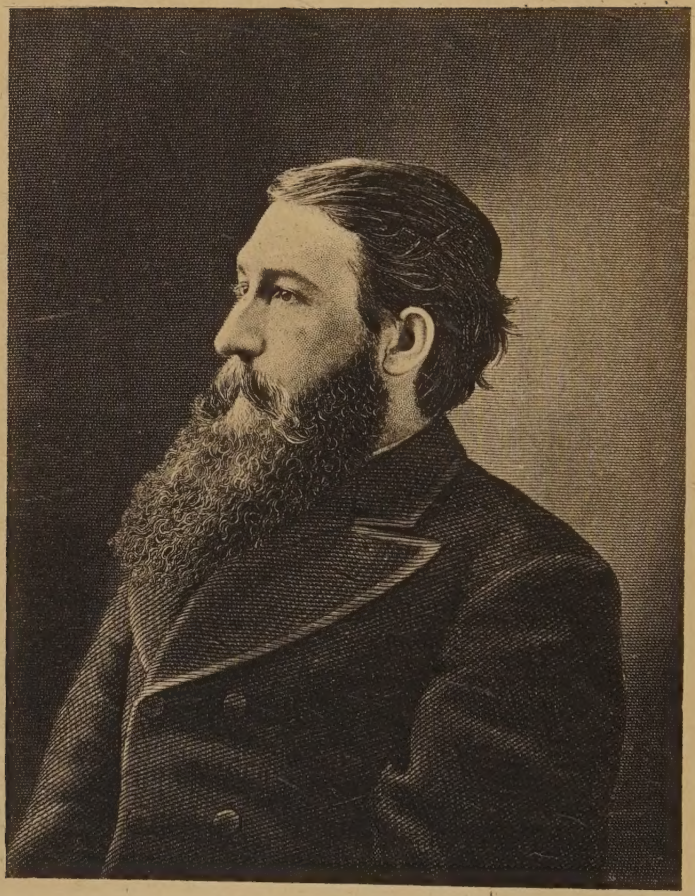

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VOLUME VII

JOHNSTON—LUCAS

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TABLE OF CONTENTS, VOLUME VIII
FOLLOWS PAGE 3282

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME VII

PAGE

JOHNSTON, WILLIAM PRESTON (1831-1899) - 2813

BY BRANDT VAN BUREN DIXON

Plantation Life in Texas
Macbeth
Creation
Rev. B. M. Palmer, D.D.
The Ladder
La Gitana

JONES, CHARLES COLCOCK, JR. (1831-1893) - 2835

BY WILLIAM H. FLEMING

James Oglethorpe
Stirring Scenes of the Revolution
The Private Soldier
Sketch of Robert Toombs
The Old South and the New South
Jefferson Davis

JOYNES, EDWARD SOUTHEY (1834-1917) - - 2859

BY W. S. CURRELL

Lee, the College President
School Training in the Early Days
The Educational Awakening

KELLER, HELEN ADAMS (1880-) - - 2875

BY D. S. BURLESON

Sense and Sensibility
My Dreams

KENNEDY, JOHN PENDLETON (1795-1870) - - 2897

BY JESSE LEWIS ORRICK

The Battle of King's Mountain
The Mansion of Dove Cote

PAGE

The Ancient Capital of Maryland
Confessions of an Office Holder
Trial by View

KING, GRACE ELIZABETH (1852-) - - 2927

BY ALBERT PHELPS

Making Progress
The Story of a Day
The Paris of the New World
The Cemeteries

LAMAR, LUCIUS Q. C. (1825-1893) - - - 2963

BY CHARLES B. GALLOWAY

On the Death of Charles Sumner
Policy of the Republican Party in the South
On Refusing to Obey Instructions
Republican Policy and the Solid South
On the Unveiling of the Calhoun Monument

LAMAR, MIRABEAU B. (1798-1859) - - - 2987

BY A. W. TERRELL

Protest Against Freeing Santa Anna
Apology
The Daughter of Mendoza
In Life's Unclouded, Gayer Hour
The Seasons
Carmelita
The Ruling Passion
Give to the Poet His Well-Earned Praise
Monody

LANE, ELEANOR MCCARTNEY (——1909) - 3003

BY CHARLOTTE NEWELL

A Page from Lady Grafton's Journal
Nancy Visits His Grace of Borthwicke

LANIER, CLIFFORD (1844-1908) - - - - 3021

BY C. PRESCOTT ATKINSON

The Mission of Beauty
Time, Tireless Tramp

PAGE

A Seaweed on Deck in Mid-Ocean
The American Philomel
Forest Elixirs
Friar Servetus
His Silent Flute
To a Poet Dying Young
The Men Behind the "Books"
In a Library
The First Confederate White House, Montgomery, Ala.
The Power of Affection; or Voting in Alabama
The Greatest of These is Love
The Western Gate

LANIER, SIDNEY (1842-1881) - - - - 3041

BY HENRY NELSON SNYDER

Corn
My Springs
A Ballad of Trees and the Master
The Marshes of Glynn
Song of the Chattahoochee
The Revenge of Hamish
Difference Between Music and Verse
A Poet's Letter to a Friend
The Development of Personality
The Legend of St. Leonor
Paul H. Hayne's Poetry

LAURENS, HENRY (1724-1792) - - - - 3079

BY D. D. WALLACE

Letter to John Laurens
In the Tower of London

LAWSON, JOHN (——1712) - - - - 3097

BY D. H. HILL

The Indians of North Carolina

LE CONTE, JOSEPH (1823-1901) - - - 3117

BY H. C. WHITE

Personality of Deity
What is Evolution?
Origin and Structure of Mountains

PAGE

LEE, ROBERT EDWARD (1807-1870) - - - 3145

BY GEORGE H. DENNY

Resignation from United States Army
Letter to G. W. Custis Lee
A Christmas Letter to His Wife
Address to the People of Maryland
Chambersburg Order
Final Address to Old Soldiers
Accepting College Presidency
Letter to H. C. Saunders
Letter to Governor Letcher
Letter to Captain Tatnall
An Address to the Students
Letter to W. H. F. Lee
Letter to General Longstreet
Letter to Fitzhugh Lee
Letter to General Early
Description of "Traveller"

LEGARÉ, HUGH SWINTON (1797-1843) - - 3169

BY B. J. RAMAGE

Lord Byron's Character and Writings
Mr. Legaré to His Sister
Demosthenes
The Roman Legislator

LEGARÉ, JAMES MATTHEW (1823-1859) - - 3191

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The Reaper
To a Lily
Tallulah
On the Death of a Kinsman
To Anne
Flowers in Ashes
Haw-Blossoms
Ahab-Mahommed

LEIGH, BENJAMIN WATKINS (1781-1849) - - 3205

BY JOSEPH B. DUNN

On the Expunging Resolution
Representation and Taxation

PAGE

LE VERT, OCTAVIA WALTON (1810-1877) - - 3221

BY MRS. JOHN K. OTTLEY

Introduction to De Lamartine
Description of Vesuvius
A Visit to the Pope
We Unfurl Our Own Flag
A Tribute to Henry Clay

LONGSTREET, AUGUSTUS BALDWIN (1790-1870) - 3241

BY O. P. FITZGERALD

The Fight
The Horse-Swap
A Touch of Polemics

LUCAS, DANIEL BEDINGER (1836-1909) - - 3267

BY LAURENCE S. MARYE

Daniel O'Connell
The Land Where We Were Dreaming
The Wind Chimed Low by the Deep Waves Flow
My Thought Grows Hazy With the Season's Touch

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON

[1831—1899]

BRANDT VAN BUREN DIXON

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON, born in Louisville, Kentucky, January 5, 1831, the eldest son of Albert Sydney and Henrietta (Preston) Johnston, of Scotch-Irish descent, numbered among his ancestors many men of distinction—soldiers, statesmen, jurists, and others whose work and influence in the upbuilding of this country have been noteworthy. From the period of early settlement, in colonial times and the Revolution, and down to the present, the names of Johnston, Preston, Stoddard, Hancock, Clark, Wickliffe, Strother, and others of his kindred, recur constantly in the records of state or nation, men of strong and sterling quality, fit for leadership and achievement. It was therefore natural and fitting that, as child and man, the subject of this sketch should have felt an intense family pride which acted as a determining influence throughout his life.

At the age of four years he lost his mother, and shortly afterward his father removed to the new Republic of Texas, so that he was left to the care of his maternal relatives in Louisville, Mrs. Josephine Rogers, and, afterward, General and Mrs. William Preston. He was educated in the primary schools of Louisville, the Academy of S. V. Womack of Shelbyville, Center College of Danville, and the Western Military Institute of Georgetown, Kentucky. In 1850, after a somewhat desultory attempt to read law, he went to Yale College, where he entered the class of 1852 in its junior year. Here he soon took a leading position in scholarship, won the Townsend prize for English composition, and in the final competition won the Clark prize for an essay on "Political Abstractionists."

After graduation he resumed the study of law, receiving his diploma from the Law School of the University of Louisville in March, 1853. On the sixth of the following July he was married in New Haven to Miss Rosa Elizabeth Duncan, daughter of John N. Duncan of New Orleans, La. Those who knew this lady speak of her as the rarest and noblest of women, beautiful in person and character, dainty, graceful, and witty, but withal full of sober judgment, high courage, firmness, and self-respect, devoutly religious, devoted to her children, and of unbounded charity.

Except for a brief residence in New York, young Johnston re-

mained in Louisville engaged in his law practice until the outbreak of the Civil War. Though never very active in politics, he was always a strong advocate of the principles espoused by the South; when, therefore, the war became inevitable, he was among the first in his State to join the Confederate service, and raise and equip troops for its army. In the summer of 1861 he was appointed major of the Second Kentucky Regiment, but was soon transferred to the First Kentucky Regiment as major, and afterward promoted to the position of lieutenant-colonel. This regiment saw its only service in the Army of Northern Virginia, and took part in the early operations on the line of Fairfax Court House and Acotink.

Never of a robust constitution, Colonel Johnston was not able to endure the hardships and exposure of service in the field; his health became seriously impaired, and after a severe illness from typhoid-pneumonia and camp fever, during which his regiment was disbanded, in May, 1862, he accepted the invitation of President Davis to serve on his personal staff as aide-de-camp with the rank of colonel. In this position his duties as inspector-general, and confidential staff officer for communication with generals in the field, brought him into intimate relations with the leaders of the Confederacy and its armies, and throughout the war he enjoyed their highest confidence and trust. He was present in the battles of Seven Pines, Cold Harbor, Sheridan's Raid, Drewry's Bluff, Petersburg, and many others of less importance. He followed faithfully the fortunes of President Davis, and was captured with him in Georgia. For several months he was imprisoned in Fort Delaware, after which he spent a year of residence as an exile in Canada, then returning to Louisville to resume the practice of law.

Meanwhile General Robert E. Lee had accepted the presidency of Washington and Lee University, and in 1867 he invited Colonel Johnston to the chair of English and history, a position to which he was strongly inclined, both by disposition and scholarly training. He gladly accepted the call and removed to Lexington, Virginia. Many of his students bear willing witness to the inspiring influence of his teaching and his personality.

In 1880 Colonel Johnston became the president of the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, then having but thirty-nine students. This he reorganized, but after three years was called to his final task in New Orleans.

In 1883, when Paul Tulane made his great bequest to Louisiana for the benefit of education, the administrators of the Tulane Educational Fund invited Colonel Johnston to organize and take charge of the institution they had determined to found. The University of Louisiana in New Orleans was reorganized as the Tulane University

of Louisiana, by which name it has since been known; Colonel Johnston became president and held this position until his death, July 16, 1899. It is his work in administering this trust which merits our chief regard, and forms the crowning success of his earnest and useful life. The difficulties which attend such an enterprise, under favoring conditions, were magnified in a city wholly commercial, without college traditions, and utterly unfamiliar with university life or its requirements. It was but natural, therefore, that much of the preliminary work should be tentative; but, as the institution gradually took shape, and as its several departments gained strength and efficiency, the wisdom of President Johnston's broad and liberal policy became increasingly evident. Each proposed measure was carefully studied in its relation to the prevailing conditions and needs; literary, scientific, artistic, and other societies were encouraged and stimulated; free lecture courses were established, in the effort to secure public sympathy and coöperation.

The already existing Medical College and Law School became departments of the new university, and to the college of arts and letters there was added, in 1887, a college for women, and in 1893 a college of technology. All of these departments prospered, and, at the time of Colonel Johnston's death, the Tulane University of Louisiana had come to be recognized as one of the foremost educational factors in the South.

While in Lexington he wrote the life of Albert Sydney Johnston, published by D. Appleton and Company in 1878. Of this work it may be said that when one considers its having been written by a son whose peculiar pride of family was intensified by the affection he bore to an idolized father, written, moreover, shortly after the war, when the passions it had kindled were still aglow and while the sense of loss and defeat were strong and bitter, it is surprisingly fair, honest, and convincing in its presentation and argument. The judicial candor shown in this work is the strongest evidence of Colonel Johnston's high qualities as an historian. As a writer he was clear, vigorous, and elegant, eager with loving interest to secure for his hero recognition and esteem, and as the advocate of a lost cause, which he had espoused with his whole heart, equally eager to justify his friends and himself; but he did not lose his sense of critical fairness, and gave us one of the richest contributions which have yet been made to the history of the war.

In the midst of his duties as president of a growing university, Colonel Johnston found time to write many addresses of notable excellence, besides poems, and essays on historical, literary, and educational subjects. Of these some have been preserved and printed. In 1890 he published 'The Prototype of Hamlet,' a series of lectures

delivered at Tulane University. The thesis is a paradox, not greatly favored by admirers of Shakspere, perhaps, but commanding much favorable criticism. In his numerous addresses are to be found many vivid and accurate pictures of the "Old South," and acute observations of the conditions arising in the "New South." These efforts are replete with shrewd and wise suggestions; his estimates of the needs of Southern civilization have been highly appreciated by statesmen of this country and of Europe.

In 1894 he printed for private distribution a volume of poems under the title 'My Garden Walk,' and, in 1896, this was followed by 'Pictures of the Patriarchs.' In these volumes are to be found many poems which were received with great favor.

In 1877 Colonel Johnston received from Washington and Lee University the degree of LL.D., and for seven years prior to his death he was one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

On October 19, 1885, his wife, Rosa Duncan, died, and in the same year also died his only son, Albert Sydney Johnston. Of his five daughters, three died before him, Miss Mary Duncan Johnston, in 1894, Mrs. Caroline Hancock Kinney, in 1895, and Mrs. Henrietta Preston Tucker, in 1897. Two survived him, Mrs. Rosa Duncan Robinson, now residing in Louisville, Kentucky, and Mrs. Margaret Wickliffe Sharpe, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

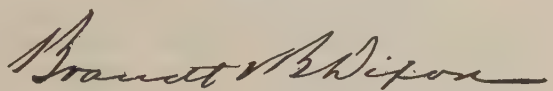
In 1888 Colonel Johnston was married to Miss Margaret Henshaw Avery, daughter of Judge Daniel Dudley Avery, a member of one of Louisiana's best families. This lady, admirably qualified by culture and refinement, was for eleven years in the fullest sympathy with his work and aspirations. She survives him.

For several years Colonel Johnston's health had been steadily declining, and on different occasions he had seriously considered the wisdom of resigning his position. Until near the end hope of betterment persisted, but in the summer of 1899 his condition became rapidly worse, and death found him on the sixteenth of July, 1899, at the home of his son-in-law, Harry St. George Tucker, in Lexington, Virginia. His body was taken to his boyhood home, Louisville, Kentucky, and buried among his maternal kindred.

In person he was tall and slender, in his manners graceful and sympathetic, in all his deportment a lovable Christian gentleman. In those four years of stress and trial which tested to the uttermost his quiet but unquestionable courage, his integrity and scrupulous veracity, he endeared himself to all the officers of the Confederacy. He was the trusted friend of Davis, Lee, and scores of other leaders, and on his release from prison after the war found himself the possessor of their unlimited confidence and esteem.

That which impressed us most in his character was its singular combination of graciousness and inflexibility. Gentle even to the suggestion of weakness, eager to please and to avoid offence, he was unyielding in his convictions, and his purposes, once formed, were carried out firmly and consistently. His judgments were keen, but never hasty; once fixed they were maintained with a quiet stubbornness which often surprised his friends. He was thus singularly well qualified for a work that required tact, clearness of vision, unfailing courtesy, and patient firmness.

He was a steadfast advocate of the principles maintained by the Confederacy in the Civil War, a warm-hearted, generous friend, a consistent member of the Episcopal Church, deeply and unaffectedly religious, and broad in his sympathies toward all men.



PLANTATION LIFE IN TEXAS

From 'Life of General Albert Sydney Johnston.'

General Johnston returned to Galveston in October, and was received with enthusiasm by its citizens, with whom he was always a favorite. A public dinner was tendered him, which his business, however, compelled him to decline. A question of the utmost importance to himself now came before General Johnston for decision. When he had gone to General Taylor's assistance in May, he had promised his wife, who strongly opposed his volunteering, that he would not reënlist at the expiration of his term of service without her consent. He knew that she was too high-spirited to insist on his retirement while in the line of either duty or distinction. But he had come back from the army with a heavy heart. When the war broke out, rank and celebrity seemed to await him, and the opportunity had apparently arrived when his abilities would find a fair field for their display; but his brief career had ended in disappointment. He had seen the regiment, which he had converted into a powerful engine of war, dissolved before his eyes by a stroke of the pen. Though he had done all that a man could do under the circumstances, and had won the ap-

probation and esteem of his commanders and fellow-soldiers, his services were not such as his Government chose to acknowledge. It was almost an avowed policy to confer military command as the reward of political activity; and party notables, transformed into generals and accompanied by special correspondents for the manufacture of glory, became the centres of faction and the ephemeral heroes of the press. Such methods and appliances were not only discouraging to merit and distasteful to real soldiers, but, detected at last by the newspapers and people, recoiled on the pretenders. Still, for the time, confounding spurious and genuine reputation, they repelled many good soldiers from the service.

General Johnston was not without sufficient influence to have arrested the attention of the Administration and enforced some sort of recognition of his claims; but such a course of procedure was altogether foreign to his nature and principles, and rank or power thus attained would have afforded him no gratification. He valued these as the symbols of accorded merit and the opportunity of more useful services. His inclination was to return to the army as a volunteer, and do whatever work came to his hand. It was the natural desire of a professional soldier, unwilling to rust while the others mingled in the fray. On the other hand, he was no mere military adventurer, and there was no call of patriotic duty upon him when there was an excess of soldiers impatient for the same service, and a Government that did not want his sword. His wife, moreover, insisted upon a fulfillment of his promise not to rejoin the army against her consent. Untrammeled, he would probably have followed professional instincts and returned to the field; but the claims of his family upon him were very strong, and he finally determined to yield to the wishes of his wife, abandon the military profession forever, and enter upon the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. This step was not taken without a severe mental struggle; but when once taken, all the force of a resolute will was exerted to vanish vain regrets, and conform his mental habits to the mode of life adopted.

The author takes pleasure, as an act of gratitude and of filial duty, in recording an instance of General Johnston's self-abnegation and generosity. As tenant by the courtesy,

he possessed a life-estate in the property inherited from his first wife by her children. Considering the avails not more than sufficient for their education, maintenance, and start in life, he divested himself of his life-estate, and surrendered it for the benefit of these children.

With the small means now at his command he bought the simple furniture, utensils, and supplies required in the humble home to which he was retiring, and such stock, farm implements, and seed as were absolutely necessary. His housekeeping was in a style as primitive as any of the pioneers. A double log-cabin, covered with clapboards, and fronted with a wide porch, gave a rude shelter; and the pine tables, hickory chairs, and other household effects, might have suited a camp better than a permanent establishment. Such as they were, they sufficed for his wants.

The China Grove plantation, to which he removed, was situated partly in the alluvial bottom-lands of Oyster Creek, a stream nearly parallel with the Brazos River, and partly in the flat and rather sandy prairie that stretched away toward Galveston Bay. Three or four hundred acres, constituting "the plantation" proper, had been cleared of the dense timber and undergrowth of the primeval forest, which still shaded nearly a thousand acres more; while toward the south and east a square league of prairie, waving with the luxuriant grasses of the coastlands, afforded ample pasture for herds of cattle which ranged at will. A belt of thick woods, eight or ten miles wide, almost pathless, filled with all manner of wild beasts and game, thick set with jungle, and concealing miasmatic swamps caused by the annual overflow of the river, reached almost to the doors. A fever-breeding malaria exhaled from these marshes and crept toward the prairie, where it was met by the salt sea breeze, which sweeping steadily across the broad savanna, mastered it with a doubtful victory. The open friend was always gladly welcomed; the secret foe sometimes laid its poisonous fingers on an unsuspecting household.

From the front porch the view extended as far as the eye could reach over a grassy plain, unbroken except by an occasional fringe or *mot* of distant timber. To a lover of Nature in all her moods, like General Johnston, this vast am-

phitheatre was a source of continual pleasure. Everywhere were the evidences of fertility, and Nature offered to the observant eye all the beauty that a level surface, unaided by art, could afford.

In early spring an emerald sward, embroidered with the blue lupin, the crimson phlox, the fragrant and flossy mimosa, and a thousand flowers of varied perfume and hue, invited great herds of deer to browse upon the tender grass, while the long-horned cattle, scarcely less wild, watched with startled eyes the unfrequent traveler. Innumerable flights of wild-fowl circled and settled in the shallow pools left by the winter rains. Cranes, herons, wild-geese, brants, ducks, and sea-birds, gulls, curlews and others, made this their feeding-ground. Summer saw the tall, yellow grass waving like a sea of gold, and the transforming power of a Southern sun and moist atmosphere working the marvels of the mirage. In winter came the long rains driving slant, or the air cleared by the bracing norther, or the midnight sky lit by a distant or nearer circle of flame that marked the movement of the prairie-fire. Over all was solitude with its narrowing, strengthening influences, its lessons of self-reliance and self-denial, and its invitations to self-communion and the study of Nature.

General Johnston's family, when he settled on the China Grove plantation, consisted of his wife and infant son, a negro man and his wife, two negro boys and a girl. Of course he did not expect to be able to work the place with this force, but merely to find shelter and food until he could either sell the land and obtain a less costly home, or secure labor sufficient to work it. He preferred this latter course, by means of which he could easily have extricated himself from debt and derived a handsome revenue. But, although in view of the large immigration of planters to Texas, he had just grounds for believing this plan feasible, he was, from causes not necessary to enter into here, continually disappointed in his hopes. By the application of the rent to repairs he had managed to keep the plantation in tolerable order and cultivation from its purchase until his own arrival there; and now, by his personal supervision and labor, he made it a desirable home.

In this secluded spot he was buried for three years. His

chief business was to make a crop of Indian-corn, for bread for his family and forage for his work-animals; a crop of cotton, for the purchase of supplies; a small crop of sugar cane; and an ample supply of all sorts of vegetables. To these ends he gave a good deal of hard labor in the field and garden, but he did not neglect the simple but delightful recreation of the flower-garden. His house was shaded by a grove of the fragrant "pride of China," and the spacious yard contained towering live-oaks, pecans, and other beautiful native forest-trees. A hedge of Cherokee rose, with its snowy bloom, protected the enclosure; and an ample orchard of figs and peaches furnished its fruits for the table. When General Johnston went there, he was told leeks were the only vegetable that would thrive, but he soon proved that hardly any vegetable known to American gardens would fail under ordinary care. It is true that he was careful, patient, industrious, and skillful in plant-nurture; but all this is necessary to the best success anywhere.

The frequent allusions in his correspondence to his own share in the labor of the plantation sprang from an honest pride in doing well in every part of the work he had undertaken. I remember that some years after, when he had changed his occupation, a wealthy and cultivated friend with whom we were dining very ingenuously maintained the theory that manual labor unfitted a man for the higher reaches of thought and spheres of action. "What you say," replied General Johnston, "seems very plausible, but self-love forbids me to agree with you. I have ploughed, and planted, and gathered the harvest. The spade, the hoe, the plough, and the axe, are familiar to my hands, and that not for recreation, but for bread."

He had but one near neighbor, Colonel Warren D. C. Hall, who, with his wife, rendered General Johnston's family every friendly office that kind hearts could suggest. Colonel Hall was one of Austin's colonists, and prominent in the earlier conflicts of the revolutionary struggle. He was elderly, and had not been fortunate; so that his large estate was laboring under embarrassments, from which I believe it was subsequently relieved. He was a bold, warm-hearted, hospitable planter. He and his wife were childless, but their affections

went out to cheer all about them. As almost the only family that General and Mrs. Johnston saw in their years of plantation-life, this notice seems to me brief; but the record of the amenities that sweeten life are written elsewhere than in printed books.

I trust that some recollections of the earlier part of my father's stay at China Grove will not be considered an obtrusive introduction of my own personality into this memoir. But as his treatment of me illustrates not only many of his views but some of his characteristics, what might otherwise seem an unnecessary self-display will, I hope, be pardoned. Soon after establishing himself on the plantation, my father sent for me to visit him, and I spent about three months from New Year's (1847) there. It is proper to say that he had always treated me with a confidence and consideration proportioned not at all to my merits, nor probably even to his conception of them, but to the ideal which he set before me as worthy of imitation. His rule with children was to give them a character, that they would try to live up to it. He was an indulgent husband, father, and master. He viewed the conduct of others with charitable eye, and made their opportunities the measure of their responsibilities. While he did not expect in slaves the virtues of freemen, he incited them to well-doing by kindness, and tried hard to raise their moral tone by a ready recognition of their good traits. Few people wished or attempted to resist his authority. He had the gift of command. Though his sway was gentle, I, at least, felt that its constraint was absolute. He was no believer in the rod, or in any form of terror, which he said made cowards and liars. His appeal was always to the reason and moral nature, and was made with irresistible force and persuasiveness. His children were his companions and friends, and this without sacrifice of his dignity or of their filial relation. The sympathy was very deep and tender; but it was accompanied by a sense of grateful obligation and the perception that they had been lifted to his moral plane, from which an unworthy act would hopelessly banish them.

MACBETH

Extracts from 'The Prototype of Hamlet," an Address delivered at Tulane University.

WHETHER Macbeth is the greatest of Shakespeare's plays or not, I think there can be no doubt that it is his greatest poem. This is the more remarkable as it is probable from internal evidences that it never received the finishing touches so necessary for the perfection of a work of art, but stands like some colossal statue—the dream of a seer—the stupendous outline of a great soul-study, conceived in its entirety in the mind of the artist. We discover gaps in the plot, confusion in the metaphor, details half completed, and a lack of those final thoughts which, like sweetest roses before a killing frost, blossomed forth in his last version of "Hamlet." But this very incompleteness compels us, as it were, to enter the charmed circle of the poet's imaginings, view the author's mind in the processes of creation, and share with him in the solemn mystery of the production of this grand drama.

It may be, as Swinburne suggests, "that the sole text we possess of Macbeth has not been interpolated, but mutilated." He describes it as "piteously rent and ragged and clipped and garbled in some of its earlier scenes: the rough construction and the poltfoot metre, lame sense and limping verse, each maimed and mangled subject of players' and printers' most treasonable tyranny contending as it were to seem harsher than the other." Yet, along with the wise and deep-seeing authors before cited, this most musical of critics tells us: "But if Othello be the most pathetic, King Lear the most terrible, Hamlet the subtlest and deepest work of Shakespeare, the highest in abrupt and steep simplicity of epic tragedy is Macbeth."

In the spirit of this suggestion I am prepared to admit that Macbeth *may be* (for I dread dogmatism) rather the torso of some masterpiece of our dramatic Phidias than the uncompleted ideal of his tragic muse. But dropping the metaphor, the greatness of the events, the rapidity of the action, the compression of the thought, the fervor of the diction, and the simplicity and directness of the moral movement, render

it a noble example of tragic art. Macbeth is not only, as Hallam called it, the great epic drama, but also the great heroic drama. The action is shrouded in mysterious gloom, or lurid with an unholy supernatural light; the persons of the drama move in shadow, vast, sombre, and majestic, like beings of some older and larger creation. As in the "Iliad," Achilles, Ulysses, and Agamemnon deal with the Immortals, give the sword-thrust or receive the wound, so when Banquo and stout Macduff, the saintly Duncan and bloody Macbeth, enter the field of vision, the meaner race of mortals vanishes from sight. Hence the artistic effects of this play are not produced by nice gradations of shade, but by strong contrasts of color in scene, incidents, circumstance, and character. The elements are in tumult; and the landscape, black beneath the lowering storm-cloud, is, nevertheless, belted with peaceful bands of sunshine. Fell murder and dire cruelty work out their purposes on innocence and loyalty, and final retribution is met "dareful, beard to beard" by defiant remorse. Macbeth, is indeed, a tremendous epic in dramatic form—an epic in the rush and swirl of its objective action, but a very pæan of subjective evolution struck from the fervid lyre of a heart white hot. But implicit within the folds of its royal drapery of poetry, indeed, at the very heart of its ancient legend, couches one of the problems of destiny—a mystery of the human soul—which we would do well to pluck forth, and lay bare to the scrutiny of our intelligence.

I have not selected this tragedy because its problem is the most difficult to solve, for, on the contrary, it is the most obvious; but it is one of the grandest and most pathetic. It is the old story of temptation, crime, and retributive justice. Hamlet and Macbeth were finished almost about the same time; Hamlet, as an idea which had grown through a series of years and been worked out to its consummation; and Macbeth, probably suggested by it, hurled from the crater of the author's imagination into the empyrean. Together they constitute the obverse and reverse of the heaven-stamped medal we call the human will. They are psychological complements of each other. In Hamlet the renunciation of the human will is balanced by the despotism of will in Macbeth. In Hamlet, "the courtier, soldier, scholar, the expectancy and

rose of the fair state," is "quite, quite down"—and why? Because, a morbid conscience and irresolute heart keep his subtle intellect in play, until the moment for action has passed, and his vacillation overwhelms with ruin all his house. But the Thane of Glamis, audacious, merciless and prompt, closes with his opportunity, and on the instant puts his soul past surgery. All must bend or break before the energy of his tremendous will and his lawless lust of dominion. But Nemesis follows him too, and his crime works out its inevitable penalty.

* * * * * *

The felicity of Shakespeare's genius shows itself in the selection of the time and place and plot of this tragedy. Surely, these are not accidents. The venue is laid in the borderland of fact and fable. Macbeth was a contemporary of that Edward the Confessor whose reign lingered for generations in the fancy of Saxon England as a golden age. It was to Shakespeare a heroic age; and the figures and events of his creation loom up loftily through twilight and mist, too large and vague, perhaps, did not human passions so sharply define them.

But the place as well as the time of the drama evoke a vivid interest. Scotland, though neighboring, was yet almost unknown to Englishmen of that day, and a series of tragic events and the calamities of kings had just linked its history with that of England. James I had but just come to the throne; and to Southern eyes Scotland lay like a mountain lake, half robed in romance and half veiled in mystery. Under the enchanter's wand, this gloomy background faded into a land of shadows, the curtain of the unseen world was lifted, and the powers of the air mingled with human actors as persons of the drama.

The staple of the story, too, is not without strong parallelisms to events which had recently greatly excited the public mind. Earl Gowrie's conspiracy, aimed at the life of James I, was still fresh in the memories of men. The plots known as "the Main" and "the Bye," for the murder of the King and the enthronement of his cousin, Arabella Stuart, had lately occurred; and the trials of Sir Walter Raleigh and others had awakened the liveliest interest touching regicide and the breach

of a clear title to the crown. If, as best conjectured, this play was completed early in 1606, then it came just on the heel of the Gunpowder Plot, which had been fixed for November 5, 1605; and the trials of the wretched fanatics who had compassed the destruction of King and Parliament had made the popular mind familiar with projects of slaughter and the casuistry of assassination. Shakespeare's treatment of his theme commended itself not only to the Prince, but to the people; and while he adapted it to the spirit of the age, and even to the passing mood of the public, he evinced his transcendent genius by producing a poem of perennial interest, the spectacle of a titanic nature utterly cast down and ruined in its great spiritual struggle. Neither in prologue, nor in epilogue, nor in the mouth of any interlocutor, does the author announce the moral of the play. Yet he who runs may read. It is the contest for the soul of a man. The powers of darkness wrestle with and vanquish him.

We can properly understand this tragedy only by first understanding its supernaturalism. To do this aright we must look at it from the author's standpoint. There is scarcely any subject in literature more fascinating than the study of post-mediæval supernaturalism as embodied in the plays of Shakespeare. This is an age and country of a skepticism so general and pervading that we find it hard to conceive of the immense mass of superstition which overlaid the Christianity of the Middle Ages. Folk-lore, the hierarchy of angels and demons, the realm of faery, the habits and manners of ghosts; witchcraft, with its laws, customs, cultus, and criminal practices; auguries, oracles, sorcery, and other manifestations of occult power; spells, talismans, elixirs, and alchemy conjuring with the unknown and unsubdued forces of nature; astrology and the influence of the stars; the meaning of dreams and visions; in a word the whole world of the unreal had been systematized into a complete code and body of supernatural mythology, believed alike by peasant and prince, by learned and unlearned, and by all classes of the community. Relics of this remain imbedded in our earlier literature, like flies in amber; and other relics still yet crop out in the fancies, the follies, and the crimes of the present generation. This vast machinery of mythology, which then represented to

the popular mind the secondary causes through which God governs his universe, seems to us but the kaleidoscopic phases of a disordered dream, a mirage, "an unsubstantial pageant." But to our ancestors it was as real and solid as the rock-ribbed earth.

In Shakespeare's day, the British people was in the prime of national manhood. The light was breaking, and the emancipated human intellect was waking from the dreams of a thousand years. The prophetic soul of Shakespeare accepted the popular beliefs as modes of expression, and employed them as symbols for the unseen forces of nature and spirit, in which dwell activities more potent than even superstition could conjure up. And it was through this high poetic and philosophic power, this eminent gift of imagination and understanding working together, that he produced the terrible and highly idealized conception of supernatural agency embodied in the Weird Sisters. These and Banquo's ghost, the apparitions, the omens, the air-drawn dagger, the mysterious voice, are but the signs and formulas through which he represents the problem of evil, with which Macbeth grapples, and which he solves to his own temporal and eternal ruin.

A canon of Shakespearian criticism, somewhat fanciful perhaps, has been advanced, that the first scene, or even the first words, of a play, will often strike the keynote of the entire action. In Macbeth, certainly, they have a curious significance. The enchanter waves his wand, and the tragedy begins. Where? "In a desert place," or "open place," as some will have it; "with thunder and lightning." Is it on land or sea, or do the witches "hover through the fog and filthy air?" Whether we picture it as a barren heath, or above the ferment of the deep, we know that "the secret, black, and midnight hags" are gathered on the confines of hell, with the gates ajar. Amid the tumult of the elements, and the mutterings of familiar spirits, the ominous question is shrieked forth,

When shall we three meet again?

This is answered by these "juggling fiends," when they next appear as tempters of Macbeth. The fine lyrical move-

ment of the scene reaches its highest pitch in the diabolic suggestions of the chorus:

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

This phrase symbolizes the reversal of the divine order of nature, the love of evil for its own sake, the unforgivable sin. That this is not a mere conceit is evinced by the very first words that Macbeth utters:

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

This is the human response to the infernal suggestion, and points to the moral confusion which infects the fairest state of man. This cannot be accidental. It is but one instance among many in Shakespeare where the echo of the mysterious footfall of the future is heard by an inner sense, and the word of unconscious prophecy is uttered. By this I do not mean that those omens and prodigies cited after Duncan's death, nor the predictions of the witches, but something subtler, akin to the derided and dreaded presentiment of evil.

* * * * * *

At the point of Duncan's doom, Macbeth trembled, and his wife chided him as "infirm of purpose." But his man's nature was made of the sterner stuff. As he stepped from crime to crime, what with the swing of his sceptre and his angry work of repression, he became "bloody, bold, and resolute." Baffled by juggling friends, betrayed by courtiers, and bereft of wife, his heart did not break, nor his brain become frenzied. He opposed himself like a Titan, to the vengeance of heaven and the dread of hell—fear of man he never knew. The props of infernal prophecy sank under him, and yet he would not fly. Then, "championed to the utterance with fate," at the last he falls like a soldier, sword in hand, unrepenting and defiant.

The poetic justice which assigns awakened sensibility as a necessary part of the penalty of sin is incorrect. Macbeth displays a more usual form of punishment. A gradual hardening of the heart, a constant moral descent, with neither ability nor wish to recall the lost innocence, and an increasing catalogue of crimes ensue, until the whip of scorpions and the

avenging Furies are needed to shake his obdurate soul. In him we learn that there is no disconnected sin, but that offences are the links in an endless chain, harnessing cause to remotest consequence, and dragging the guilt-burthened soul downward forever. We saw him at first, with "love, honor, obedience, troops of friends." And now, in their stead,

> Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
> Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

It is thus that Satan fulfills his promises. Even in the moment of fruition, when success seemed to have justified his usurpation, he received a bitter foretaste of his awful future. Shakespeare does not palter with this aspect of crime. He fills the meed of temporal prosperity for the murderer, crowns him, surrounds his throne with obsequious courtiers, crushes his enemies, and gives him all—

> Thou hast it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
> As the weird women promised.

But he does not give him one happy moment. Lady Macbeth says to him:

> How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
> Of sorriest fancies your companions making?

He bewails that they must

> Sleep
> In the affliction of the terrible dreams
> That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,
> Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace.

The moral isolation of Macbeth and his wife is marked from the moment of his crime. The fissure gradually widens until it becomes an abyss of distrust, hatred—and revolt. The thanes fall away, the soldiers blench—

> And none serve with him but constrained things,
> Whose hearts are absent too.

This moral isolation—this segregation from human sympathy—ends in the alienation of the guilty pair; and their mutual affection, once so tender, closes in cold disregard. Sel-

fishness is the essence of sin, and in absolute selfishness it finds its consummation.

Macbeth is a tragedy indeed. It is the spectacle of a human soul, which, under no despotism of destiny, but in the exercise of a lawless will, accepts the bribe of the tempter, and thus makes a destiny for itself—the destiny of perdition. We see a man of might, with his feet planted on a rock. To win a gilded bauble he plunges into the sea. He is a strong swimmer in the arms of the whirlpool; but they are arms which will not give up their prey. The lesson of Macbeth is a sad and solemn one. It bids us look into the abysses of our own souls, lest therein may lurk some motive to tempt us to our doom. And it teaches this lesson by exhibiting a human soul —a grand, heroic soul—tempted, struggling, betrayed, lost.

In the words of the Preacher, the son of David, King in Jerusalem: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

CREATION

Extract from "Evolution and Creation," in 'My Garden Walk.'

In the beginning was the Word;
It breathed its fiat, Chaos stirred;
Obedient to the First Great Cause,
It moved according to His laws,
And order reigned, design prevailed,
Nature was born, and life unveiled.
Whether our minds can grasp this plan,
Or trace the origin of man,
Why agonizing reel in doubt?
Why gibe and jeer and mock and flout
At those self-centred truths which stand
Like beacons on a desert strand?
On each soul's consciousness they rest,
Self-evidential, and impressed
With that sharp signet, on whose face,
Deep-graved, "Necessity," we trace.

We know that like a prisoner pale,
Who from the windows of his jail
Can catch but glimpses of that world
Whose constellations are unfurled
To happier eyes which freely gaze
On all the stars in midnight's maze,
The spirit fettered here to earth
By flesh and time and space, the worth
Of realms beyond its ken can guess
Only in purblind feebleness;
But still its ample pinions feel
The power to rise and soar and wheel
And revel where the bow is bent
Which spans with hope the firmament.
Why seek our Maker in the dust,
Rather than rest in solemn trust
On that great arm able to clasp
The universe within its grasp,
And hold the balance firm and sure
While time and space and worlds endure?
What does it matter whether man
Six thousand years ago began,
Or through a myriad centuries grew,
Becoming wiser and more true?
Go, boasting skeptic, forge the links
'Twixt dust and that which knows it thinks;
Teach science to span the abyss that gapes
'Twixt man and all the race of apes;
Tell why this self-sufficing force,
Which once gave life in nature's course,
No more informs the insensate clod,
And blindly does the work of God;
Else cease thy clamorous, strident claim
That science walks thus blind and lame,
Making hypothesis the base
For all the history of our race.
Through nature's realm law reigns supreme;
Its Giver is no dotard's dream;
The universe, built with design,
Is proof of power and will divine;

And in creation, be the cause
His first or secondary laws,
By countless links this endless chain
Leads back at last to God again.

REV. B. M. PALMER, D. D

From 'Seekers after God.'

For fourscore years he trod this mortal earth,
Unsoiled by touch with all its devious ways;
So good men loved his genius and his worth
And freely gave him honest meed of praise;
And thus he rounded out his length of days
In usefulness and honor. So he became
The guide of souls lost in life's tangled maze;
But still his work was in his Master's name,
Willing to bear for Him the cross of shame.
With potent teaching his winged words went wide,
Searching the hearts of men as with a flame;
And as he told how Jesus lived and died,
On seraph's pinions his rapt spirit soared
And o'er the world its holy influence poured.

THE LADDER

From 'Pictures of the Patriarchs.'

Work plows the furrow, sows the seed,
And garners every golden deed,
Whose plenteous store and priceless worth
Spread peace and kindness through the earth.

Patience, long-suffering, will abide
In hope though angry fate may chide;
What ills its medicine may not cure,
It bids thee bear; wait and endure.

Love paints the lily, gilds the gold,
Relights the eye that waxeth old,
Gives earth its charm, gives heaven its bliss,
Forecasts a better world in this.

Faith is the light and prayer the eye
That to our vision ope the sky;
With prayer and patience, work and love,
We climb, we soar, we live above.

To work, to wait, to love, to pray;
If thus my life might wear away,
Not fortune's smile, nor fortune's frown,
Would lift me up, could cast me down.

LA GITANA

From 'My Garden Walk.'

As the tall lily, bending before the light breeze,
Lends her lips to his kisses with playful devotion,
Or the Niobe-willow, the saddest of trees,
Waves its silver-lined foliage with tremulous motion,
So sways La Gitana, Gitana, Gitana,
So waves La Gitana her light tambourine.

As bright cloudlets at sunset, all purple and gold,
Slowly soar in the amethyst liquid and tender,
Or the butterfly, flitting o'er woodland and wold,
Stoops to kiss for a moment the dahlia's proud splendor,
So glides La Gitana, Gitana, Gitana,
So bends La Gitana, with light tambourine.

As the mystic cicala repeats his shrill notes,
Or the mocking-bird woos, his serenade singing,
Or the lark, who at dawn in the midheaven floats,
O'er meadow and upland sends his clear carols ringing,
So trills La Gitana, Gitana, Gitana,
So sings La Gitana, with light tambourine.

CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, JR.

[1831—1893]

WILLIAM H. FLEMING

CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, JR., was highly representative of the finest type of our Southern civilization. Indeed, he was a natural product, physically, mentally, and morally, of the best lineage and the most favorable environments of that ante-bellum period of the South. Inheriting the blood of distinguished ancestors—the Pinckneys, Haynes, Swintons, and Legarés, who for generations had been prominent in the history of South Carolina—he was born October 28, 1831, in Savannah, Georgia, and spent his early youth on his father's plantation in Liberty County, a community noted for its culture and refinement. Here he engaged in the invigorating sports of hunting, fishing, and riding, which helped to give him the splendid physical development that contributed so much to his personal dignity and manly beauty—for in any assemblage his tall, well-proportioned figure, his shapely head, and finely chiseled features commanded instant attention, while he charmed all who met him with the courtly manners of a Chesterfield.

Here, too, under the guidance of his father, Rev. Charles C. Jones, D.D., a prominent Presbyterian minister, his mental faculties were carefully cultivated, and, after spending a few years at the South Carolina College at Columbia, he was sent to Princeton, New Jersey, then the most favored institution of learning among ambitious young Southerners, especially those of Presbyterian extraction. After graduating from Princeton in 1852, he entered the law school at Harvard University, received his degree in 1855, and was promptly admitted to the Bar for the practice of his chosen profession in Savannah, Georgia.

In 1860, he was, without solicitation on his part, elected Mayor of Savannah, but in the fall of the following year he resigned that civic office to take a more active part in military operations in the field as senior First Lieutenant of the Chatham Artillery. On October 7, 1862, he received a commission, first as Major, and then as Lieutenant-colonel of Artillery, in the regular Confederate Army, his command embracing Georgia, Florida, and the Third Military District of South Carolina.

In recognition of his ability, he was soon tendered a commission

as Brigadier-general of Infantry, but this honor he declined on account of his devoted preference for the artillery. This arm of the service had such a fascination for him that, subsequent to the war, after residing for twelve years in New York and Brooklyn, upon returning South and purchasing his new home, "Montrose," in the village of Summerville, near Augusta, Georgia, he produced a striking artistic effect by placing a mounted "Revolutionary cannon in the spacious grounds in front of the mansion—itself a structure of perfect architectural design. In the mouth of this engine of war, the birds in peace now build their nests, while the delicate tendrils of a jessamine vine have locked the stout wheels that once bore the cannon into action."

Colonel Jones was married November 9, 1858, to Miss Ruth Berrien Whitehead, of Burke County, Georgia, and this union was blessed with two children, Julia, who died in infancy, and Ruth Berrien, now the wife of Rev. S. B. Carpenter, rector of the Church of Atonement in Augusta. His first wife having died, he was married October 28, 1863, to Miss Eva Berrien Eve, of Augusta, Georgia, who bore him one child, Charles Edgeworth Jones, who has inherited much of his father's fondness and talent for historical research.

Though Colonel Jones was educated for the law, and was thoroughly equipped for the successful practice of his profession, in which he attained in his earlier years marked eminence, his natural bent of mind inclined him more toward historical research and the alluring paths of literature.

He gave much time to the study of the early Indians of the South, and accumulated some thirty thousand specimens of relics illustrating their customs and occupations. His work entitled 'Antiquities of the Southern Indians' (1873) showed painstaking research and scientific treatment, and at once introduced him to the scholars and scientists of the Old World as an archæologist of high authority.

Among his other interesting historical collections may be mentioned his series of autograph letters and portraits of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; of Presidents of the Continental Congress; of Presidents and Vice-presidents of the United States; of Members of the Continental Congress; of the Chief Justices and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Attorney-generals of the United States; of the Delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1787; and of the Signers of the Confederate Constitution.

His most important production was his 'History of Georgia,' (1883) in two volumes, covering the aboriginal, the colonial, and

the revolutionary epochs. The learning displayed in this work, as well as its elevated tone, its classic diction, and its striking style, won for its author, from no less an authority than the historian Bancroft, the title of "the Macaulay of the South."

Colonel Jones was not only a learned scholar and polished writer, but he was also an accomplished orator. His abilities in this respect were exemplified on many notable occasions, especially after his return to Georgia, in 1877, where he soon became the leading spirit in the Confederate Survivors' Association at Augusta—proclaiming always the righteousness of the Lost Cause, and extolling the valor and virtues of those who gave their lives in its defence.

Surrounded by his kindred and friends, he was loved and honored to the day of his death, July 19, 1893; and his body, wrapped in the flag of the Confederacy, was given by his surviving comrades a soldier's burial.

His capacity for work was marvelous. Aside from his achievements as a soldier and a lawyer, he left behind him eighty permanent publications, of which fourteen are books, eight are pamphlets, thirty are addresses, five are works edited and translated, and twenty-three are magazine articles, the most important of which are more particularly enumerated in the appended Bibliography.

In 1879 he visited England, Scotland, and the Continent, and has left a valuable journal of his travels, consisting of thirteen hundred manuscript pages.

The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of the City of New York in 1880, and also by Emory College, Georgia, in 1882. The wide recognition of his scholarly attainments is further evidenced by his membership in many learned societies, among the more prominent of which may be mentioned the following: Georgia Historical Society; New York Historical Society; American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts; Long Island Historical Society; State Historical Society of Wisconsin; Rhode Island Historical Society; Virginia Historical Society; Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord, Copenhagen, Denmark; Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia; Maine Historical Society; Royale Società Didascalica Italiana, Rome, Italy; Mississippi Historical Society.

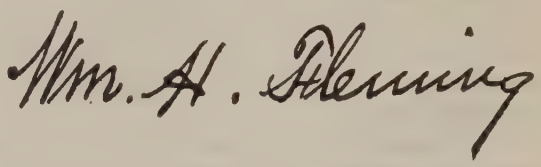
Dante, in grateful recognition of his indebtedness to Virgil, sang:

> "Thou, he, from whom alone I derive
> That style, which, for its beauty, into fame
> Exalts me."

The subject of this sketch has left no acknowledgment of his obligation to any particular "teacher" or "guide"; but a perusal

of the accompanying extracts from his writings will convince the reader that his style was modeled after the classical authors, which fact accounts, no doubt, for the frequent occurrence of inverted forms and involved sentences that might have overburdened thoughts less vigorous than his own. His companionship with the Greek and Latin historians, poets, and orators was so intimate that he glided imperceptibly into their way of thinking—and, after all, what is style, in writing or speaking, but the expresson of the manner in which the mind thinks?

He fills a unique and conspicuous place in Southern literature.



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Oglethorpe as a Landed Proprietor in Georgia. 1892.

The Jews and their Connection with the Colony of Georgia. 1893.

JAMES OGLETHORPE

From 'History of Georgia.'

At his own request, Oglethorpe was selected to accompany the colonists and establish them in Georgia. He volunteered to bear his own expenses, and to devote his entire time and attention to the consummation of the enterprise. Himself the originator and the most zealous advocate of the scheme, this offer on his part placed the seal of consecration upon his self-denial, patriotism, and enlarged philanthropy. Most fortunate were the trustees in having such a representative. To no one could the power to exercise the functions of a colonial governor have been more appropriately confided. Attentive to the voice of suffering, and ready to lend a helping hand whenever the weak and oppressed required the aid of the more powerful and noble-minded for the redress of wrongs and the alleviation of present ills, "in the prime of life, very handsome, tall, manly, dignified, but not austere, the *beau ideal* of an English gentleman, and blessed with ample means for the gratification of every reasonable desire; possessing a liberal education, a fearless soul, a determined will, a tireless energy, a practical knowledge of military affairs and the management of expeditions, and an experience of men and climes and matters which only years of careful observation, intelligent travel,

and thoughtful study could supply, there was that about his person, character, attainments, and abilities which inspired confidence, and rendered Mr. Oglethorpe, beyond dispute, the man of his age and people best qualified to inaugurate and conduct to a successful issue an enterprise so entirely in unison with his own philanthropic sentiments and so important to the interests of both England and America. . . .

Promoted to a major-generalcy, and then to a lieutenant-generalcy, and finally commissioned as general in the British army, retaining his seat in Parliament until 1754, recognized as Governor of the colony of Georgia until the surrender of the charter of the province by the trustees in 1752, and always manifesting the liveliest interest in the welfare of that plantation, the companion and friend of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Hannah More, Boswell, Horace Walpole, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Carter and of many others scarcely less distinguished for their social and intellectual qualities, the patron of learning, the soul of honor, the embodiment of loyalty and valor, and the model of manly grace and courtesy, he died on the 1st of July, 1785, full of years, and crowned with universal respect. The morning of his life had been stormy, the noon tempestuous, but the evening of his days was full of happiness and tranquillity.

"I have got a new admirer," writes Miss Hannah More from Mrs. Garrick's house in the Adelphi, "and we flirt together prodigiously; it is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He was foster-brother to the Pretender, and is much above ninety years old; the finest figure of a man you ever saw. He perfectly realizes all my ideas of Nestor. His literature is great, his knowledge of the world extensive, and his faculties as bright as ever. He is one of the three persons still living who were mentioned by Pope; Lord Mansfield and Lord Marchmont are the other two. He was the intimate friend of Southern, the tragic poet, and all the wits of his time. He is perhaps the oldest man of his generation living. I went to see him the other day, and he would have entertained me by repeating passages from Sir Eldred. He is quite a *preux chevalier*, heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry." Dr. Johnson wished

to write his life, and Edmund Burke regarded him as the most extraordinary person of whom he had ever read, because he had founded a province, and lived to see it severed from the empire which created it, and erected into an independent state. A short time before his death, he paid his respects to Mr. John Adams, who had arrived in London as the first minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America near the Court of St. James. There was something peculiarly interesting in this interview. He who had planted Georgia, and nurtured it in its earliest stages of its dependent condition as a colony, held converse with him who had come to a royal court as the representative of its separate national existence.

His body reposes within Cranham church, and a memorial tablet there proclaims his excellences; but here the Savannah repeats to the Alatamaha the story of his virtues and of his valor, and the Atlantic publishes to the mountains the greatness of his fame, for all Georgia is his living, speaking monument.

STIRRING SCENES OF THE REVOLUTION

From 'History of Georgia.'

Forwarded by day and by night came the news of the affairs at Lexington and Concord. It reached Savannah on the evening of the 10th of May, and created the profoundest excitement. Gage's order, promulgated by the haughty lips of Major Pitcairn on that epochal day—"Disperse, ye Villains: ye Rebels disperse;"—was answered with defiant shouts from the granite hills of New England to the echoing savannahs of the south. The blood of yeoman shed on Lexington green, cemented the union of the colonies. The thunders of the 19th of April awoke the Georgia parishes from their lethargy and turned the popular tide in favor of resistance to parliamentary rule.

The magazine at the eastern extremity of Savannah, built of brick and sunk some twelve feet under ground, contained a considerable supply of ammunition. So substantial was

this structure, that Governor Wright deemed it useless to post a guard for its protection. The excited Revolutionists all over the land cried aloud for powder. Impressed with the necessity of securing the contents of this magazine for future operations, quietly assembling and hastily arranging a plan of operations, Dr. Noble W. Jones, Joseph Habersham, Edward Telfair, William Gibbons, Joseph Clay, John Milledge and some other gentlemen, most of them members of the council of safety, and all zealous in the cause of American liberty, at a late hour on the night of the 11th of May, 1775, broke open the magazine, and removed therefrom about six hundred pounds of gunpowder. A portion was sent to Beaufort, South Carolina, for safe keeping, and the rest was concealed in the garrets and cellars of the houses of the captors. Upon ascertaining the robbery, Governor Wright immediately issued a proclamation offering a reward of £150 sterling for the apprehension of the offenders. It elicited no information on the subject, although the actors in the matter are said to have been well known in the community. The popular heart was too deeply stirred, and the "Sons of Liberty" were too potent to tolerate any hindrance or annoyance at the hands of Royalist informers. The tradition lives, and is generally credited that some of the powder thus obtained was forwarded to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was actually expended by the patriots in the memorable battle of Bunker Hill. We know that the liberty-loving citizens of Savannah, on the 1st day of June, 1775, deeply moved by the distresses which the Bostonians were experiencing from the enforcement of the "late acts of a cruel and vindictive Ministry," and ardently desiring that the noble stand they had taken in the defense of those rights to which as men and British subjects they were entitled might be crowned with success, transmitted by the *Juliana,* Captain Stringham, and under the special conduct of John Eaton LeConte, Esq., sixty-three barrels of rice, and one hundred and twenty-two pounds sterling in specie for the relief of such as had recently left the town of Boston. It is not improbable that the powder in question may have been forwarded in some such way at an earlier day.

It has been the custom in the province to celebrate with

festivities and military salutes the king's birthday, which occurred on the 4th of June. Notwithstanding the unsettled condition of affairs, Governor Wright was loath to omit the usual formalities. He accordingly on the 1st of June issued orders for suitable preparations in anticipation of the event. On the night of the 2nd, a number of the inhabitants of Savannah came together, and having spiked all the cannon on the bay, dismounted and rolled them to the bottom of the bluff. Such was the pointed insult offered to the memory of his majesty. It was with great difficulty that some of these disabled guns could be drilled and restored to their positions in battery in time to participate in the loyal ceremonies of the 4th, which as that day chanced to fall on Sunday, were observed on Monday following.

The first liberty pole erected in Georgia was elevated in Savannah on the 5th of June, 1775. The Royalists were then celebrating the king's birthday. The "Liberty Boys," in testimony of their desire for a reconciliation with the mother country on the basis of a recognition of constitutional principles and colonial privileges, at the feast which they prepared, drank as the first regular toast THE KING. The second was AMERICAN LIBERTY.

Within a week afterwards thirty-four leading friends to the union of the colonies convened in Savannah and adopted a series of spirited resolutions recommending an early association of Georgia with her sister colonies and suggesting an equitable adjustment of the unhappy differences existing between Great Britain and America.

On the 21st of June was published a call signed by Noble W. Jones, Archibald Bulloch, John Houstoun, and George Walton, requesting the inhabitants of the town and district of Savannah to meet at the liberty pole on the following day at ten o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of selecting a committee to bring about a union of Georgia with the other colonies in the cause of freedom. The alarming situation of the affairs in America, and particularly in this province, was urged as a reason for punctual and general attendance.

At the appointed place and designated hour many were present. A council of safety, consisting of William Ewen,

president, William LeConte, Joseph Clay, Basil Cooper, Samuel Elbert, William Young, Elisha Butler, Edward Telfair, John Glenn, George Houstoun, George Walton, Joseph Habersham, Francis H. Harris, John Smith, and John Morel, members, and Seth John Cuthbert, Secretary, was nominated with instructions to maintain an active correspondence with the Continental Congress, with the councils of safety in other provinces, and with the committees appointed in the other parishes in Georgia. This business concluded, a number of gentlemen dined at Tondee's tavern. The union flag was hoisted upon the liberty pole, and two field pieces were posted at its foot. Thirteen patriotic toasts were drunk, each being responded to by a salute from the cannon and by martial music.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

From "Oration at the Unveiling of the Confederate Monument," Augusta, Georgia, October 31, 1878.

And now above Brigadier-general, and Major-general, and Lieutenant-general, and full General, yea, upon the very summit of this imposing cenotaph, see the manly form of the PRIVATE SOLDIER of the Confederate army; the eloquent embodyment of the spirit and prowess alike of this County and State, and all the sleeping hosts who, in our crusade for freedom, gave their lives to country, and a record to history than which none more conspicuous dignifies the annals of civilized warfare. In this attitude of PARADE REST, in this elevation far above the hum of every day life and the busy cares of mortals, we recognize the *palin-genesis* from a vale of smoke and sacrifice and blood and death, to the abode of peace and eternal repose.

With a pathos entirely its own does this statue appeal to our hearts and rivet our attention, for who is there in this vast concourse who does not recognize some father, son, husband, brother, friend, who fresh-lipped and full of ardor, left us when the trumpet summoned patriots to the field, and came not home again when in the end the martial gray was exchanged for the habiliments of mourning, and the Stars and

Bars, borne aloft so long and so well, went down in the dust and carnage of the strife; went down,

> * * for the hands that grasped it,
> And the hearts that fondly clasped it
> Cold and dead are lying low;
> And that Banner it is trailing,
> While around it sounds the wailing
> Of its people in their woe;
> For, though conquered, they adore it,
> Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
> Weep for those who fell before it.

In the grand procession made by the Athenians in honor of their soldiers killed in action, was borne a sumptuous bier, quite empty, in remembrance of those whose bodies could not be found or identified among the slain. To-day we exalt this characteristic eidolon in perpetual recollection of the non-commissioned officers and privates, known and unknown, recorded and unrecorded, recovered or lost, who fell in the Confederate ranks. . . .

It is deservedly our boast that no mercenary element, no adventitious aids, entered into the composition of our armies. They were drawn from the bosom of the Confederacy, and were the aggregation of the manhood, the intelligence, and the noblest passions of our land. Animated by impulses and aims unusual in the history even of defensive wars, our soldiers possessed an appreciation of the issues involved, and acknowledged a moral and personal accountability in the conduct of the contest, which rendered their acts and utterances remarkable under all circumstances. They were in very deed the representatives of the rights, the property, the intellectual and social worth, the resolution and the honor of the Confederacy. "Wonderful men! What age or country has produced their equals?" No marvel that we had great leaders. They are begotten of worthy subalterns, and are made illustrious by the achievements of those whom they command. While it is true that the discipline and efficiency of an army are in large measure due to the ability of the chief, it is equally beyond dispute that in the last analysis we must rely upon the individual manhood, the clear apprehension, the indomi-

table will, the personal pride, and the inherent bravery of the troops for the highest exhibitions of heroic action and patient endurance.

"I am commissioned by the President to thank you in the name of the Confederate states, for the undying fame you have won for their arms." Thus did General Lee, by published order, acknowledge the general obligation. Earth from her present and past can furnish no higher illustrations of fortitude, no loftier examples of self-denial, no surer proofs of patriotic devotion than were exhibited in the lives, acts, and deaths of the private soldiers of the Confederate revolution.

Meet it is that their virtues and the honors they have won should here find,

> A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
> And rasure of oblivion.

Deeply graven on this enduring monument, open to the light of Heaven, and to be known and read of all men, we record this sentiment in honor of our Confederate dead: "Worthy to have lived and known our gratitude; worthy to be hallowed and held in tender remembrance; worthy the fadeless fame which Confederate soldiers won who gave themselves in life and death for us, for the honor of Georgia, for the rights of the States, for the liberties of the people, for the sentiments of the South, for the principles of the Union, as these were handed down to them by the fathers of our common country."

While the names of chief captains survive and are preserved on the lists of fame, scant is the memory of those who bore their banners, and, by their toil and blood purchased the victories which made their commanders immortal.

History furnishes numerous instances in proof of this assertion, and the record of our Confederate war offers no exception.

Miltiades, Aristides, and the war-ruler Callimachus are remembered as the heroes of that decisive engagement which broke the spell of Persian invincibility, preserved for mankind the intellectual treasures of Athens, and paved the way for the liberal enlightenment of the Western world. The ten

columns erected on the plain of Marathon, whereon were engraven the names of those whose glory it was to have fallen in the great Battle of Liberation, have long since perished. Their inscriptions are dust, and nothing now, save a rude earth mound marks the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity—the Marathonomakoi—repose.

For more than twenty centuries have the victories of Alexander the Great astounded the world. Will the student of history recall the name of a single private in the celebrated Macedonian Phalanx? And yet, it was by the indomitable valor, the unswerving discipline, and the heroic endurance of the veterans who composed it, that the fiery conqueror established his universal empire.

To Livius and Nero—the heroes of the Metaurus—public triumphs were decreed by the Roman senate; but where is the roster of the brave men who achieved the victory?

Armenius has been well-nigh deified, but who has erected statues to the lion-hearted Germans who overcame the Legions under Varrus?

Priscus has left us a portrait of the Royal Hun, but tradition preserves no muster roll of his followers, who upon the ample plains of Chalons, met and overcame the Confederate armies of the Romans and Visigoths?

Who was that Saxon wrestler, with his heavy hatchet, in the battle of Hastings, doing great mischief to the Normans, and well nigh striking off the head of Duke William himself? Men of Kent and Essex, who fought so wondrous well, where are your graves? Best friends of the brave Harold, who rallied longest around the golden standard and plied so valiantly the ghastly blow in defence of home and patriot King, have your names been forgotten by the Muse of history?

Admiral Buchanan we remember and revere, but who will name the crew of the *Virginia*—that iron diadem of the South, whose thunders in Hampton Roads consumed the *Cumberland,* overcame the *Congress,* put to flight the Federal Navy, and achieved a victory, the novelty and grandeur of which convulsed the maritime nations of the world?

The leader lives while the memory of the subordinate

actors survives only in the general recollection of the event. In the very nature of things, it happens that

> A thousand glorious actions that might claim
> Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
> Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,
> And troops of heroes undistinguished die.

Because this is so; because we desire in the present and for all time to render honor to all who, without reward, and amid privations and perils the most appalling, in comparative obscurity bore the brunt of our battles and won our victories; because our wish is that none, however humble, who followed the Red Cross to the death, should lie without stone and epitaph, do we now exalt this statue of the private soldier, and dedicate this monument to our Confederate dead.

> * * We give in charge
> Their names to the sweet Lyre. The Historic Muse,
> Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
> To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
> Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass,
> To guard them and to immortalize her trust.

SKETCH OF ROBERT TOOMBS

From "Address before the Confederate Survivors' Association," Augusta, Georgia, April 26, 1886.

A MAN of marked physical beauty, the idol of a princely people—golden-tongued and lion-hearted—the blood of the Cavaliers flashing in his veins and the heart of the South throbbing in his breast—he recalled the gifted Mirabeau who, amid scenes scarcely less fiery or fateful, "walked the forum like an emperor and confronted the commune with the majesty of a God." He gloried in the whirlwind and caught his inspiration from the storm. As though born to kindle a conflagration, he inflamed by his wonderful power of speech and swayed by his electric fire. Like unto a Scythian archer scouring the plain, he traversed the field of argument and invective and, at full speed, discharged his deadliest arrows. In forensic battle the wheels of his war-chariot, sympathizing

with the ardent and resistless valor of him who guided them, grew incandescent.

Demosthenes, mingling the thunders of his eloquence with the roar of the Ægean—Cicero, his eyes fixed on the Capitol, wielding at will the fierce democracy and inspiring all hearts with a love of freedom and an admiration for the triumphs of the Roman race—Otis, kindling a patriotic flame wherein the "Writs of Assistance" were wholly consumed—Warren, inscribing upon the banners of the Sons of Liberty "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God"—Henry, the "incarnation of Revolutionary Zeal," ringing the alarum bell and giving the signal to a continent—the impassioned Barre, defending even within the shadow of the throne the claims of the oppressed —were not more forcible in utterance, magnetic in action, or majestic in mien than Robert Toombs when contending for the privilege of free speech, or proclaiming the rights of the South as he comprehended them. The latter were paramount in his esteem. To their assertion was his supreme devotion pledged, his best efforts directed. Bold even to temerity in his assertions—in tone and manner emphatic to the verge of menace—by sudden bursts, savoring almost of inspiration, essaying at critical moments to decide the fate of great questions —iconoclastic sometimes in his suggestions—he was nevertheless always true to the principles of exalted statesmanship, and loyal in the last degree to the best interests of the South as he forecast them. Mighty was his influence in precipitating the Confederate revolution. Most potent were his persuasions in inducing Georgia to secede from the Union. It was his boast that he would live and die an uncompromising opponent of the unconstitutional acts and assumed authority of the General Government. . . .

His last public utterance, we believe, was heard when with tearful eye, trembling voice, and feeble gesture, he pronounced in the Hall of Representatives at Atlanta a funeral oration over the dead body of his life-long friend, Governor Alexander H. Stephens. For sometime prior to his demise, General Toombs had been but the shadow of his former great self. The death of a noble wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, proved an affliction too grievous for his declining years. The light went out of his home, and gladness no

longer dwelt in the chambers of his heart. Impaired vision deprived him of his ability either to read or to write except at intervals and with difficulty. His idols broken—his companions departed—his ambition blighted—his physical and intellectual forces abated, he lingered almost alone in a later generation which knew him not in his prime. His splendid person, months agone, suffered impairment at the advance of age and the multiplication of sorrows, and the commanding presence gave place to the bent form and the unsteady gait of the feeble old man. His intellect, too, formerly so authoritative, massive and captivating, became uncertain in its action. To the last, however, he continued to denounce the reconstruction measures of Congress, and proclaimed himself an "unpardoned, unreconstructed, and unrepentant Rebel."

In the morning, at high noon, and even beyond the meridian of his manhood, he was intellectually the peer of the most gifted, and towered Atlas-like above the common range. His genius was conspicuous. His mental operations were quick as lightning, and like the lightning, they were dazzling in their brilliancy and resistless in their play. Remarkable were his conversational gifts, and most searching his analyses of character and event. In hospitality he was generous, and in his domestic relations tender and true. The highest flights of fancy, the profoundest depths of pathos, the broadest range of biting sarcasm and withering invective, generalizations of the boldest character, and arguments the most logical, were equally at his command. As a lawyer, he was powerful, as an advocate, well-nigh resistless. He was a close student, and deeply versed in the laws, state-craft and political history of this commonwealth and nation. In all his gladiatorial combats, whether at the bar, upon the hustings, or in the legislative halls, we recall no instance in which he met his overmatch. Even during his years of decadence, there were occasions when the almost extinct volcano glowed again with its wonted fires—when the ivy-mantled keep of the crumbling castle resumed its pristine defiance with deep-toned culverin and ponderous mace—when amid the colossal fragments of the tottering temple, men recognized the unsubdued spirit of Samson Agonistes.

THE OLD SOUTH AND THE NEW SOUTH

From "Address before the Confederate Survivors' Association," Augusta, Georgia, April 26, 1889.

In this epoch of commercial methods—of general and increasing poverty in the agricultural regions of the South—of absorption by foreign capital of favored localities, and of the creation in our midst of gigantic corporations intent upon self-aggrandizement, in this era of manifest modification, if not actual obliteration of those sentiments and modes of thought and action which rendered us a peculiar people—I call you to witness that there is a growing tendency to belittle the influences, the ways, the services, the lessons, and the characteristics of former years. I call you to witness that the moral and political standard of the present is not equal to that set up and zealously guarded by our fathers. I call you to witness that in the stern battle with poverty—in the effort to retrieve lost fortunes, and in the attempt to amass large moneys by speculation—in the commercial turn which the general thought and conduct have recently taken—and in the struggle by shifts and questionable devices to outstrip the profits of legitimate ventures, there has occurred a lowering of the tone which marked our former manly, conservative, patriarchal civilization. I call you to witness that many have attempted and are now endeavoring by apologizing for the alleged short comings of the past to stultify the record of the olden time, and by fawning upon the stranger to cast a reproach upon the friend. I call you to witness that by false impressions and improper laudations of the new order of affairs, men in our midst have sought to minimize the capabilities of the past, and unduly to magnify the development of the present. I call you to witness that by adulation and fulsome entertainment of itinerant promoters and blatant schemers, seeking to inaugurate enterprises which are designed to benefit those only who are personally interested in them, the public has been sadly duped to its shame and loss. I call you to witness that the truest test of civilization lies not in the census, in the growth of cities, in railway combinations and the formation of Gargantuan trusts, in the expan-

sion of manufactures, in the manipulation of land schemes and corporate securities, or in the aggregation of wealth, but in the mental, moral, political, and economic education and elevation of the population. I call you to witness that the present inclination to make one part of society inordinately affluent at the expense of the wretchedness and unhappiness of the other, is in derogation of natural rights, impairing the equilibrium and disturbing the repose of the elements essential to the entity and the happiness of a great, honest, virtuous and democratic nation. I call you to witness, that a reign of plutocrats—a subjection of men, measures and places to the will of millionaires and plethoric syndicates—is antagonistic to the liberty of the Republic and subversive of personal freedom. I call you to witness that this adoration of wealth—this bending the knee to the Golden Calf—this worship of mortals gifted with the Midas touch, savors of a sordid debasing fetichism at variance with the spirit of true religion and emasculatory of all tokens of robust manhood. I call you to witness that "Mammon is the largest slave-holder in the world," and that the integrity of station and principle is seriously imperiled when subjected to the pressure of gold. I call you to witness that cardinal doctrines and exalted sentiments, when assailed, should, like troops of the line, stand fast; and at all times, and under all circumstances be held above and beyond all price. I call you to witness that the alleged prosperity of this commonwealth, except in limited localities, is largely a matter of imagination. I call you to witness that eliminating from the computation the value of slaves as ascertained by the returns of 1860, the state of Georgia is now poorer by more than twelve millions of dollars than she was twenty-nine years ago. I call you to witness that behind this fan-fare of trumpets proclaiming the attractions and the growth of the New South may too often be detected the deglutition of the harpy and the chuckle of the hireling. I call you to witness that the important problem involving the remunerative cultivation of the soil, and the employment of our agricultural population upon a basis of suitable industry, economy, compensation and independence, is largely unsolved. The occupation of the planter lying at the foundation of all engagements and constituting the nor-

mal, the indispensable, the legitimate, and the honorable avocation of the masses, I call you to witness that every reasonable encouragement should be extended in facilitating his labors and in multiplying the fruits of his toil. I call you to witness that general prosperity can not be expected while such extensive areas of our territory remain uncultivated, while so many of our farmers annually crave advances. I call you to witness that the potentialities of our former civilization, so far from being improved, have been sadly retarded by the issues of war. I call you to witness that the promises of the ante-bellum days, had they not thus been rudely thwarted, would have yielded results far transcending those which we now behold. I call you to witness that the grand effort now is and should be to preserve inviolate the sentiments and to transmit unimpaired the characteristics of the Old South. I call you to witness that in the restoration of the good order, the decorum, the honesty, the veracity, the public confidence, the conservatism, the security to person and property, the high toned conduct and the manliness of the past lies best hope for the honor and lasting prosperity of the coming years. I call you to witness that the heroic example of other days constitutes, in large measure, the source of the courage of the succeeding generation; and that "when beckoned onward by the shades of the brave that were," we may the more confidently venture upon enterprises of pith and moment and, without fear, work out our present and future salvation.

Palsied be the Southern tongue which would speak disparagingly of a Confederate past, and withered be the Southern arm that refuses to lift itself in praise of the virtue and the valor which characterized the actors from the highest to the lowest, in a war not of "rebellion," but for the conservation of home, the maintenance of constitutional government, and the supremacy of law, and the vindication of the natural rights of man.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

From "Funeral Oration," Augusta, Georgia, December 11, 1889.

When Wilkie was in the Escurial studying those famous pictures which have so long attracted the notice of all lovers of art, an old Jeronymite said to him: "I have sat daily in sight of those paintings for nearly four score years. During that time, all who were more aged than myself have passed away. My contemporaries are gone. Many younger than myself are in their graves; and still the figures upon those canvases remain unchanged. I look at them until I sometimes think they are the realities and we but the shadows."

The battle scenes which the heroes of the South have painted; the memories which Confederate valor, loyalty and endurance have bequeathed; the blessed recollections which the pious labors, the saintly ministrations, and the more than Spartan inspiration of the women of the Revolution, have embalmed—these will dignify for all time the annals of the civilized world; but the actors in that memorable crisis, they, the shadows—will pass away. Johnston—the Bayard of the South—Jackson—our military meteor streaming upward and onward in an unbroken track of light and ascending to the skies in the zenith of his fame—Lee—the most stainless of earthly commanders and, except in fortune, the greatest—and multitudes of their companions in arms have already gone.

To where beyond these voices there is peace.

But yesterday Jefferson Davis—the commander of them all—the most distinguished representative of a cause which electrified the civilized world by the grandeur of its sacrifices, the dignity and rectitude of its aims, the nobility of its pursuit, and the magnitude and brilliancy of the deeds performed in its support, entered into rest. . . . Ours be the mission to guard well his memory—accepting it in the present, and commending it to the future as redolent of manhood most exalted, of virtues varied and most admirable.

Although no federal flag be displayed at half mast, or Union guns deliver the funeral salute customary upon the demise of an ex-Secretary of War, we may regard with com-

posure the littleness of the attempted slight, and pity the timidity, the narrow-mindedness, and the malevolence of the powers that be. The great soul of the dead chief has passed into a higher, a purer sphere uncontaminated by sectional hatred, wholly purged of all dross engendered by contemptible human animosity. . . .

I have no desire, my countrymen, in this presence and on this occasion, to discuss issues that have been, at least for the present, settled at the cannon's mouth; and yet, in justice to the illustrious dead who by ribald tongue has been denounced as a "rebel" and a "traitor"—in defense of your brave women and gallant men of the South—who followed the fortunes of the Confederacy and who are now gathered together to pay homage at the shrine of him who occupied the chief seat of honor in the day of our nation's hope and peril, I can not refrain from saying in all truth and soberness, that the States never having surrendered their sovereignty, "it is a palpable absurdity to apply to them and to their citizens when obeying their mandates, the terms rebellion and treason; that the Confederate States so far from making war against, or seeking to destroy the United States, so soon as they had an official organ, strove earnestly, by peaceful recognition, to equitably adjust all questions growing out of the separation from their late associates," and that the "arraignment of the men who participated in the formation of the Confederacy and who bore arms in its defense as the instigators of a controversy leading to disunion" is wholly unjustifiable.

For many years prior to the Civil War, the Honorable Jefferson Davis was one of the most commanding figures in the public eye. His services in the Mexican War had won for him military distinction, while his intellect, his oratory, his statesmanship, and his ability in dealing with questions of moment in the Senate of the United States, and in conducting the affairs of the bureau of war, were admitted by his opponents and applauded by his friends.

In his esteem, constitutional liberty was dearer than life. Possessing in an extraordinary degree those moral traits which are intensified under the test of heroic trial, he lived to show to the world "the matchless and unconquerable grandeur of Southern character."

"In mind, manners and heart, he was a type of that old race of Southern gentlemen whom these bustling times are fast crowding out of our civilization." With him fidelity, chivalry, honor and patriotism were realities, not words—entities, not abstractions. To the South and the cause which it represented, he remained faithful, even unto death. . . .

With the surrender of the armies of Generals Lee and Johnston, and upon the disintegration of the Confederate government at Washington, Georgia, the end came. While attempting to reach the trans-Mississippi Department, and cherishing the hope that with the assistance of General E. Kirby Smith and J. B. Magruder and the forces under their command he would there be able to prolong the struggle, President Davis was captured by a detachment of Federal cavalry. Subjected to petty pillage and to annoyances inconsistent with the usages of civilized warfare, he was conveyed under guard to Fortress Monroe, where charged with being an accomplice in the assassination of President Lincoln, and accused of treason, separated from family and companions, heavy fetters riveted upon him, he was immured in a stone casemate. "Bitter tears have been shed by the gentle, and stern reproaches" have been uttered by the "magnanimous on account of the needless torture" to which he was then subjected. For two long years did this illustrious prisoner endure this unmerited disgrace—this unwarranted and oppressive confinement. Could you, my friends, at this moment, with uncovered heads approach the coffin which encloses the mortal remains of our dead President, and reverently lift the shroud which enfolds his precious body, you would even now discover on those pale and shrunken limbs, the abrasions caused by Federal gyves. Behold, my countrymen, what he suffered as the representative of the South! Behold the martyrdom he then endured for the alleged sins of his people. He was indeed "a nation's prisoner."

Bravely did he bear himself during this season of privation, of loneliness, of insult, and of attempted degradation, protracted until satiated by their own cruelty and baffled in their rage, the prison doors were opened, and the Federal authorities were forced to acknowledge that the charge of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln was a lie;

and that Jefferson Davis—President of the Confederate States—was not a traitor.

If anything were needed to consecrate his memory in the affection and gratitude of the Southern people, it is surely supplied in this vicarious suffering, and in the nobleness of spirit with which it was endured.

Time and again since his liberation have the shafts of falsehood, of hatred, of detraction, and of jealousy, been directed against him, but successfully parried, they have returned to wound the hands which launched them.

In his quiet home at Beauvoir, ennobled by the presence of the live oak—that monarch of the Southern forest—beautified by the queenly magnolia, redolent of the perfumes of a semi-tropical region, fanned by the soft breezes from the Gulf, and cheered by exhibitions of respect, affection, and veneration most sincere, President Davis passed the evening of his eventful life. Since the hush of that great storm which convulsed this land, he has borne himself with a dignity and a composure, with a fidelity to Confederate traditions, with a just observance of the proprieties of the situation, and with an exalted manhood worthy of all admiration.

Conspicuous for his gallantry and ability as a military leader—prominent as a Federal Secretary of War—as a senator and statesman, renowned in the political annals of these United States—illustrious for all time as the President of a nation which, although maintaining its existence for only a brief space, bequeathed glorious names, notable events, and proud memories which will survive the flood of years—most active, intelligent, and successful in vindicating the aims, the impulses, the rights and the conduct of the Southern people during their phenomenal struggle for independence—his reputation abides unclouded by defeat, unimpaired by the mutations of fortune and the shadows of disappointment.

EDWARD SOUTHEY JOYNES

[1834—1917]

W. S. CURRELL

THE most widely known of all the professors of modern languages in the South is Professor Joynes, now Professor Emeritus in the University of South Carolina, residing in Columbia, on the campus of that institution.

Edward Southey Joynes was born in Accomac County, on the eastern shore of Virginia, March 2, 1834. He is a son of Thomas R. and Anne Bell (Satchell) Joynes, and a grandson of Major Levin Joynes of the Continental Army, who was descended from the earliest English settlers of Eastern Virginia. His early educational advantages were exceptional. Besides the training acquired at the local "old field" school, of which he writes so charmingly in the South Carolina *Educational Journal,* he enjoyed the rare privilege of attending the famous Concord Academy, near Fredericksburg, Virginia. A favorite with the principal, Mr. Frederick Coleman, a prince of teachers, he was fired with a great enthusiasm for the study of languages, especially Latin and Greek. Before attending the Concord School of Mr. Coleman he had spent one year at Delaware College (1848-'49). This college honored him later (1875) with the degree LL.D., as did William and Mary College also in 1878. In 1850 he entered the University of Virginia, where he took B.A. in 1852, and M.A. in 1853, and served as assistant professor of ancient languages under Dr. Gessner Harrison, 1853-'56. He studied at the University of Berlin, 1856-'58, where he had the privilege of hearing lectures from such noted scholars as Boeckh, Haupt, and Bopp. In 1858 he was elected professor of Greek and German in William and Mary College, Virginia. At Williamsburg he married one of Virginia's gifted daughters, Miss Eliza Waller Vest, whose gracious manners and charming hospitality have endeared her to many generations of students. Their four children are Lieutenant Walker W. Joynes, of the United States Revenue Cutter Service, Mrs. A. G. Fite, of Nashville, Tennessee, Mrs. Robert Macfarlan, of Darlington, South Carolina, and Mrs. James W. Ragsdale, of Florence, South Carolina.

When the war began William and Mary College was closed, and Professor Joynes became chief clerk in the Confederate War Depart-

ment, serving under Secretaries Walker, Randolph, Benjamin, and Seddon. In 1864-'65 he was instructor in modern languages at Hollins Institute, Virginia. Here he first acquired his fondness for modern languages, especially English. In 1866 he became professor of modern languages in Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), where he enjoyed the privilege of being associated with General Robert E. Lee, who had accepted the presidency of Washington College, August 4, 1865. This association Mr. Joynes has always regarded as one of the most precious and inspiring influences of his life. Though elected professor of modern languages, Professor Joynes insisted that English be included in his chair. He was thus one of the pioneers in the teaching of English as a distinct branch of collegiate study, and has always been an enthusiastic and enlightened advocate of the claims of the mother tongue in all schemes of primary, secondary, and collegiate education.

Professor Joynes became a member of the first faculty of Vanderbilt University, which he helped to organize, and from 1875 to 1878 filled the chair of modern languages and English in this institution. He occupied the same chair in the University of Tennessee at Knoxville from 1878 to 1882, and in South Carolina College, Columbia, from 1882 to 1888. In the latter year this chair was divided and since that time he has been professor of modern languages, including French, German, and Spanish. After fifty-five years of noteworthy services as an educator he received, in June, 1908, a retiring allowance from the Carnegie Foundation, "in consideration of unusual and distinguished service as a professor of modern languages." "Probably few, if any American professors," says a writer in the New York *Nation*, "have personally taught so many students in foreign tongues, and certainly no American professor living has so widely influenced the study of modern languages in America."

Despite the fact that Dr. Joynes has always had a large department and many subjects to teach, he has found time to edit books, make addresses, write educational articles for various journals, and take an active part in the various phases of collegiate life. Further, he has zealously promoted the public school work in Virginia, Tennessee, and South Carolina, and has ever been ready with tongue or with pen to advance the cause of general education. He is one of the founders and trustees of the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College for Women, at Rockhill, South Carolina; and it is largely due to his efforts that the State College at Columbia was changed by the Legislature into the University of South Carolina. A like service was rendered by him in Tennessee (1879), in securing from the Legislature the name "University of Tennessee," for the State Institution at Knoxville.

In reviewing Dr. Joynes's career, what first impresses us is his unusual versatility. He is a ready and graceful speaker at a banquet or an unveiling, he can interest an audience of college students at a commencement, or instruct an assembly of educators by the lucid discussion of some theme of pedagogic interest; but he is never happier or brighter than at home in his study, with his books, his pipe, and his friends. His delightful accounts of his early school-days, at "old field" schools and at Concord Academy, whet our appetites for further autobiographic sketches, and it is to be hoped that in the evening of his days he will give us more reminiscences of his rich and varied life.

But speaking, writing, and even the making of text-books were really avocations with Professor Joynes. His most memorable achievement, and the one of which he is justly proud, is his fifty years and more of successful teaching. As a teacher he was inspiring and always attractive, fascinating his pupils by his literary acumen, his ready wit, his wonderful memory, and more than all, by his genial personality.

W. S. Currell

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LEE, THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT

An Address delivered at Washington and Lee University January 19, 1907.

I AM to speak of General Lee as college president, not as military commander. In this humbler capacity it was my privilege to serve him and to know him intimately. To-day, all over the South, in many colleges as elsewhere, this Centennial is fitly celebrated; for General Lee, as college president, has ennobled every college in the land, and the memory of his great example will be cherished so long as recurring centennials shall come.

In what I shall say, I shall speak without ornament or oratory, but simply, and of intimate personal knowledge. I shall make large use of material written by myself soon after General Lee's death, when recollection was fresher than now.

General Lee accepted the presidency of Washington College, in the first place, from a profound and deliberate sense of duty. The same high principle of action that had characterized his conduct in the gravest crises of public affairs marked his decision here. There was absolutely nothing in this position that could have tempted him. The college to which he was called was broken in fortune and in hope. The war had practically closed its doors. Its buildings had been

pillaged and defaced, and its library scattered. The faculty were few in number, disorganized and dispirited. Of the slender endowment that had survived the war hardly anything was available. Under these circumstances the offer of the presidency to General Lee seemed well-nigh presumptuous; and surely it was an offer from which he had nothing to expect, either of fortune or of fame. The men, however, who made this election, the trustees of Washington College—ever honored be their memory for their noble conception—had not calculated in vain in their estimate of General Lee's character. Suffice it to say here, that it was a deliberate sense of duty to his fellow-countrymen, and a desire to pay back as far as he could, through their sons, the sufferings and sorrows of his own generation in the South, that determined his decision. He had already fully resolved not to leave Virginia under any circumstances; and this position, humble as it then seemed to be, gave him the wished-for opportunity of laboring for her people and for the South. Therefore he accepted it.

The profound sense of duty which marked General Lee's acceptance of this office characterized also his whole administration of it. He entertained the deepest sense of personal responsibility in his own office. He felt that an institution like Washington College owed duty not only to its own students but to the whole country, and that its moral obligations were not only supreme within its own sphere, but were attached to the wider interests of public virtue and of true religion among all the people. Nothing else, indeed, could have sustained him so serenely through so many and so constant details of labor and of trial. He felt that he was *doing his duty*. Again and again, during his life at Lexington, were tempting offers urged upon him—offers of large income, with comparative ease and more active and congenial employment; but though he fully appreciated these considerations and was not indifferent to the attractions presented by such offers, he turned from them all with the same reply. He had chosen his post of duty and he clung to it. Year by year the conception of his duty seemed to grow stronger with him; and year by year the college, as its instrument and representative, grew dearer to him.

His sense of personal duty was also expanded into a warm solicitude for all who were associated with him. To the facul-

ty he was an elder brother, beloved and revered, and full of all tender sympathy. To the students he was a father in carefulness, in encouragement, in reproof. Their welfare and their conduct and character as gentlemen were his chief concern; and this solicitude was not limited to their collegiate years, but followed them abroad into life. He thought it to be the office of a college not merely to educate the intellect, but to make *Christian men*. The moral and religious character of the students was more precious in his eyes even than their intellectual progress, and was made the special object of his constant personal solicitude.

Such were the principles which actuated General Lee as president of Washington College, and their effects showed themselves in all the details of his administration. In the discipline of the college his moral influence was supreme. A disciplinarian in the ordinary sense of the term, as it is often most unworthily applied, he was not. He was no seeker-out of small offences, no stickler for formal regulations. Youthful indiscretion found in him the most lenient of judges; but falsehood or meanness had no toleration with him. He looked rather to the principles of good conduct than to mere outward acts. Hence in the use of college punishments he was cautious, forbearing, and lenient; but he was not the less firm in his demands and prompt, when need was, in his measures. His reproof was stern, yet kind, and often melting in its tenderness; and his appeals, always addressed to the noblest motives, were irresistible. The hardiest offenders were alike awed by his presence, and moved often to tears by his words; and there was no student who did not dread a reproof from General Lee more than every other punishment.

The influence of this policy, aided especially by the mighty influence of his personal character, was all-powerful. The elevation of tone and the improvement in conduct were steady and rapid. I doubt, indeed, whether at any other college in the world so many young men could have been found as free from misconduct, or marked by as high a tone of feeling and opinion, as were the students of Washington College during these latter years of General Lee's life.

Yet not the less was he rigidly exacting of duty and scrupulously attentive to details. By a system of reports, weekly

and monthly—almost military in their exactness—which he required of each professor, he made himself acquainted with the standing and progress of every student in every one of his classes. These reports he studied carefully and was quick to detect shortcomings. He took care, also, to make himself acquainted with each student personally. Nor was it a moral influence alone that he exerted in the college. He was equally careful of its intellectual interests. Though not personally engaged in teaching he watched the progress of every class, attended all the examinations and frequently the recitations. The whole college, in a word, felt his influence as an ever-present motive, and his character was quietly yet irresistibly impressed upon it, not only in the general working of all its departments, but in all the details of each.

General Lee was also most laborious in the duties of his office as college president. He gave himself wholly to his work. His occupation was constant, almost incessant. He went to his office daily at eight o'clock, and rarely returned home until one or two. During this time he was almost incessantly engaged in college matters, giving his personal attention to the minutest details. His office was always open to students or professors, all whose interests received his ready consideration. His correspondence meanwhile was very heavy, yet no letter that called for an answer was ever neglected. It was stated by the editor of a Virginia paper that to a circular letter of general educational interest, addressed by him to a large number of college presidents, General Lee was the only one that replied. Yet he was the greatest and perhaps the busiest of them all. In addition to the formal reports, which he always revised and signed himself, his correspondence with the parents and guardians of students was intimate and explicit, on every occasion that required such correspondence. Many of these letters are models of beautiful composition and noble sentiment.

These varied duties grew upon him year after year with the expanding interests of the college; and year after year he seemed to become more devoted to them. Again and again did the trustees and faculty seek to lessen his labors; but his carefulness of duty and natural love of work seemed to render it impossible. Equally, he declined donations offered expressly

to raise his salary. For the college, he said, needed money more than he did. It can be truly said that he was wholly absorbed in his work, his noble conception of which made it great, and worthy even of him.

But General Lee was not only earnest and laborious, he was also able, as college president. He was perfectly master of the situation. To this let the results of his administration bear testimony. He found the college practically bankrupt, disorganized, deserted; he left it strong, progressive, and crowded with students. It was not merely numbers that he brought to it, for these his great fame alone would have attracted. He gave it organization, unity, energy, and practical success. He had from the beginning a distinct policy which he had fully conceived and to which he steadily adhered. His object was nothing less than to establish and perfect an institution which should meet the highest needs of education in every department. Under his advice new chairs were created, and professors called to fill them; so that before the end of the first year the faculty was doubled in numbers. Later, additional chairs were created, and finally a complete system of departments was established and brought into full operation. The courses of study were so adapted and mutually arranged as to avoid alike the errors of the purely elective system on the one hand and of the close curriculum on the other, and to secure, by a happy compromise, the best advantages of both.

Under this organization, and especially under the inspiration of General Lee's central influence, the utmost harmony and the utmost energy pervaded all the departments of the college. The standards of scholarship were rapidly advanced; and soon the graduates of Washington College were the acknowledged equals of those from the best institutions elsewhere, and were eagerly sought after for the highest positions as teachers in the best schools. These results which even in the few years of his administration had become universally acknowledged throughout the South, were due directly and immediately, more than to all other causes, to the personal ability and influence of General Lee, as president of the college.

General Lee's plans for the development of Washington College were not simply progressive; they were distinct and definite. He aimed to make the college represent at once the

wants and the genius of the country. He fully realized the needs of the present age, and he desired to adapt the education of the people to their condition and their destiny. He was the ardent advocate of complete classical and literary culture. Yet he recognized the fact that material well-being is a condition of all high civilization, and therefore he sought to provide the means for the development of science and for its practical applications. He believed fully in the *university* idea and not in separate technical schools; but that, as hereafter they must live together, so young men of different pursuits should be educated together. He sought, therefore, to establish this mutual connection, and to consolidate all the departments of literary, scientific, and professional education under a common organization. Hence, at an early day, he called into existence the departments of applied mathematics and engineering, of modern languages, and of law, as part of the collegiate organization; and, later, he submitted to the trustees a plan for the complete development of the scientific and professional departments of the college, which will ever remain as an example of his enlarged wisdom, and which anticipated, by many years, the actual attainments of any school in this country.

Outside of these more official statements there is much that I might say of General Lee in his more personal and private relations. Yet such detail might be wearisome, and, besides, much of what I would say might be unsuitable for public utterance. But no one who ever enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with General Lee can forget that splendid and captivating personality. He was the handsomest man I have ever seen. Besides the utmost perfection of form and feature he had a mingled sweetness and dignity of expression—an unconscious grace and majesty of appearance—"the like of which," says General Lord Wolseley, "I have never seen in other men." His familiar conversation was kind and gracious, and often lightened by the play of genial humor. He enjoyed a joke and could tell one with a keen zest—but never was there any approach to unseemly levity, and no man could have dared to take liberties with General Lee.

In what is called "society" General Lee mingled but little —he had neither time nor inclination. But he was never forgetful of the "small, sweet courtesies of life." A stranger

visiting Lexington, a father or mother visiting a son at college, was sure of a call from General Lee, and with scrupulous courtesy he repaid the social attentions that he received. At his table he presided with his accustomed sweet and gentle dignity, and shared fully in social, often playful conversation. He was fond of riding—almost every afternoon, when he had time; and General Lee on Traveller, booted and gauntleted—in winter with his military cloak—was the finest sight on which the eye could rest.

In business matters, private or official, General Lee was accurate and methodical, and his annual reports were models of clear and comprehensive statement. In correspondence he was careful and scrupulously punctual. In private conversation he was quiet and genial. He never spoke—at least not in my hearing—of the war or of politics, except with the utmost reserve. Here his recollections were, doubtless, too painful. I never heard from his lips a word either of bitterness or of apology, nor any criticism of others. It is known, I believe, that he had intended to write the history of his army, but that he desisted, because he thought this could not be done "without causing too much pain." Thus, for the sake of others, he forbore what would have been his own supreme vindication. So tender, so self-denying, was this great heart.

In the weekly meetings of the faculty General Lee exerted rather an influence which seemed unconscious both to himself and to us, than any visible authority. Faculty meetings are apt to be wordy, and sometimes a little excited; but General Lee never showed impatience, and his quiet presence calmed every rising storm. He exerted himself to minimize his own authority, and to leave to each professor the full sense of independence and responsibility. He never made a speech; rarely, indeed, spoke from his chair or attempted by any expression of opinion to influence a pending vote. It need not be added, however, that when General Lee's views were known, they were always decisive, and no really important measure was ever introduced without consultation with him. Besides its exceptionally great ability, his was the best organized and most efficient faculty I have ever served with. Its important work was done by standing committees,

and General Lee was always consulted in every case of importance or difficulty. . . .

Of General Lee's religious character I do not feel myself worthy to speak. That he was deeply, sincerely religious, with a perfect trusting faith in God is manifest from all the course of his life, as from his writings. His last afternoon was spent in a vestry meeting, and his last conscious act was, on that same evening, to attempt to ask a blessing upon the evening meal—when God called him, and he sank, unconscious, in his chair.

Such, most imperfectly sketched, was General Lee, as college president. And surely this part of his life deserves to be remembered and commemorated by those who hold his memory dear. In it he exhibited all those great qualities of character which had made his name already so illustrious. This life at Washington College, so devoted, so earnest, so laborious, so full of far-reaching plans and of wise and successful effort, was begun under the weight of a disappointment which might have broken any ordinary strength, and was maintained, in the midst of private and public misfortune, with a serene patience and a mingled firmness and sweetness of temper, which give additional brilliancy even to the glory of his former fame.

It is a privilege henceforth for the teachers of our country that their profession, in its humble yet arduous labors, its great and its petty cares, has been illustrated by the devotion of such a man. It is an honor for all our colleges that one of them is henceforth identified with the memory of his name and of his work. It is a boon for us all; an honor to the country, which in its whole length and breadth will soon be proud to claim his fame; an honor to human nature itself, that this great character, so often and so severely tried, has thus proved itself consistent, serene and grand, alike in peace and in war, in the humblest as well as the highest offices.

SCHOOL TRAINING IN THE EARLY DAYS

Extract from "The 'Old Field' School," in *The Educational*, May, 1902.

THESE were some of the results of my "old field school" training at home. I can say without boasting—and I think it due to say—that when I entered college at fourteen I was better prepared in the essentials of a sound and liberal scholarship, than the average Sophomore of to-day in our Southern colleges.

Now, what produced these results? What were the conditions of early training which carried me, at fourteen, into and through the Sophomore class in one of the most respectable of the smaller colleges of that day (and of this)? Or, to eliminate entirely the personal equation, to give the question a larger and worthier scope: What were the qualities of the teaching, under the irregular organization and imperfect methods of that day, which sent boys little older than myself, thoroughly prepared, from similar schools in this State into the Sophomore class of the South Carolina College? For such, up to the war, was habitually the fact.

Of course, an analysis, undertaken in old age, of the conditions of boyhood and youth must be more or less partial and imperfect. But there are some things which I think I see clearly thro' this long lapse of time. I would answer.

First: Concentration.—Only a few subjects were attempted, but these were studied continuously and thoroughly. We had no extras. There was none of that dissipation of attention, or of that superficial smattering of small knowledge, which are too often the result of the overcrowded school curriculum of the present day. And with continuous and thorough study came the discipline of conscious progress, and finally the strength of conscious mastery.

Second: Compulsion.—There was no severity of discipline or of punishment—still less any rigor of rule or regulation. But we felt, simply, that our work had to be done and that we had to do it. This was the unwritten but accepted law. For failure or defect, penalty was expected and was felt to be deserved. The "law of liberty," to work or not as we pleased—that other law, that pleasure, not pain, must alone mark the

performance of duty; and that "moral suasion," sentiment and conscience are the only legitimate motives to effort, were not recognized—any more than was the sacredness of the human body from the "degrading touch of corporal punishment." Our motives were manifold; *ab extra* as well as *ab intra; a posteriori* as well as *ab ante;* and altogether, somehow, they came to us with compelling force.

Yet, even under such admitted compulsion, I will mention also:

Third: Self-reliance.—We felt that we had to do our work ourselves. Of teaching, showing, explaining, there was but little—I now clearly see, only too little. Of method, in the pedagogical sense, there was, perhaps, nothing at all, except the old and simple method of "root, little pig, or die." Our text books, too, were condensed and dogmatic, with little attempt at explanation. "Reading without tears" was not known; the gradual and "easy" style had not yet been discovered. And so, almost alone, we had to do our best. We blundered often enough, I am sure; but still we blundered ahead, and somehow we "got there." We became early accustomed to difficulties, as something to be faced and overcome; and thus, I think, the best of us acquired that fine habit of the true student—indeed of all true manhood; patience in self-reliant work—a habit which, I fear, is rarer in the children and youths of the present day than it ought to be. There cannot be too much teaching of the right sort; but teaching is not always telling.

To these premises follows, as an almost necessary conclusion, that within the narrow limits of our scheme of study, our work, such as it was, was done thoroughly, and by dint of repetition and review its results were made our own. It is an axiom that what is easily acquired is easily lost—"quick got, quick forgot," says the adage. The memory at least was well trained, at its most plastic age; and how many there are who late in life, when it is too late, have to regret the early neglect of that invaluable faculty.

Fourth: To these I must add another quality, not indeed for praise, but for remark, namely: the positive and dogmatic character of our teaching. We asked no questions, and hardly any were asked us that were not in the book. What the book

said we took for gospel, and we learned it with reverent faith. Often enough we did not understand it; but that was not deemed necessary. So, more or less mechanically, we worked processes, and applied rules, and learned words and definitions which we did not understand. This, of course, was far from ideal teaching and must have produced a somewhat wooden quality of mind; but yet it was not wholly without value. We learned to learn, by force of will and of work—often blindly indeed, but still we learned. And therewith, though often with but little substance, we unconsciously learned forms of thought, and gained capacities for knowledge, which were later to be filled, naturally and easily, with substantial content. So the bee builds his comb-cell, in symmetrical form, for the honey that is to come; and so, later, our growing intelligence fell naturally into the forms and phrases we had so laboriously and often blindly acquired. Often have I thus found the rules and definitions that I had learned at school become, later, luminous with truth.

THE EDUCATIONAL AWAKENING

Extract from an address on "The University and the State" (University of Tennessee, 1898).

As I consider this great State; as I remember the journeys I have made up and down her spacious borders, to speak for education; as I study upon the map her beautiful configuration, and think of her vast and undeveloped resources, I am reminded of a fairy tale we have all read in childhood. A lovely princess was sunk, by the influence of a malign fairy, into a deep sleep. Her officers and servants all fell into a like slumber. Around her palace grew up a hedge of bushes and thorns that shut it from the world; and it was fated that she should so sleep until, after a hundred years, a beautiful chosen prince should come, and call her and her palace back to life. Yet even in her sleep, the story says, she was beautiful; her heaving breast gave signs of life, the bloom of youth mantled her cheeks, and she grew into ever more lovely womanhood; but still she slept on, till the time had come. So too, it seems to me, lies this virgin State—this sleeping beauty of Empire! Her feet bathed in the waters of the mighty Mississippi—her

lovely body clasped in the sinuous arms of the Cumberland and the Tennessee—her head pillowed where the morning sunlight kisses the summits of the Unaka Mountains, and flashes thence over this glorious valley, she sleeps. Yet beautiful, too, in her sleep—her bosom heaving with the breath of unconscious and undeveloped power, her limbs instinct with all the potent forces of life—she lies dormant in the gorgeous palace of her rich inheritance, while around her rankle the hedges that hide her glories from the world. She sleeps: the hundred years are past, and the beautiful prince that shall awake her is not yet come. But he is coming. His herald trumpet has already sounded to the world in your capital city. His approaching footsteps are tipping your mountain-tops with light, deepening your valleys with richer verdure, touching your rippling streams to sweeter music. His voice is heard in the whirring wheels of industry, in the scream of the steam engine, in the church bell—in every note that sounds the march of progress or of hope for mankind. His name is ENLIGHTENMENT. His watchword is EDUCATION—his tabernacle is the SCHOOL—his palace, the UNIVERSITY. He is coming; and when he comes, in full and gracious presence, he will set his throne on this very hill where we now are. Let him come, and come quickly. Let him rouse this Sleeping Princess, and taking the crown that has so long awaited her, let him crown Tennessee the Queen that she should be, and shall be, if she will but awake. May God bless Tennessee; and through the awakened heart and hand of Tennessee, may God bless this University.

HELEN ADAMS KELLER

[1880—]

D. S. BURLESON

HELEN ADAMS KELLER was born June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, Alabama. On her father's side she is the great-granddaughter of Alexander Moore, an aide of La Fayette's, and a great-great-granddaughter of Alexander Spotswood, an early colonial governor of Virginia; she is also a fourth cousin of General Robert E. Lee. On her mother's side she is related to the celebrated Adams and Everett families of Massachusetts. Her maternal grandfather, Charles Adams, was a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army, while her father, Arthur H. Keller, was a captain. The latter for many years was editor of the *Northern Alabamian,* a weekly newspaper published in Tuscumbia. Captain Keller was a man of liberal culture and unbounded hospitality; kindly, generous, and chivalrous—a true representative of the old school of Southern gentlemen.

At the age of nineteen months, Miss Keller, through the effects of acute congestion of the stomach and brain, was left totally and permanently deaf and blind. From this time till almost seven years of age she lived a long night of almost total darkness and silence. She refers to this period as a dream throughout and says that her only consciousness of it is merely tactual. "As near as I can tell," says she, "asleep or awake, I felt only with my body. I can recollect no process which I should now dignify with the term thought."

As she grew older, however, and the necessity for expression became more and more urgent, she was often rebellious and gave way to frequent outbursts of passion. "'Light! give me light!'" says she, "was the wordless cry of my soul, and the light of love shone on me in that very hour."

She here refers to the coming of her teacher, Miss Anne Mansfield Sullivan (now Mrs. John Albert Macy). Acting on the advice of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Captain Keller had applied for a teacher to the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and in response three months later Miss Sullivan arrived in Tuscumbia, on March 3, 1887, to enter upon a work that has brought both teacher and pupil into international prominence. Miss Sullivan had not been with her pupil more than a month, when perhaps the most significant event in the life of Miss Keller occurred. On the fifth of April, Miss Sullivan writes: "She has learned that everything has a name . . .

We went out to the pump-house and I made Helen hold her mug under the spout while I pumped. As the cold water gushed forth, filling the mug, I spelled 'w-a-t-e-r' in Helen's free hand. The word coming so close upon the sensation of cold water rushing over her hand seemed to startle her. She dropped her mug and stood as one transfixed. A new light came into her face." This light Miss Keller refers to as marking the awakening of her soul. To quote her own words: "Suddenly I felt the misty consciousness of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew that 'w-a-t-e-r' meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free!"

Thereupon Miss Keller's education went forward with astonishing rapidity. On the seventeenth of June, about three and a half months after the first word was spelled into her hand, she wrote her first letter. By the eighteenth of September, she knew six hundred words. By October she was telling stories in which the imagination played an important part. In November, she wrote Dr. Alexander Bell a letter of one hundred and forty-five words, marking her sentences correctly, with capitals and periods.

In the spring of 1890 Miss Keller learned to speak. Miss Sarah Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School, gave her eleven lessons in all. The method was to have Miss Keller move her hand lightly over Miss Fuller's face and feel the position of her tongue and lips when she made a sound. In an hour Miss Keller had learned six sounds. "I shall never forget the surprise and delight I felt," says she, "when I uttered my first connected sentence—'It is warm.'"

In 1892, at the age of twelve, Miss Keller wrote a sketch of her life for *The Youth's Companion*. Her style in this was excellent for one of her youth, and promised much that has been fulfilled in her later writings.

Before October, 1893, she had read the histories of Greece, Rome, and the United States, knew a little French, and had begun the study of Latin. In 1894 she entered the Wright-Humason School for the Deaf in New York City, chiefly for the purpose of vocal culture and training in lip reading, but also studied arithmetic, physical geography, French and German. Here she remained for two years. In the fall of 1896 she entered the Cambridge School for Young Ladies to be prepared for Radcliffe, for, says she, "A potent force within me, stronger than the persuasion of my friends, stronger even than the pleadings of my heart, had impelled me to try my strength by the standards of those who see and hear." She continued in the Cambridge School for a little over one session; was then withdrawn and placed under the instruction of Mr. Merton S. Keith of Cambridge

until she took her examinations in June, 1899, to enter Radcliffe. These, despite many perplexing difficulties, she passed successfully, with credit in Advanced Latin.

In the fall of 1900 Miss Keller entered Radcliffe. During her four years there she had many disadvantages to labor against. She was practically alone in the presence of her instructors, getting only so much of their lectures as could be spelled into her hand, and could take no notes, as her hand was occupied. She had to write her exercises on a typewriter so that her professors, who knew nothing of Braille, could read them. Most of her text-books had to be spelled to her, since very few of those she needed were in raised print.

In 1904 Miss Keller took her degree at Radcliffe. During this same year she was honored with a special day, known as "Helen Keller Day," at the St. Louis Exposition, on which occasion she was present and made an address. A part of the following winter she spent at the home of her mother in Florence, Alabama. Since that time she has been living at Wrentham, Massachusetts, with her former teacher, Mrs. John A. Macy. Here, so she tells us in her article in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* September, 1905, "What I am Doing," she leads a very busy life; attending to her little domestic duties, answering letters, preparing addresses, writing articles, for Miss Keller is an occasional contributor to a number of leading periodicals, such as *The Century, The Ladies' Home Journal, The World's Work, Current Literature, Charities,* and others. She has also found time to get out another volume entitled 'The World I Live In,' which appeared in 1908.

Such are some of the facts in the life of Miss Keller. But, to understand better her station as a writer, we must inquire into her personality and inner life.

First of all, we must not forget how Miss Keller "sees" and "hears" the world about us. As a kind of compensation for the loss of her sight and hearing, nature has very generously endowed her remaining senses. Yet the fact remains that Miss Keller never can see and hear the world as do those who have the full complement of senses. In her own words, "The calamity of the blind is immense, irreparable." It is only by the eye of the soul that she can look upon the majestic form of noble mountains, can scan the glory of heaven by night, behold the radiance of early morning, and listen to the melody of its birds' song and laughing streams. But with the most beautiful resignation she bears this loss. Throughout her life, ever since she was freed from the dark night of "complete and heart-subduing silence," even in the midst of perplexity and difficulty, she has

manifested a steadfast cheerfulness, irrepressible buoyancy, and invincible determination to make the most of life.

So Miss Keller, in spite of her loss, takes life very much as do other people, and thoroughly enjoys living. She loves the outdoors and its sports, often taking tramps through the woods regardless of scratches and bruises. Her favorite amusement is sailing, and next to this she enjoys a walk. She has her tree, dog, and pony friends. She loves children and enjoys romping and frolicking with them. When she is kept indoors, she likes to knit, crochet, or play checkers or chess. She attends the theater and enjoys it, feeling, as the play is described to her, as if she "were living in the midst of stirring events."

But of her books she says: "In a word, literature is my Utopia," From her earliest years she had this passion for reading. When she was only eight, her teacher found her in a corner of the library poring over 'The Scarlet Letter.' Only three months after her education began, Miss Sullivan, on going to bed, so she tells us, found her asleep with a book clasped in her arms.

She enjoys music also; but, as her recognition of it is merely tactile, she feels it most when she holds her hands upon the instrument or upon the singer's throat. She is especially sensitive to the vibration of the pipe-organ, and says that "it fills to an ecstasy the act of feeling."

We are not surprised, then, that Miss Keller is happy. "If I tried," says she, "I could not check the momentum of my first leap out of the dark."

In her poem, "A Chant of Darkness," her soul thus overflows:

"I am shaken with gladness;
My limbs tremble with joy;
My heart and the earth
Tremble with happiness;
The ecstasy of life
Is abroad in the world."

She infuses life and sunshine into all she writes. It is only when her soul grows indignant at needless sufferings, or at the evils of oppression, that she manifests impatience. Then for a moment she becomes a little stern, as in her article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, January, 1907, in which she sorely arraigns those whose sins are responsible for unnecessary blindness. This, however, is the remonstrance of an optimistic soul, which lives in the sunshine of love.

So Miss Keller's is not a happiness of self-sufficiency and indifference. Even the most superficial of her readers will soon perceive

the mighty impulse of love and sympathy filling and thrilling her whole being. Miss Keller thinks that "self-love is at the root of all evil." Her religion is one of faith, hope, and love. Of her dear friend, Phillips Brooks, she writes: "He impressed upon my mind two great ideas—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and made me feel that these truths underlie all creeds and forms of worship. God is love, God is our Father, and we are His children."

How poetic the soul that can say,

"My fingers are ever athirst for the earth,
And drink up its wonders with delight.
Draw out earth's dear delights;
My feet are charged with the murmur,
The throb, of all things that grow.

* * * * * *

The noiseless little noises of earth
Come with softest rustle;
The shy, sweet feet of life;
The silky flutter of moth-wings
Against my restraining palm;
The strident beat of insect-wings,
The silvery tickle of water;
Little breezes busy in the summer grass;
The music of crisp, whisking, scurrying leaves,
The swirling, wind-swept, front-tinted leaves;
The crystal splash of summer rain,
Saturate with the odors of the sod."

Being of intense sympathy; entering into the fullest appreciation of life; thoroughly responsive to beauty, melody, and symmetry; withal, endowed with the temperament of a poet, Miss Keller is naturally a writer of feeling. Her style readily responds to the charm of her personality. It yields to her varying moods, now becoming rapid and flowing to keep pace with her animation, now growing slower and heavier as she becomes thoughtful or philosophic; now taking a poetic leap when she approaches the heart of nature, or enters the realm of the soul, as in the case of "A Chant of Darkness," which developed during the writing of her essay on "Sense and Sensibility."

As she lives largely in her books, moreover, we would naturally expect her conception of life to be highly colored and idealistic, yet she displays a surprising poise and balance, an unfailing common-sense and mother-wit; and, in all her references to nature, which occur so often, she never strikes a discordant note. Her sky has the same natural tint we see; her breezes and streamlets sing the same

merry song we hear; her roses have the same delicate outlines and exquisite hues that appeal to us. From the very first, she was taught to approach nature directly and get close to its heart. "All my early lessons," she writes, "have in them the breath of the woods . . . Indeed, everything that could hum or buzz, or sing, or bloom, had a part in my education."

Her style abounds in motion, color, life; abounds in concrete expression, tropes, similes, personal terms applying to the inanimate. So vigorous and distinct is the grasp of her ideas that she places you in a sunlit atmosphere, with no fogs or mists about the horizon.

Hence, her style easily holds you. One secret of this force lies in her diction. This is remarkably simple, pure, and euphonious; abounding in monosyllables, yet never growing stiff or harsh. Her sentences, too, are lively, forcible, and full of rhythm. These are often short, frequently periodic, yet present such a happy blending of all types that no one kind ever becomes strained or conspicuous. Along with this, she displays great variety in the length of her paragraphs, which variety, while it enlivens her style, never betrays conscious art or palpable device.

Miss Keller's style is easy to follow: easy because she holds your interest; easy because she has a vigorous and well-defined grasp of her ideas, and for the expression of these has a wealth of pure, simple, and happy words, which she weaves into a fabric of beautiful English.

Miss Keller's themes are, within themselves, of special interest. Most that she has written is largely personal and subjective. She speaks to us upon subjects in which she is vitally interested and concerned, and about which she alone can hold such effective discourse. Hence, in the true sense, she is strikingly original, and stamps upon every sentence her charming personality.

'The Story of My Life' first appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal* (April-September, 1902), and was written while she was at Radcliffe. It afterward appeared in a volume of 431 pages; about a third of which is taken up with her autobiography, a third with her letters, and the rest with a supplementary account, by Mr. John Albert Macy, of her life and education. The story of her life is in her characteristic charming style, full of interesting and hopeful matter. The letters are both interesting and important, tracing, as nothing else can, the development of her mind and the evolution of her style. They also throw much light upon her character and are greatly helpful in enabling the reader to appreciate her later writings.

'Optimism' also appeared while Miss Keller was a student at Radcliffe. In this little volume she preaches the gospel of love and hope. The book is largely subjective and bears the stamp of the author's convictions. It is written in an easy, lively, and fascinating style,

and ends with her creed of faith in God and man, and her belief in helping the unfortunate.

Her latest book, 'The World I Live In,' contains Miss Keller's contributions to *The Century*. These articles are most valuable as being expositions of the inner life of the author. They represent Miss Keller's more mature style, and hold us not only because of the happy vein and fascinating language in which they are told, but because through them, as through nothing else, we learn of this "wonder-child

Moving about in worlds not realized."

Among these contributions is her poem, "A Chant of Darkness." It transports us to a night of perpetual darkness, but, as we enter the dusky borderland, it sings to us a song of cheer, that in this night of blindness is riches past computing. It then lifts the veil, love dispels the darkness, and "all sight is of the soul." The earth trembles with happiness and

"The ecstasy of life
Is abroad in the world."

Then, quietly and beautifully as day lies down and goes to sleep on the bosom of night, her soul chants these last sweet words:

"O fathomless, soothing Night!
Thou art a balm to my restless spirit,
I nestle gratefully in thy bosom,
Dark, gracious Mother! Like a
Dove I rest in thy bosom."

Even aside from their intrinsic worth and excellence, Miss Keller's writings appeal to us with a peculiar interest. Her message comes to us from a realm dark and silent, yet made cheerful and beautiful by the radiance of her own personality. Between us and her is a wall through which we were helpless either to peer or speak, yet her soul has broken through the confines of its captivity, and sends out continually to the world its messages of cheer, encouragement, admonition, and love. It sits in its silent abode and preaches happiness, brotherly-kindness, and hope. What a lesson!

D. S. Burleson.

[NOTE: The writer of the foregoing articles wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company for the kind permission to quote from 'The Story of My Life'; also to The Century Company for permission to quote from Miss Keller's contributions to *The Century*.]

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Besides these contributions, Miss Keller is the author of three books, 'The Story of My Life,' 'Optimism,' and 'The World I Live In.'

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

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It was a rare poet who thought of the mountain as "the first dim outline of God's plan." That is the real wonder of the poem, and not that a blind man should speak so confidently of sky and sea. Our ideas of the sky are an accumulation of touch-glimpses, literary allusions, and the observations of others, with an emotional blending of all. My face feels only a tiny portion of the atmosphere; but I go through continuous space and feel the air at every point, every instant. I have been told about the distances from our earth to the sun, to the other planets, and to the fixed stars. I multiply a thousand times the utmost height and width that my touch compasses, and thus I gain a deep sense of the sky's immensity.

Move me along constantly over water, water, nothing but

water, and you give me the solitude, the vastness of ocean which fills the eye. I have been in a little sail-boat on the sea, when the rising tide swept it toward the shore. May I not understand the poet's figure: "The green of spring overflows the earth like a tide?" I have felt the flame of a candle blow and flutter in the breeze. May I not then, say: "Myriads of fireflies flit hither and thither in the dew-wet grass like little fluttering tapers?"

Combine the endless space of air, the sun's warmth, the prevalence of fitful odors, the clouds that are described to my understanding spirit, the frequent breaking through the soil of a brook or the expanse of the wind-ruffled lake, the tactual undulation of the hills, which I recall when I am far away from them, the towering trees upon trees as I walk by them, the bearings that I try to keep while others tell me the directions of the various points of the scenery, and you will begin to feel surer of my mental landscape. The utmost bound to which my thought will go with clearness is the horizon of my mind. From this horizon I imagine the one which the eye marks.

Touch cannot bridge distance—it is fit only for the contact of surfaces—but thought leaps the chasm. For this reason I am able to use words descriptive of objects distant from my senses. I have felt the rondure of the infant's tender form. I can apply this perception to the landscape and to the far-off hills.

I have not touched the outline of a star nor the glory of the moon, but I believe that God has set two lights in my mind, the greater to rule by day and the lesser by night, and by them I know that I am able to navigate my life-bark, as certain of reaching the haven as he who steers by the North Star. Perhaps my sun shines not as yours. The colors that glorify my world, the blue of the sky, the green of the fields, may not correspond exactly with those you delight in; but they are none the less color to me. The sun does not shine for my physical eyes, nor does the lightning flash, nor do the trees turn green in the spring; but they have not therefore ceased to exist, any more than the landscape is annihilated when you turn your back on it.

I understand how scarlet can differ from crimson because

I know that the smell of an orange is not the smell of a grapefruit. I can also conceive that colors have shades, and guess what shades are. In smell and taste there are varieties not broad enough to be fundamental; so I call them shades. There are half a dozen roses near me. They all have the unmistakable rose scent; yet my nose tells me that they are not the same. The American Beauty is distinct from the Jacqueminot and the La France. Odors in certain grasses fade as really to my sense as certain colors do to yours in the sun. The freshness of a flower in my hand is analogous to the freshness I taste in an apple newly picked. I make use of analogies like these to enlarge my conceptions of colors. Some analogies which I draw between qualities in surface and vibration, taste and smell, are drawn by others between sight, hearing, and touch. This fact encourages me to persevere, to try to bridge the gap between the eye and the hand.

Certainly I get far enough to sympathize with the delight that my kind feel in beauty they see and harmony they hear. This bond between humanity and me is worth keeping, even if the ideas on which I base it prove erroneous.

Sweet, beautiful vibrations exist for my touch, even though they travel through other substances than air to reach me. So I imagine sweet, delightful sounds, and the artistic arrangement of them which is called music, and I remember that they travel through the air to the ear, conveying impressions somewhat like mine. I also know what tones are, since they are perceptible tactually in a voice. Now, heat varies greatly in the sun, in the fire, in hands, and in the fur of animals. Indeed, there is such a thing for me as a cold sun. So I think of the varieties of light that touch the eye, cold and warm, vivid and dim, soft and glaring, but always light, and I imagine their passage through the air to an extensive sense, instead of to a narrow one like touch. From the experience I have had with voices I guess how the eye distinguishes shades in the midst of light. While I read the lips of a woman whose voice is soprano, I note a low tone or a glad tone in the midst of a high, flowing voice. When I feel my cheeks hot, I know that I am red. I have talked so much and read so much about colors that through no will of my own I attach meanings to them, just as all people attach certain meanings to abstract terms like

hope, idealism, monotheism, intellect, which cannot be represented truly by visible objects, but which are understood from analogies between immaterial concepts and the ideas they awaken of external things. The force of association drives me to say that white is exalted and pure, green is exuberant, red suggests love or shame or strength. Without the color or its equivalent, life to me would be dark, barren, a vast blackness.

Thus through an inner law of completeness my thoughts are not permitted to remain colorless. It strains my mind to separate color and sound from objects. Since my education began I have always had things described to me with their colors and sounds by one with keen senses and a fine feeling for the significant. Therefore I habitually think of things as colored and resonant. Habit accounts for part. The soul sense accounts for another part. The brain with its five-sensed construction asserts its right and accounts for the rest. Inclusive of all, the unity of the world demands that color be kept in it, whether I have cognizance of it or not. Rather than be shut out, I take part in it by discussing it, imagining it, happy in the happiness of those near me who gaze at the lovely hues of the sunset or the rainbow.

My hand has its share in this multiple knowledge, but it must never be forgotten that with the fingers I see only a very small portion of a surface, and that I must pass my hand continually over it before my touch grasps the whole. It is still more important, however, to remember that my imagination is not tethered to certain points, locations, and distances. It puts all the parts together simultaneously as if it saw or knew instead of feeling them. Though I feel only a small part of my horse at a time—my horse is nervous and does not submit to manual explorations—yet, because I have many times felt hock, nose, hoof and mane, I can see the steeds of Phœbus Apollo coursing the heavens.

With such a power active it is impossible that my thought should be vague, indistinct. It must needs be potent, definite. This is really a corollary of the philosophical truth that the real world exists only for the mind. That is to say I can never touch the world in its entirety; indeed, I touch less of it than the portion that others see or hear. But all creatures, all ob-

jects, pass into my brain entire, and occupy the same extent there that they do in material space. I declare that for me branched thoughts, instead of pines, wave, sway, rustle, make musical the ridges of mountains rising summit upon summit. Mention a rose too far away for me to smell it. Straightway a scent steals into my nostril, a form presses against my palm in all its dilating softness, with rounded petals, slightly curled edges, curving stem, leaves drooping. When I would fain view the world as a whole, it rushes into vision—man, beast, bird, reptile, fly, sky, ocean, mountains, plain, rock, pebble. The warmth of life, the reality of creation is over all—the throb of human hands, glossiness of fur, lithe windings of long bodies, poignant buzzing of insects, the ruggedness of the steeps as I climb them, the liquid mobility and boom of waves upon the rocks. Strange to say, try as I may, I cannot force my touch to pervade this universe in all directions. The moment I try, the whole vanishes; only small objects or narrow portions of a surface, mere touchsigns, a chaos of things scattered at random, remain. No thrill, no delight is excited thereby. Restore to the artistic, comprehensive internal sense its rightful domain, and you give me joy which best proves the reality.

Before my teacher came to me, I did not know that I am. I lived in a world that was a no-world. I cannot hope to describe adequately that unconscious, yet conscious time of nothingness. I did not know that I knew aught, or that I lived or acted or desired. I had neither will nor intellect. I was carried along to objects and acts by a certain blind natural impetus. I had a mind which caused me to feel anger, satisfaction, desire. These two facts led those about me to suppose that I willed and thought. I can remember all this, not because I knew that it was so, but because I have tactual memory. It enables me to remember that I never contracted my forehead in the act of thinking. I never viewed anything beforehand or chose it. I also recall tactually the fact that never in a start of the body or a heart-beat did I feel that I loved or cared for anything. My inner life, then, was a blank without past, present, or future, without hope or anticipation, without wonder or joy or faith.

It was not night—it was not day,
* * * * * *
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness, without a place;
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime.

My dormant being had no idea of God or immortality, no fear of death.

I remember, also through touch, that I had a power of association. I felt tactual jars like the stamp of a foot, the opening of a window or its closing, the slam of a door. After repeatedly smelling rain and feeling the discomfort of wetness, I acted like those about me; I ran to shut the window. But that was not thought in any sense. It was the same kind of association that makes animals take shelter from the rain. From the same instinct of "aping" others, I folded the clothes that came from the laundry, and put mine away, fed the turkeys, sewed bead-eyes on my doll's face, and did many other things of which I have the tactual remembrance. When I wanted anything I liked—ice-cream, for instance, of which I was very fond—I had a delicious taste on my tongue (which, by the way, I never have now), and in my hand I felt the turning of the freezer. I made the sign, and my mother knew I wanted ice-cream. I "thought" and desired in my fingers. If I had made a man, I should certainly have put the brain and soul in his finger-tips. From reminiscences like these I conclude that it is the opening of the two faculties, freedom of will, or choice, and rationality, or the power of thinking from one thing to another, which makes it possible to come into being first as a child, afterward as a man.

Since I had no power of thought, I did not compare one mental state with another. So I was not conscious of any change or process going on in my brain when my teacher began to instruct me. I merely felt keen delight in obtaining more easily what I wanted by means of the finger motions she taught me. I thought only of objects, and only objects I wanted. It was the turning of the freezer on a larger scale. When I learned the meaning of "I" and "me" and found that I was something, I began to think. Then consciousness first existed for me. Thus it was not the sense of touch that

brought me knowledge. It was the awakening of my soul that first rendered my senses their value, their cognizance of objects, names, qualities, and properties. Thought made me conscious of love, joy, and all the emotions. I was eager to know, then to understand, afterward to reflect on what I knew and understood, and the blind impetus, which had before driven me hither and thither at the dictates of my sensations, vanished forever.

I cannot represent more clearly than any one else the gradual and subtle changes from first impressions to abstract ideas. But I know that my physical ideas, that is, ideas derived from material objects, appear to me first in ideas similar to those of touch. Instantly they pass into intellectual meanings. Afterward the meaning finds expression in what is called "inner speech." When I was a child, my inner speech was inner spelling. Although I am even now frequently caught spelling to myself on my fingers, yet I talk to myself, too, with my lips, and it is true that when I first learned to speak, my mind discarded the finger-symbols and began to articulate. However, when I try to recall what some one has said to me, I am conscious of a hand spelling into mine.

It has often been asked what were my earliest impressions of the world in which I found myself. But one who thinks at all of his first impressions knows what a riddle this is. Our impressions grow and change unnoticed, so that what we suppose we thought as children may be quite different from what we actually experienced in our childhood. I only know that after my education began the world which came within my reach was all alive. I spelled to my blocks and my dogs. I sympathized with plants when the flowers were picked, because I thought it hurt them, and that they grieved for their lost blossoms. It was years before I could be made to believe that my dogs did not understand what I said, and I always apologized to them when I ran into or stepped on them.

As my experiences broadened and deepened, the indeterminate, poetic feelings of childhood began to fix themselves in definite thoughts. Nature—the world I could touch—was folded and filled with myself. I am inclined to believe those philosophers who declare that we know nothing but our own feelings and ideas. With a little ingenious reasoning one may

see in the material world simply a mirror, an image of permanent mental sensations. In either sphere, self-knowledge is the condition and the limit of our consciousness. That is why, perhaps, many people know so little about what is beyond their short range of experience. They look within themselves —and find nothing. Therefore they conclude that there is nothing outside themselves, either.

However that may be, I came later to look for an image of my emotions and sensations in others. I had to learn the outward signs of inward feelings. The start of fear, the suppressed, controlled tensity of pain, the beat of happy muscles in others, had to be perceived and compared with my own experiences before I could trace them back to the intangible soul of another. Groping, uncertain, I at last found my identity, and after seeing my thoughts and feelings repeated in others, I gradually constructed my world of men and of God. As I read and study, I find that this is what the rest of the race has done. Man looks within himself and in time finds the measure and the meaning of the universe.

MY DREAMS

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. . . I USED to wonder why scientific men and others were always asking me about my dreams. But I am not surprised now, since I have discovered what some of them believe to be the ordinary waking experience of one who is both deaf and blind. They think that I can know very little about objects even a few feet beyond the reach of my arms. Everything outside of myself, according to them, is a hazy blur. Trees, mountains, cities, the ocean, even the house I live in, are but fairy fabrications, misty unrealities. Therefore it is assumed that my dreams should have peculiar interest for the man of science. In some undefined way it is expected that they should reveal the world I dwell in to be flat, formless, colorless, without perspective, with little thickness and less solidity—a vast solitude of soundless space. But who shall put into words limitless, visionless, silent void? One should be a disembodied

spirit indeed to make anything out of such insubstantial experiences. A world, or a dream, for that matter, to be comprehensible to us, must, I should think, have a warp of substance woven into the woof of fantasy. We cannot imagine even in dreams an object which has no counterpart in reality. Ghosts always resemble somebody, and if they do not appear themselves their presence is indicated by circumstances with which we are perfectly familiar.

During sleep we enter a strange, mysterious realm, which science has thus far not explored. Beyond the border-line of slumber, the investigator may not pass with his common sense rule and test. Sleep with softest touch locks all the gates of our physical senses and lulls to rest the conscious will, the disciplinarian of our waking thoughts. Then the spirit wrenches itself free from the sinewy arms of reason and, like a winged courser, spurns the firm, green earth and speeds away upon wind and cloud, leaving neither trace nor footprint by which science may track its flight and bring us knowledge of the distant, shadowy country that we nightly visit. When we come back from the dream-realm, we can give no reasonable report of what we met there. But once across the border, we feel at home, as if we had always lived there and had never made any excursions into this rational, daylight world.

My dreams do not seem to differ very much from the dreams of other people. Some of them are coherent, and safely hitched to an event or a conclusion; others are inconsequent and fantastic. All attest that in Dreamland there is no such thing as repose. We are always up and doing, with a mind for any adventure. We act, strive, think, suffer, and are glad to no purpose. We leave outside the portals of Sleep all troublesome incredulities and vexatious speculations as to probability. I float wraithlike upon clouds, in and out among the winds, without the faintest notion that I am doing anything unusual. In Dreamland I find little that is altogether strange or wholly new to my experience. No matter what happens, I am not astonished, however extraordinary the circumstances may be. I visit a foreign land where I have not been in reality, and I converse with people whose language I have never heard. Yet we manage to understand one another perfectly. Into whatsoever situation or society my wanderings bring me, there

is the same homogeneity. If I happen into Vagabondia, I make merry with the jolly folk of the road or the tavern.

I do not remember ever to have met persons with whom I could not at once communicate, or to have been shocked or surprised at the doings of my dream-companions. It is strange wandering in those dusky groves of Slumberland; my soul takes everything for granted and adapts itself to the wildest phantoms. I am seldom confused. Everything is as clear as day. I know events the instant they take place, and wherever I turn my steps, mind is my faithful guide and interpreter.

I suppose every one has had in a dream the exasperating, profitless experience of seeking something urgently desired at the moment, and the aching, weary sensation that follows each failure to track the thing to its hiding-place. Sometimes with a singing dizziness in my head I climb and climb, I know not where or why. Yet I cannot quit the torturing, passionate endeavor, though again and again I reach out blindly for an object to hold to. Of course, according to the perversity of dreams, there is no object near. I clutch empty air, and then I fall downward and still downward, and in the midst of the fall I dissolve into the atmosphere upon which I have been floating so precariously.

Some of my dreams seem to be traced one within another like a series of concentric circles. In sleep I think I cannot sleep. I toss about in the toils of tasks unfinished. I decide to get up and read for a while. I know the shelf in my library where I keep the book I want. The book has no name, but I find it without difficulty. I settle myself comfortably in the Morris-chair, the great book open on my knee. Not a word can I make out. The pages are utterly blank. I am not surprised, but keenly disappointed. I finger the pages, I bend over them lovingly, the tears fall on my hands. I shut the book quickly as the thought passes through my mind, "The print will be all rubbed out if I get it wet." Yet there is no print tangible on the page!

This morning I thought that I awoke. I was certain that I had overslept. I seized my watch, and, sure enough, it pointed to an hour after my rising time. I sprang up in the greatest hurry, knowing that breakfast was ready. I called my mother, who declared that my watch must be wrong. She

was certain it could not be so late. I looked at my watch again, and, lo! the hands wiggled, whirled, buzzed, and disappeared. I awoke more fully as my dismay grew, until I was at the antipodes of sleep. Finally my eyes opened actually, and I knew that I had been dreaming. I had only waked into sleep. What is still more bewildering, there is no difference between the consciousness of the sham waking and that of the real one.

It is fearful to think that all that we have ever seen, felt, read, and done, may suddenly rise to our dream-vision, as the sea casts up objects it has swallowed. I have held a little child in my arms in the midst of a riot and spoken vehemently, imploring the Russian soldiers not to massacre the Jews. I have relieved the agonizing scenes of the Sepoy Rebellion and the French Revolution. Cities have burned before my eyes, and I have fought the flames until I fell exhausted. Holocausts overtake the world, and I struggle in vain to save my friends.

Once in a dream a message came speeding over land and sea that winter was descending upon the world from the North Pole, that the Arctic zone was shifting to our mild climate. Far and wide the message flew. The ocean was congealed in midsummer. Ships were held fast in the ice by thousands, the ships with large white sails were held fast. Riches of the Orient and the plenteous harvests of the Golden West might no more pass between nation and nation. For some time the trees and flowers grew on, despite the intense cold. Birds flew into the houses for safety, and those which winter had overtaken lay on the snow with wings spread in vain flight. At last the foliage and blossoms fell at the feet of winter. The petals of the flowers were turned to rubies and sapphires. The leaves froze into emeralds. The trees moaned and tossed their branches as the frost pierced them through bark and sap, pierced into their very roots. I shivered myself awake, and with a tumult of joy I breathed the many sweet morning odors wakened by the summer sun.

One need not visit an African jungle or an Indian forest to hunt the tiger. One can lie in bed amid downy pillows and dream tigers as terrible as any in the pathless wild. I was a little girl when one night I tried to cross the garden in front of my aunt's house in Alabama. I was in pursuit of a large cat with a great, bushy tail. A few hours before he had clawed

my little canary out of its cage, and crunched it between his cruel teeth. I could not see the cat; but the thought in my mind was distinct: "He is making for the high grass at the end of the garden. I'll get there first." I put my hand on the box border and ran swiftly along the path. When I reached the high grass, there was the cat gliding into the wavy tangle. I rushed forward and tried to seize him and take the bird from between his teeth. To my horror, a huge beast, not the cat at all, sprang out from the grass, and his sinewy shoulder rubbed against me with palpitating strength! His ears stood up and quivered with anger. His eyes were hot. His nostrils were large and wet. His lips moved horribly. I knew it was a tiger, a real live tiger, and that I should be devoured—my little bird and I. I do not know what happened after that. The next important thing seldom happens in dreams.

* * * * * *

In my dreams I have sensations, odors, tastes, and ideas which I do not remember to have had in reality. Perhaps they are the glimpses which my mind catches through the veil of sleep of my earliest babyhood. I have heard "the trampling of many waters." Sometimes a wonderful light visits me in sleep. Such a flash and glory as it is! I gaze and gaze until it vanishes. I smell and taste much as in my waking hours; but the sense of touch plays a less important part. In sleep I almost never grope. No one guides me. Even in a crowded street I am self-sufficient, and I enjoy an independence quite foreign to my physical life. Now I seldom spell on my fingers, and it is still rarer for others to spell into my hand. My mind acts independent of my physical organs. I am delighted to be thus endowed, if only in sleep; for then my soul dons its winged sandals and joyfully joins the throng of happy beings who dwell beyond the reaches of bodily sense.

The moral inconsistency of dreams is glaring. Mine grow less and less accordant with my proper principles. I am nightly hurled into an unethical medley of extremes. I must either defend another to the last drop of my blood or condemn him past all repenting. I commit murder sleeping, to save the lives of others. I ascribe to those I love best acts and words which it mortifies me to remember, and I cast reproach after re-

proach upon them. It is fortunate for our peace of mind that most wicked dreams are soon forgotten. Death, sudden and awful, strange loves and hates remorselessly pursued, cunningly plotted revenge, are seldom more than dim, haunting recollections in the morning, and during the day they are erased by the normal activities of the mind. Sometimes, immediately on waking, I am so vexed at the memory of a dream-fracas that I wish I may dream no more. With this wish distinctly before me I drop off again into a new turmoil of dreams.

Oh, dreams, what opprobrium I heap upon you—you, the most pointless things imaginable, saucy apes, brewers of odious contrasts, haunting birds of ill omen, mocking echoes, unseasonable reminders, oft-returning vexations, skeletons in my Morris-chair, jesters in the tomb, death's-heads at the wedding feast, outlaws of the brain that every night defy the mind's police service, thieves of my Hesperidean apples, breakers of my domestic peace, murderers of sleep! "Oh, dreadful dreams that do fright my spirit from her propriety!" No wonder that Hamlet preferred the ills he knew rather than run the risk of one dream-vision.

Yet remove the dream-world, and the loss is inconceivable. The magic spell which binds poetry together is broken. The splendor of art and the soaring might of imagination are lessened because no phantom of fadeless sunsets and flowers urges onward to a goal. Gone is the mute permission or connivance which emboldens the soul to mock the limits of time and space, forecast and gather in harvests of achievement for ages yet unborn. Blot out dreams, and the blind lose one of their chief comforts; for in the visions of sleep they behold their belief in the seeing mind and their expectation of light beyond the blank, narrow night justified. Nay, our conception of immortality is shaken. Faith, the motive-power of human life, flickers out. Before such vacancy and bareness the shock of wrecked worlds were indeed welcome. In truth, dreams bring us the thought independently of us and in spite of us that the soul

> may right
> Her nature, shoot large sail on lengthening cord,
> And rush exultant on the Infinite.

* * * * * *

The likeness between my waking state and the sleeping one is still marked. In both states I see, but not with my eyes. I hear, but not with my ears I speak, and am spoken to, without the sound of a voice. I am moved to pleasure by visions of ineffable beauty which I have never beheld in the physical world. Once in a dream I held in my hand a pearl. I have no memory-vision of a real pearl. The one I saw in my dreams must, therefore, have been a creation of my imagination. It was a smooth, exquisitely molded crystal. As I gazed into its shimmering deeps, my soul was flooded with an ecstasy of tenderness, and I was filled with wonder, as one who should for the first time look into the cool, sweet heart of a rose. My pearl was dew and fire, the velvety green of moss, the soft whiteness of lilies, and the distilled hues and sweetness of a thousand roses. It seemed to me, the soul of beauty was dissolved in its crystal bosom. This beauteous vision strengthens my conviction that the world which the mind builds up out of countless subtle experiences and suggestions is fairer than the world of the senses. The splendor of the sunset my friends gaze at across the purpling hills is wonderful; but the sunset of the inner vision brings purer delight because it is the worshipful blending of all the beauty that we have known and desired.

I believe that I am more fortunate in my dreams than most people; for as I think back over my dreams, the pleasant ones seem to predominate, although we naturally recall most vividly and tell most eagerly the grotesque and fantastic adventures in Slumberland. I have friends, however, whose dreams are always troubled and disturbed. They wake fatigued and bruised, and they tell me that they would give a kingdom for one dreamless night. There is one friend who declares that she has never had a felicitous dream in her life. The grind and worry of the day invade the sweet domain of sleep and weary her with incessant, profitless effort. I feel very sorry for this friend, and perhaps it is hardly fair to insist upon the pleasure of dreaming in the presence of one whose dream-experience is so unhappy. Still, it is true that my dreams have uses as many and sweet as those of adversity. All my yearning for the strange, the weird, the ghostlike is gratified in dreams. They carry me out of the accustomed and

commonplace. In a flash, in the winking of an eye, they snatch the burden from my shoulder, the trivial task from my hand, and the pain and disappointment from my heart, and I behold the lovely face of my dream. It dances round me with merry measure, and darts hither and thither in happy abandon. Sudden, sweet fancies spring forth from every nook and corner, and delightful surprises meet me at every turn. A happy dream is more precious than gold and rubies.

I like to think that in dreams we catch glimpses of a life larger than our own. We see it as a little child, or as a savage who visits a civilized nation. Thoughts are imparted to us far above our ordinary thinking. Feelings nobler and wiser than any we have known thrill us between heart-beats. For one fleeting night a princelier nature captures us, and we become as great as our aspirations.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY

[1795—1870]

JESSE LEWIS ORRICK

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY was born in Baltimore, Maryland, October 25, 1795. He was one of the four sons of John Kennedy, a merchant of Baltimore, and Nancy Clayton Kennedy, *née* Pendleton, a native of Martinsburg, Berkeley County (then), Virginia. John Kennedy was an immigrant of Scotch-Irish descent. Nancy Clayton Pendleton was a descendant of old English gentlefolk, who throughout several generations on American soil had maintained, particularly in Virginia, a position of social and political distinction.

While the subject of this sketch was yet a young man, the father met with certain reverses in fortune which compelled the relinquishment of his estate in Baltimore and retirement from his business there. He then moved his household to a country property, owned by his wife, situated near Charles Town, Jefferson County, Virginia, but John Pendleton remained in Baltimore to practice his profession, the law.

Young Kennedy had been graduated in the academic courses of Sinclair's Academy in 1808, and at Baltimore College in 1812, and these courses, though one-sided (in the preponderance of the classics and neglect of mathematics and the physical sciences), yet afforded as good educational opportunities as were to be had in Maryland in that day. Moreover, Kennedy derived great broadening of this basis from his own reading, much of which was done under the guidance of older men of culture who seem early to have recognized his aptitude for literature and scholarship. At the Bar of Baltimore, where then practiced a group of distinguished lawyers, he soon won an honorable place, and through the Bar came into politics and public life. His public career began with his election to the Legislature of Maryland in 1820; he was reëlected in 1821-'22, making his term three successive years. His other principal public offices were: Member of Congress, two terms, beginning in 1838; Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore; Speaker of the Maryland House of Delegates in 1847. He declined other offices, both State and Federal, but his interest in politics was constant, though elevated and patriotic, throughout his life. He held other semi-public

but non-political offices. He was once Provost of the University of Maryland, a trustee of the Peabody Institute, and a commissioner to the Paris Exposition. He was also a director in a railway corporation. While in Congress he was chiefly instrumental in obtaining for the inventor, Morse, the necessary appropriation for a convincing public demonstration of the practicability of the telegraph. A channel in Arctic regions bearing the name of Kennedy testifies to Dr. Kane's appreciation of the service rendered by this Secretary of the Navy in obtaining Government aid for the organization of the first Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. To this variety of interests he added a love of letters and, though ever busy with politics and affairs, found leisure hours in which literary production became his pastime. Of his earlier efforts, as for example, his contributions to *The Red Book*, a journal of humor, philosophy, and satire in the style of the "Salamagundi Papers," there is now scarcely a scrap to be found. Mention should be made here of his having once essayed journalism in its proper form, as he was for a time editor of the *Baltimore American*.

It was not until he had reached middle life that he published the first of the three novels on which rests his literary fame. 'Swallow Barn' appeared in 1829, and 'Horse-Shoe Robinson' and 'Rob-of-the-Bowl' during the years 1834-'39, inclusive.

These novels should not be overlooked by the student of American literature who would faithfully trace its development. Kennedy was among those who, like his friend Irving, "succeeded in showing the incredulous abroad that an American book might be richly worth the reading"; and he was one of the pioneers in the field of American literature; so, more especially, was he one of the first and one of the ablest makers of a literature distinctly Southern.

'Swallow Barn,' as its author admits, is not a novel in the technical sense of the term, but a series of originally detached sketches which have been "linked together by the hooks and eyes of a traveler's notes." Nevertheless, the author's design to afford a complete picture of country life in Virginia, as existing in the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century, is skilfully accomplished. Typical characters move in typical scenes. The reader becomes well acquainted with the Virginia country gentleman in Frank Meriwether; with the ante-bellum lawyer in Philly Wart, and with the dependent scholar, the provincial teacher and preacher in Parson Chubb. We attend "Court Day," witness an "Opossum Hunt," and enjoy the mirth and hospitality of a "Country Gathering." Mystery is afforded in the accounts of "Goblin Swamp" and its ghosts; pathos, in the story of "A Negro Mother"; while love

and gallantry are not forgotten. Humor is the dominant note of the work, and it is humor of a most excellent kind. Especially in the delineation—or rather in the supposed self-revelation—of Frank Meriwether (master of the estate, Swallow Barn, a character which has been compared with Addison's Sir Roger de Coverly), does the reader find "a source of innocent merriment." Indeed the Addisonian method is apparent throughout, and one is compelled to forgive this imitation—partly unconscious it was, no doubt—in consideration of the appropriateness of the style to the subject-matter.

In 'Horse-Shoe Robinson: A Tale of the Tory Ascendancy' we discover the method and style of the modern romantic novel, resembling in certain phases the accomplishments of James Fenimore Cooper and in others the influence of Sir Walter Scott. A well defined plot and an abundance of action combine to make 'Horse-Shoe Robinson' a spirited production, and it was these popular qualities that won for the work an immediate success. Mr. Kennedy had encountered the prototype of the character, Sergeant Galbraith (alias Horse-Shoe) Robinson in life, and not only conveyed a portrait of the original to the pages of his novel, but utilized the actual adventures of this rough-and-ready soldier of the Revolution as the web and woof of the plot. Henry Theodore Tuckerman has well summarized the principal incidents of this characteristically American novel: "The scenes are authentic as well as picturesque; we have vivid glimpses into the woodland camps of Marion; we follow the bold and swift raid of Sumpter; we witness the ravages of the isolated troopers at Tarleton; the glare of the burning farm-house; the drunken revelry of the bivouac; the solemn funeral of the martyred patriot in the forest; the escape of the prisoner of war; the grief of the bereft; the terror of the captive; the exultation of the victors; the suspense, privation, weariness, hope and despair born of civil war."

The intense humanity of the tale, as well as the skilfulness of the narrator, has won its recognition as a work of true genius and is likely to charm the American readers of generations yet to come. 'Horse-Shoe Robinson' was dramatized and played at the Holliday Street Theater, Baltimore, Maryland, in 1856, but, from Kennedy's own account of one of the performances we are led to conclude that the play was too much in the melodramatic style to be voted an artistic success; yet in the book a skilful playwright will find excellent material ready to his hand. Many of its quaint characters are the original types from which certain humorous figures of the stage have been drawn.

In 'Rob-of-the-Bowl: a Legend of St. Inigoes,' Kennedy was successful in an attempt to reproduce (in a vivid picture) the old Town

of St. Mary's (or St. George's), the sometime seat of the Lord Proprietary of Maryland Colony, of which nearly every physical trace had been obliterated, and to re-people that place with such men and women as had dwelt therein nearly two centuries before. In this achievement he not only contributed worthily to American fiction but to the history of his native State as well. Though this work has been less widely read than either 'Swallow Barn' or 'Horse-Shoe Robinson,' yet perhaps it excels either in literary merits, and it is truly entertaining and instructive. While there is some justice in the criticism that "the characters are so various and strongly marked, several of them so elaborately finished as to divide the interest and present the story as one without a hero," yet, after all, it is in this very abundance and variety of character-study that Kennedy's charm lies. His native talent was for portraiture, and so in his groups one figure is nearly as prominent as another, and all are drawn with equal care.

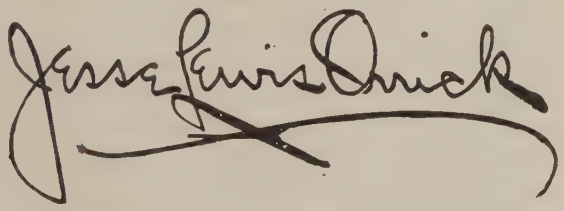
Of Kennedy's political writings only two have been preserved in book form, viz: 'The Annals of Quodlibet,' and 'Mr. Ambrose's Letters on the Rebellion.' The first is a political satire on the times in which it was published (1840). The politically independent reader of to-day should find much diversion in the pages of this literary extravaganza which so successfully holds blind partisanship and sham patriotism up to ridicule.

The "Ambrose Letters" were contributed to a Washington (D.C.) newspaper while the Civil War was in progress, and at the conclusion of the war they were collected, after revision, into a small volume. In a style made forceful by simplicity and directness, these letters set forth the views of one of that Southern minority who from conscientious and not from selfish motives adhered to the Federal cause.

Between the publication of 'Quodlibet' and of 'Mr. Ambrose's Letters' (in 1849), appeared 'Memoirs of William Wirt.' "This was alike a labor of love and a work of interest and utility," observed Tuckerman. "In many points of character and taste there existed a remarkable affinity between the biographer and his subject; they possessed a kindred love of literature and were endowed with social aptitudes and sympathies at once endearing and characteristic. During Mr. Wirt's practice at the Baltimore Bar, Mr. Kennedy had become familiar with his professional triumphs and his personal charm and worth. The principal sources of the memoir were drawn from the intimate correspondence of Wirt, from his official records, and from the reminiscences of attached friends."

This biography is not the least valuable of Kennedy's achievements in the realm of letters. Without attempts at profound character analysis, it nevertheless gives, through Wirt's correspondence, an excellent insight into his mental and spiritual make-up, and chiefly through the same medium casts many valuable side-light rays upon the politics and statesmanship of the early days of the Republic.

Admirers of Kennedy must regret that he was not a more prolific writer. The reasons for his producing no more in literature than he did are readily apparent and very simple. Until he was nearly sixty years of age Mr. Kennedy had many concerns besides literature: then soon came the Civil War, checking all literary productions; while at the conclusion of the war he was well advanced in years, and in declining health. He died August 18, 1870. "Author, Statesman, Patriot—he adorned every path which he pursued" were the words of his epitaph; and from the record of his life and the study of his writings we know this praise was deserved; but, even were no such record available and no line of his writings preserved, we might still judge him by the company he kept; for the friend of Irving and Thackeray and Cooper, of Bancroft and Prescott, of Pinckney and Wirt, of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, the patron of Poe, the counselor of Simms, must have been a man of unusual character, talent, and culture.



THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN

From 'Horse-Shoe Robinson.'

Every corps was now in motion, and the two flanking divisions were soon lost to view in the intervening forest. An incident of some interest to our story makes it necessary that we should, for a moment, follow the track of Cleveland in his march upon the left side of the mountain.

The principal road of travel northwards extended along the valley on this side; and upon this road Cleveland and Williams conducted their men, until they arrived at a point sufficiently remote to enable them, by ascending the height, to place themselves in Ferguson's rear. They had just reached this point when they encountered a picquet of the enemy, which after a few shots, retired hastily up the mountain.

The little outpost had scarcely begun to give ground, before the leading companies of the Whigs had their attention drawn to the movements of a small party of horsemen who at that moment appeared in sight upon the road, some distance in advance. They were approaching the American column; and, as if taken by surprise at the appearance of this force, set spurs to their horses and made an effort to ride beyond the reach of Cleveland's fire, whilst they took a direction up by the mountain towards Ferguson's stronghold. From the equipment of these individuals, it might have been inferred that they were two gentlemen of some distinction connected with the royal army, attended by their servants, and now about arriving, after a long journey, at the British camp. The first was habited in the uniform of an officer, was well mounted, and displayed a light and active figure, which appeared to advantage in the dexterous management of his horse. The second was a gentleman in a plain riding costume, of slender and well-knit proportions, and manifestly older than his companion. He rode a powerful and spirited horse, with a confidence and command not inferior to those of his associates. The others in attendance, from their position in the rear, and from the heavy portmanteaus that encumbered their saddles, we might have no difficulty in conjecturing to be menials in the service of the two first.

The course taken by this party brought them obliquely across the range of the fire of the Whigs.

"It is a general officer and his aide," exclaimed one of the subalterns in the advance. "Ho there! Stand. You are my prisoners!"

"Spur, spur, and away! For God's sake fly!" shouted the younger of the two horsemen to his companion, as he dashed the rowels into his steed and fled up the mountain. "Push for the top—one moment more and we are out of reach!"

"Stop them, at all hazards!" vociferated Cleveland, the instant his eye fell upon them. "Quick, lads—level your pieces —they are messengers from Cornwallis. Rein up, or I fire!" he called aloud after the flying cavalcade.

The appeal and the threat were unheeded. A score of men left the ranks and ran some distance up the mountain side, and their shots whistled through the forest after the fugitives. One of the attendants was seen to fall, and his horse to wheel round and run back, with a frightened pace, to the valley. The scarlet uniform of the younger horseman, conspicuous through the foliage some distance up the mountain, showed that he had escaped. His elder comrade, when the smoke cleared away, was seen also beyond the reach of Cleveland's fire; but his altered pace and his relaxed seat in his saddle, made it apparent that he had received some hurt. This was confirmed when, still nearer to the summit, the stranger was seen to fall upon his horse's neck, and thence to be lifted to the ground by three or four soldiers who had hastened to his relief.

These incidents scarcely occupied more time in their performance than I have taken in the narrative; and all reflection upon them, for the present, was lost in the uproar and commotion of the bloody scene that succeeded.

Meanwhile, Campbell and Shelby, each at the head of his men in the centre division of the army, steadily commenced the ascent of the mountain. A long interval ensued, in which nothing was heard but the tramp of the soldiers and a few words of almost whispered command, as they scaled the height; and it was not until they had nearly reached the summit that the first peal of battle broke upon the sleeping echoes of the mountain.

Campbell here deployed into line, and his men strode briskly upwards until they had come within musket-shot of the British regulars, whose sharp and prolonged volleys, at this instant, suddenly burst forth from the crest of the hill. Peal after peal rattled along the mountain side, and volumes of smoke, silvered by the light of the sun, rolled over and enveloped the combatants.

When the breeze had partially swept away this cloud, and opened glimpses of the battle behind it, the troops of Campbell were seen recoiling before an impetuous charge of the bayonet, in which Ferguson himself led the way. A sudden halt by the retreating Whigs, and a stern front steadfastly opposed to the foe, checked the ardor of his pursuit at an early moment, and, in turn, he was discovered retiring towards his original ground, hotly followed by the mountaineers. Again, the same vigorous onset from the royalists was repeated, and again the shaken bands of Campbell rallied and turned back the rush of battle towards the summit. At last, panting and spent with the severe encounter, both parties stood for a space eyeing each other with deadly rage, and waiting only to gather breath for the renewal of the strife.

At this juncture, the distant firing heard from either flank furnished evidence that Sevier and Cleveland had both come in contact with the enemy. The uprising of smoke above the trees showed the seat of the combat to be below the summit on the mountain sides, and that the enemy had there half-way met his foe; whilst the shouts of the soldiers, alternating between the parties of either army, no less distinctly proclaimed the fact that, at these remote points, the field was disputed with bloody resolution and varying success.

It would overtask my poor faculty of description, to give my reader even a faint picture of this rugged battle-field. During the pause of the combatants of the centre, Campbell and Shelby were seen riding along the line, and by speech and gesture encouraging their soldiers to still more determined efforts. Little need was there for exhortation; rage seemed to have refreshed the strength of the men, who, with loud and fierce huzzas, rushed again to the encounter. They were met with a defiance not less eager than their own; and, for a time, the battle was again obscured under the thick haze engendered

by the incessant discharges of fire-arms. From this gloom, a yell of triumph was sometimes heard, as momentary success inspired those who struggled within; and the frequent twinkle of polished steel glimmering through the murky atmosphere, and the occasional apparition of a speeding horseman, seen for an instant as he came into the clear light, told of the dreadful earnestness and zeal with which the unseen hosts had now joined in the conflict. The impression of this contact was various. Parts of each force broke before their antagonists; and in those spots where the array of the fight might be discerned through the shade of the forest or the smoke of battle, both royalists and Whigs were found, at the same instant, to have driven back detached fragments of their opponents. Foemen were mingled hand to hand, through and among their adverse ranks; and for a time no conjecture might be indulged as to the side to which victory would turn.

The flanking detachments seemed to have fallen into the same confusion, and might have been seen retreating and advancing upon the rough slopes of the mountain, in partisan bodies, separated from their lines; thus giving to the scene an air of bloody riot, more resembling the sudden insurrection of mutineers from the same ranks, than the orderly war of trained soldiers.

* * * * * *

The victory was won. In the last assault, Campbell had reached the crest of the mountain, and the royalists had given ground with decisive indications of defeat. Ferguson, in the hopeless effort to rally his soldiers, had flung himself into their van, but a bullet at this instant reached his heart; he fell from his seat, and his white horse, which had been conspicuous in the crowd of battle, bounded wildly through the ranks of the Whigs, and made his way down the mountain side.

Campbell passed onward, driving the royalists before him. For a moment the discomfited bands hoped to join their comrades in the rear, and, by a united effort, to effect a retreat; but the parties led by Sevier and Cleveland, cheered by the shouts of their victorious companions, urged their attacks with new vigor, and won the hill in time to intercept the fugitives. All hopes of escape being thus at an end, a white flag was displayed in token of submission; and the remnant of Fergu-

son's late proud and boastful army, now amounting to between eight and nine hundred men, surrendered to the assailants.

It has scarcely ever happened that a battle has been fought in which the combatants met with keener individual exasperation than in this. The mortal hatred which embittered the feelings of Whig and Tory along this border, here vented itself in the eagerness of conflict, and gave the impulse to every blow that was struck—rendering the fight, from beginning to end, relentless, vindictive, and bloody. The remembrance of the thousand cruelties practiced by the royalists during the brief Tory dominion to which my narrative has been confined, was fresh in the minds of the stern and hardy men of the mountains, who had pursued their foe with such fierce animosity to this his last stage. Every one had some wrong to tell, and burned with an unquenchable rage of revenge. It was, therefore, with a yell of triumph that they saw the symbol of submission raised aloft by the enemy; and for a space, the forest rang with their loud and reiterated huzzas.

Many brave men fell on either side. Upon the slopes of the mountain and on its summit, the bodies of the dead and dying lay scattered amongst the rocks, and the feeble groans of the wounded mingled with the fierce tones of exultation from the living.

The Whigs sustained a grievous loss in Colonel Williams, who had been struck down in the moment of victory. He was young, ardent, and brave; and his many soldier-like virtues, combined with a generous and amiable temper, had rendered him a cherished favorite with the army. His death served still more to increase the exacerbation of the conquerors against the conquered.

The sun was yet an hour high when the battle was done. The Whigs were formed in two lines on the ridge of the mountain; and the prisoners, more numerous than their captors, having laid down their arms, were drawn up in detached columns on the intervening ground. There were many sullen and angry glances exchanged, during this period of suspense, between victors and vanquished; and it was with a fearful rankling of inward wrath, that many of the Whigs detected, in the columns of the prisoners, some of their bitterest persecutors.

THE MANSION OF DOVE COTE

From 'Horse-Shoe Robinson.'

The site of the Dove Cote was eminently picturesque. It was an area of level ground, perhaps, two acres, on the summit of a hill that, on one side, overhung the Rockfish River, and on the other rose by a gentle sweep from the champaign country below. This summit might have been as much as two hundred feet above the bed of the stream, and was faced on that side by a bold, rocky precipice, not absolutely perpendicular, but broken into stages or platforms, where grassy mould had accumulated, and where the sweet-brier and the laurel, and clusters of the azalea, shot up in profuse luxuriance. The fissures of the crag had also collected their handful of soil and gave nourishment to struggling vines, and everywhere the ash or pine, and not unfrequently the dogwood, took possession of such spots upon the rocky wall, as these adventurous and cliff-loving trees had found congenial to their nature. The opposite or northern bank of the river had an equal elevation, and jutted forward so near to the other as to leave between them a cleft, which suggested the idea of some sudden abruption of the earth in those early paroxysms that geologists have deemed necessary to account for some of the features of our continent. Below was heard the ceaseless prattle of the waters, as they ran over and amongst the rocks which probably constituted the *débris* formed in the convulsion that opened this chasm. It was along through this obscure dell that the road, with which my reader is acquainted, found place between the margin of the stream and the foot of the rocks. The general aspect of the country was diversified by high knolls and broken masses of mountain land, and the Dove Cote itself occupied a station sufficiently above the surrounding district to give it a prospect, eastward, of several miles in extent. From this point the eye might trace the valley of the Rockfish, by the abrupt hillsides that hemmed it in, and by the growth of sombre pines that coated the steeps where nothing else could find a foot-hold. Not far below, in this direction, was to be seen the Fawn's tower, a singular pinnacle of rock, which had acquired its name from the protection it was

said to have afforded to a young deer against the assault of the hounds; the hard pressed animal, as the tradition relates, having gained this insulated point by a bound that baffled the most adventurous of his pursuers, and admiration of the successful boldness of the leap having won from the huntsman the favor that spared his life.

With the exception of a large chestnut near the edge of the cliff, and of some venerable oaks, that had counted centuries before the white man rested his limbs beneath their shade, the native growth of the forest had been removed by Lindsay from the summit I have described, and he had substituted for the wild garniture of nature a few of the choicest trees of the neighboring woods. Here he had planted the elm, the holly and the linden tree, the cedar and the arbor vitæ. This platform was semi-circular, and was bounded by a terrace or walk of gravel that swept around its circumference. The space enclosed was covered with a natural grass, which the frequent use of the scythe had brought to the resemblance of velvet; and the lower side of the terrace was guarded by a hedge-row of cedar. Over this green wall, as the spectator walked forth in fair summer time, might he look out upon the distant woods and meadows; and there he might behold the high-road showing itself, at distant intervals, upon the hill-sides; and in the bottom lands, that lay open to the sun through the forest-bound valleys, might he see herds of grazing cattle, or fields of yellow grain, or perchance, the slow moving wain burdened with hay, or slower moving plough.

The mansion itself partook of the character of the place. It was perched—to use a phrase peculiarly applicable to its position—almost immediately at that point where the terrace made an angle with the cliff, being defended by a stone parapet, through which an iron wicket opened upon a flight of rough-hewn steps, that terminated in a pathway leading down to the river.

The main building was of stone, consisting of one lofty story and capped with a steep roof, which curved so far over the front as to furnish a broad rustic porch that rested almost upon the ground. The slim pillars of this porch were concealed by lattice-work, which was overgrown with creeping vines: and the windows of the contiguous rooms, on either side

of a spacious hall, opened to the floor, and looked out upon the lawn and upon the quiet landscape far beyond. One of these apartments was also accessible through the eastern gable, by a private doorway shaded by a light veranda, and was appropriated by Lindsay for his library. This portal seemed almost to hang over the rock, having but the breadth of the terrace between it and the declivity, and showing no other foreground than the parapet, which was here a necessary defence against the cliff, and from which the romantic dell of the river was seen in all its wildness.

There were other portions of the mansion constructed in the same style of architecture, united to this in such a manner as to afford an uninterrupted communication, and to furnish a range of chambers for the use of the family. A rustic effect was everywhere preserved. Stacks of chimneys shot up in grotesque array; and heavy, old-fashioned windows looked quaintly down from the peaked roof. Choice exotics, planted in boxes, were tastefully arranged upon the lawn; cages with singing-birds were suspended against the wall and the whole mass of building, extending along the verge of the cliff, so as to occupy the entire diameter of the semi-circle, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, sorted by its simplicity of costume, if I may so speak, and by its tidy beauty, with the close-shaven grass-plot and its trim shades.

Above the whole, flinging their broad and gnarled arms amongst the chimney tops, and forming a pleasing contrast with the artificial embellishments of this spot, some ancient oaks, in primeval magnificence, reared their time-honored trunks, and no less sheltered the habitation from the noontide heats, than they afforded an asylum to the ringdove and his mate, or to the countless travellers of the air that here stopped for rest and food. Such was the general aspect of the Dove Cote; a spot where a philosopher might glide through life in unbroken contemplation; where a wearied statesman might betake himself to reassemble the scattered forces of intellect for new enterprises; where the artist might repair to study with advantage the living graces of God's own painting; where young beauty might bud and bloom amongst the most delicate and graceful forms of earth.

The interior of the dwelling was capacious and comfort-

able. Its furniture, suitable to the estate of the owner, was plain and adapted to a munificent rather than to an ostentatious hospitality. It was only in the library that evidence might be seen of large expense. Here, the books were ranged from the floor to the ceiling, with scarcely an interval, except where a few choice paintings had found space, or the bust of some ancient worthy. One or two ponderous lounging chairs stood in the apartment; and the footstep of the visitor was dulled into silence by the soft nap of (what, in that day, was a rare and costly luxury) a Turkey carpet. This was in all respects, an apartment of ease, and it was provided with every incentive to beguile a student into silent and luxurious communion with the spirit of the sages around him—whose subtlest thoughts and holiest breathings, whose most volatile fancies, had been caught up, fixed, and turned into tangible substance, more indestructible than adamant, by the magic of letters.

I have trespassed on the patience of my reader to give him a somewhat minute description of the Dove Cote, principally because I hope thereby to open his mind to a more adequate conception of the character of Philip Lindsay. By looking at a man in his own dwelling, and observing his domestic habits, I will venture to affirm, it shall scarcely in any instance fail to be true, that, if there be seen a tasteful arrangement of matters necessary to his comfort; if his household be well ordered and his walks clean and well rolled, and his grassplots neat; and if there be no slovenly inattention to repairs, but thrift against waste, and plenty for all; and, if to these be added habits of early rising and comely attire—and, above all, if there be books, many books, well turned and carefully tended—that man is one to warm up at the coming of a gentleman; to open his doors to him; to take him to his heart, and to do him the kindnesses of life. He is a man to hate what is base, and to stand apart from the mass, as one who will not have his virtue tainted. He is a man, moreover, whose worldly craft may be so smothered and suppressed in the predominance of the household affections, that the skilful and designing, alas, may ever practice with success their plans against him.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF MARYLAND

From 'Rob-of-the-Bowl.'

It is now more than one hundred and forty-four years since the ancient capital of Maryland was shorn of its honors, by the removal of the public offices, and along with them, the public functionaries, to Annapolis. The date of this removal, I think, is recorded as of the year of grace sixteen hundred and ninety-four. The port of St. Mary's up to that epoch, from the first settlement of the province, comprehending rather more than three score years, had been the seat of the Lord Proprietary's government. This little city had grown up in hard-favored times, which had their due effect in leaving upon it the visible tokens of a stunted vegetation: it waxed gnarled and crooked, as it perked itself upward through the thorny troubles of its existence, and might be likened to the black jack, which yet retains a foothold in this region—a scrubby, tough, and hardy mignon of the forest whose elder day of crabbed luxuriance affords a sour comment upon the nurture of its youth.

Geographers are aware that the city of St. Mary's stood on the left bank of the river which now bears the same name (though of old it was called St. George's) and which flows into the Potomac at the southern extremity of the state of Maryland, on the western side of the Chesapeake Bay, at a short distance westward from Point Lookout: but the very spot where the old city stood is known only to few—for the traces of the early residence of the Proprietary government have nearly faded away from the knowledge of this generation. An astute antiquarian eye, however, may define the site of the town by the few scattered bricks which the ploughshare has mingled with the ordinary tillage of the fields. It may be determined, still more visibly, by the mouldering and shapeless ruin of the ancient State House, whose venerable remains —I relate it with a blush—have been pillaged, to furnish building materials for an unsightly church, which now obtrusively presents its mottled, mortar-stained and shabby front to the view of the visitor, immediately beside the wreck of this early monument of the founders of Maryland.

Over these ruins a storm-shaken and magnificent mulberry, aboriginal, and contemporary with the settlement of the province, yet rears its shattered and topless trunk, and daily distils upon the sacred relics at its foot, the dews of heaven —an august and brave old mourner to the departed companions of its prime. There is yet another memorial in the family tomb of the Proprietary, whose long-respected and holy repose, beneath the scant shade of the mulberry, has within twenty years past, been desecrated by a worse than Vandal outrage, and whose lineaments may now with difficulty be followed amidst the rubbish produced by this violation. These faded memorials tell their story like honest chronicles. And a brave story it is of hardy adventure, and manly love of freedom! The scattered bricks, all mouldered in the motherland, remind us of the launching of the bark, the struggle with the unfamiliar wave, the array of the wonder-stricken savage, and the rude fellowship of the first meeting. They recall the hearths whose early fires gleamed upon the visage of the bold cavalier, while the deep, unconquerable faith of religion, and the impassioned instincts of the Anglo-Saxon devotion to liberty, were breathed by household groups, in customary household terms. They speak of sudden alarms, and quick arming for battle—of stout resolve, and still stouter achievement. They tell of the victory won, and quiet gradually confirmed, and of the increasing rapture as, day by day, the settler's hopes were converted into realities, when he saw the wilderness put forth the blossoms of security and comfort.

The river penetrates from the Potomac some twelve miles inland, where it terminates in little forked bays which wash the base of the woody hills. St. George's Island stretches half across its mouth, forming a screen by which the course of the Potomac is partly concealed from view. From this island, looking northward, up St. Mary's River, the eye rests upon a glittering sheet of water about a league in breadth, bounded on either shore by low meadow-grounds and cultivated fields girt with borders of forest; whilst in the distance, some two leagues upward, interlocking promontories, with highlands in their rear, and cedar-crowned cliffs and abrupt acclivities which shut in the channel, give to the river the features of a lake. St. Inigoe's Creek, flowing into the river upon the right hand,

along the base of these cliffs, forms by its southern shore a flat, narrow and grass-clad point, upon which the ancient Jesuit House of the patron saint whose name distinguishes the creek, throws up, in sharp relief, its chateau-like profile, together with its windmill, its old trees, barns, and cottages—the whole suggesting a resemblance to a strip of pasteboard scenery on a prolonged and slender base line of green.

When the voyager from the island has trimmed his sail and reached the promontories which formed his first perspective, the river, now reduced to a gun-shot in width, again opens to his view a succession of little bays, intercepted by more frequent headlands and branching off into sinuous creeks that lose themselves in the hills. Here and there, amongst these creeks, a slender beach of white sand separates from its parent flood a pool, which reposes like a mirror in the deep forest; and all around, high hills sweep down upon these placid lakes, and disclose half-embowered cottages, whose hoary roofs and antique forms turn the musings of the spectator to the palmy days of the Lord Proprietary. A more enchanting landscape than St. Mary's River—a lovelier assemblage of grassy bank and hoary grove, upland slope, cliff, cot and strand, of tangled brake and narrow bay, broad, seaward roadstead and air-suspended cape, may not be found beneath the yearly travel of the sun!

The ancient city was situated nearly two miles beyond the confluence of St. Inigoe's Creek, upon a spacious level plain which maintained an elevation of some fifty feet above the river. The low-browed, double-roofed, and cumbrous habitations of the towns-people were scattered at random over this plain, forming snug and pleasant groups for a painter's eye, and deriving an air of competence and comfort from the gardens and bowers in which they were sheltered. The State House stood at the upper extremity of the town, upon a cedar-clad headland which, by an abrupt descent, terminated in a long, flat, sandy point, that reached almost half across the river. In regard to this building, tradition—which I find to be somewhat inclined to brag of its glory—affirms it to have been constructed in the shape of a cross, looking towards the river, with walls thick enough to resist cannon, and perilous steep roofs, from the top of the chief of which shot up a spire, whereon was im-

paled a dolphin with a crooked, bifurcated tail. A wooden quay and warehouse on the point showed this to be the seat of trade, and a crescent-shaped bay or indentation between this and a similar headland at the lower extremity of the town, constituted the anchorage or harbor for the scant shipping of the port.

The State House looked rearward over the town common—a large space of open ground, at the farther end of which, upon the border of a marshy inlet, covered with bulrushes and cattails, stood a squat, sturdy, and tight little jail, supported—to use the military phrase—on one flank by a pillory and stocks, and on the other by an implement of government which has gone out of fashion in our day, but which found favor with our ancestors as an approved antidote to the prevalent distemper of an unnecessary or too clamorous loquacity in their dames—a ducking stool, that hung suspended over a pool of sufficient depth for the most obstinate case that might occur.

Without wearying my reader with too much description, I shall content myself with referring to but two or three additional particulars as necessary to my future purpose: a Catholic chapel devoted to St. Ignatius, the patron of the province, in humble and unostentatious guise, occupied, with its appurtenances, a few acres in the centre of the plain, a short distance from that confine of the city which lay nearest to St. Inigoe's; and in the opposite quarter, not far from the State House, a building of much more pretension, though by no means so neat, had been erected for the service of the Church of England, which was then fast growing into the ascendant. On one of the streets leading to the beach was the market-house, surrounded by its ordinaries and ale-houses: and lastly, in the year 1681, to which this description refers, a little hostelry of famous report, known by the sign of "The Crow and Archer," and kept by Master Garret Weasel, stood on the water's edge, at the foot of the bank below the State House, on a piece of level ground looking out upon the harbor, where the traveller may still find a luxuriant wilderness of pear trees, the scions of a notable ancestor which, tradition says, the aforesaid Garret planted with his own hand.

The country around St. Mary's bore, at the period I have designated, the same broad traces of settlement and cultivation

which belong to it at the present day. For many miles the scene was one of varied field and forest, studded over with dwellings and farm-yards. The settlement had extended across the neck of land to the Chesapeake, and along both shores of St. Mary's River to the Potomac. This open country was diversified by woodland, and enlivened everywhere by the expanse of navigable water which reflected sun and sky, grove and field and lowly cottage in a thousand beautiful lights. Indeed, all the maritime border of the province, comprehending Calvert, St. Mary's, and Charles, as well as the counties on the opposite shore of the Chesapeake, might be said, at this date, to be in a condition of secure and prosperous habitation. The great ocean forest had receded some hundred miles westward from St. Mary's. The region of country comprising the present county of Anne Arundel, as well as Cecil and the Isle of Kent, was a frontier already settled with numerous tenants of the Lord Proprietary. All westward from this was the birthright of the stern Sasquesahannoch, the fierce Shenandoah, and their kindred men of the woods.

They are gone! Like shadows have these men of might sunk on the earth. They, their game, their wigwams, their monuments, their primeval forests—yea, even their graves, have flitted away in this spectral flight. Saxon and Norman, bluff Briton and heavy Suabian inherit the land. And in its turn, well-a-day! our pragmatical little city hath departed. Not all its infant glory, nor its manhood's bustle, its walls, gardens, and bowers—its warm housekeeping, its gossiping burghers, its politics and its factions—not even its prolific dames and gamesome urchins could keep it in the upper air until this our day. Alas, for the vaulting pride of the village, the vain glory of the city, and the metropolitan boast! St. Mary's hath sunk to the level of Tyre and Sidon, Balbec and Palmyra! She hath become trackless, tokenless.

I have wandered over the blank field where she sank down to rest. It was a book whose characters I could scarce decipher. I asked for relics of the departed. The winter evening tale told by father to son, and the written legend, more durable than monument of marble, have survived to answer my question, when brick and tile, hearth and tomb have all vanished from the quest of the traveller.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OFFICE HOLDER

From 'At Home and Abroad.'

I WISH it to be observed that, being a timid and cautious man, with a wife and five small and helpless children, I never was *decidedly* for either Adams or Jackson, but *measurably* in favor of both. And here was the State of Maryland equally split between the two; and fierce as dragons on both sides. Now the vexation of my case was this, that it was not only required of me to be, but universally believed that I was as fierce as the rest. It belonged to my office to be so. What right had a man, who was serving the people, to be prudent and reflecting and sensible? God knows! I was willing to be as ferocious as they could have wished, if I could only have foreseen where things would settle down. I had a frightful presentiment that the offices hereafter would be confined to the diabolical "good men and true," but on what side, it puzzled me to tell. Maryland had been last year against the old General, and it was a deep speculation to find out how many turncoats there would be on the first Monday of October. I never was so distracted in opinion, and yet I was obliged to be as decided as if I knew all about it. I watched the bets—but fools will bet on any thing. I understand *reaction* pretty well—we had experience enough in that last year—but I confess I could form no idea where it would hit this time: Harry Clay's dinners might or might not work miracles, and feed the hungry in Maryland, as well as in Kentucky; but I felt considerable doubt. Besides Maryland never fights with much heart against the General Government. Our people are sensible, and have objections, like myself, to minorities. Then the newspapers! Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was gospel to them: it was like children building with cards, one party set every thing "erect," and the other laid every thing prostrate. I never had such difficulty to make up my mind in my life. Yet, notwithstanding, all this time I was obliged to be thoroughgoing on both sides, and give the people the worth of their money. There was a kind of horror, among the belligerents, of all neutrals. *In medio tutissimus,* was mere nonsense—you might as well stand with one foot on the cross of St. Paul's.

Moderation, which was once a virtue in a man with a wife and five small and helpless children, was clean out of fashion. What signifies it that Zeno has said, "Seek the Golden mean;" and Socrates, "Suit your action to the times;" and Confucius, "Stand in the middle, nor bend to either side;" or that St. Paul advises, "Be all things to all men;" or that Euclid demonstrates that the means are equal to the extremes; or that Suvarof commands, "Duck your head to a cannon ball;" or that the celebrated Vicar of Bray supported seven administrations! All this philosophy is dust in the balance when a legion of good men and true want the philosopher's office. Some idea may be formed of my perplexities when it is considered that I was, strictly, a good and true man, on both sides—and yet, what so opposite in nature? I consulted with a few confidential friends who were as unfortunate as myself, and we gradually began to form a little club and exchange opinions. What a miserable set of wretches we were! Our society took in the holders of office, and the moderate editors, and we cheered each other up during the ravings of the storm. The editors made out better than we poor devils—they determined to print nothing, on either side, unless paid for it as an advertisement, or if they did venture into the field at all, to keep a running posted account, of debit and credit, for both sides; one column of "Table Orator," and another of the "Battle of the Penny Posts"—Amos Kendall Cr., Toby Watkins Dr.—and, in this way, it would have posed a Philadelphia lawyer to make any thing out of them. But our case was horrible. A mistake in mathematics, or metaphysics, or in any matter of opinion, except in politics, is mere moonshine: but in our luckless vocation, the slightest straying out of that inscrutable path, which the wretched traveller can only keep in by chance, takes the very meat out of his pot, and consigns him and his helpless progeny to the charity of the good men and true—from which, St. Nicholas deliver us! I never ventured abroad without encountering the dismal memorials of these mistakes. At every corner I could hear of some "good man and true" who had wasted his breath and substance in his zeal to retain his office, expiating his rashness in retirement; they were like stranded sharks, floundering on the sand and showing their harmless teeth. The wreck of an office-holding world was

around me—Styx and Avernus, with their ghosts, could not have frightened me more. It would be my very case, if I were found out. I dreamed of these skeletons at night, and grew nervous with them all day.

I fancied that I saw, in every man I met, an aspirant after my office. My servants and companions were converted, in imagination, into spies; there were mines and torpedoes beneath my feet. If I read the papers, it was only to look at the advertisements, lest some stander-by should be watching my countenance, to gather my opinion of the administration. I became suspicious and equivocating on the most harmless subject of conversation. In another year, I am sure I shall be fit for the stage, so successful have I been in my late performances. A rampant politician would sometimes seize upon me to cheer me with our successful prospects. I would brighten up, smile, and say with an admirable significance of manner, "Let *us* alone, my dear fellow, for contriving the thing." And I would say exactly the same thing, with the same success, to a teasing declaimer on the other side. Special committees were my abhorrence—of course I never attended them —a public officer ought not to be expected to take an *open* part. But the pain of this continual watchfulness!—and worse than that, the perpetual fear that two antagonists might, perchance, meet and find that they were confidential friends of mine—or, that I might, in some incautious moment, take a bottle too much, and realize the dreadful proverb, *in vino veritas;* or that some vile conjunction might fall in my horoscope, that should commit me, by circumstances. Never did man drag a more miserable chain. On the day of the election I was sore beset; at first I thought of having a letter written to me, informing me that my grandmother, or aunt, or cousin was desperately ill, and summoning me instantly out of town; again, it occurred to me to be ill myself. But the truth was, I was in that nervous and restless state that I could neither remain in my house nor leave town; a spell seemed to be thrown over me. Just in this condition of mind, a rantipole whip and spur Jacksonian burst into my room. I would as lief have seen the hangman. He came to take me to the polls; it was equivalent to being caught *in the manour,* to be seen going to the polls with him. "Poh, come along—not sick—

we can't afford to have a *true blue* like you sick to-day." Blue enough thought I. "It's a beautiful day for it," said I, assuming a jaunty manner to show my heartiness in the cause. "No time to be looking at the weather—we must be up and doing—if you want to keep your office you must stay at the polls all day." "Never fear me," said I—"keep up your spirits —don't wait for me, I'll follow you time enough." So off he went—and *time enough* it will be when I follow him. He was hardly gone, before a sober-visaged, deep-scheming old stager, who had been a kind of polar star on the other side, came in to exhort me to perseverance and zeal in the cause. I nodded, looked thoughtful and said in an expressive whisper, "My dear sir, you know *how far* you can depend on me"—and, strange as it might seem, this satisfied the old gentleman, and off he walked, thinking, absolutely, that he knew *how far.*

Well, it is now very certain that we have won the election, and I hope to be rewarded for my troubles. For the last three or four days it was very doubtful whether we had got *the State,* and, until that was known, my difficulties were not over; I had to condole with the disappointed, and rejoice with the victors of this district, and, I must say, I did it admirably. "How *do* you account for *the thing?*" I would say, with an earnest nod of the head, and in a confidential undertone, to a long-faced leader of the beaten party. While to a gay straggler on the other side, as we swung past each other in the street, it was sufficient to give a broad laugh and passing cheer, "I think we gave them a dose on Monday." But now, thank our good stars! the thing is settled. *We* have won the State, and for the year to come I can afford to have an opinion (which I wish to be understood, is in favor of the old General), and to take my place among the "good men and true"—a class of men for which I have the highest respect, and of which, though unworthy, I have always been, *at bottom,* a zealous member. But may the saints preserve me from a repetition of the sufferings I have passed! My solicitude has worn me to a thread-paper! It has been a constant dripping—a bore by day and a bugbear by night. It has given me the dyspepsia; added a pound to my liver, and vexed my diaphragm; obstructed the fluids of my brain; dried up the pancreatic juice, and almost paralyzed my eighth pair of nerves. I am

afraid if this state of things is to last, neither Swaim's Panacea nor Judkin's Ointment can save me. Such is the immeasurable vexation of holding an office, with a wife and five small and helpless children, in these days when Reform flourishes like a pestilence.

October 3, 1829. ZACHARIAH WINTERBOTTOM.

TRIAL BY VIEW

From 'Swallow Barn.'

VARIOUS other papers were now produced and read; and when all this documentary evidence had been brought to view, Philly remarked, with a manner that seemed to indicate profound reflection upon the case in hand:

"An idea strikes me, which appears to have an important influence upon the subject under consideration. I confess I should like to be satisfied upon this point. Mr. Swansdown and myself, I presume, will not differ about the construction of the deed, nor upon the nature of the law by which it is to be determined," he added, smiling; "but, if my present suspicions be confirmed, it is more than probable that our labor will be very much abridged. I rather suspect that this case will be found, upon examination, to turn upon certain matters of fact which have never yet been brought into the view of the courts."

"A very shrewd old gentleman that, Mr. Hazard," whispered the tutor, who stood by all this time listening with profound attention; "a man of genius, I assure you, Mr. Edward!"

"The facts to which I allude are these; namely, in the first place, to what distance did the mill-dam anciently and originally extend, from the present margin of the Apple-pie, in upon the land belonging to the tract called The Brakes? Secondly, how long did the mill-pond exist within the said original limits; and when did it first begin to recede from the same? And, thirdly, which is the most important point of all, did the same mill-pond contract in its dimensions by gradual and imperceptible stages, or did it sink into the present narrow

channel of the Apple-pie, by any violent and sudden disruption of its banks?

"The bearing and value of these questions," continued the lawyer, "will be understood by referring to the conceded fact, namely, that the two contiguous estates were divided by the water-line or margin of the mill-dam on the side of The Brakes. Now, it is a principle of law, upon which Mr. Swansdown and myself cannot possibly disagree—for it is asserted without contradiction by the ablest writers—both in the common and civil law, Mr. Swansdown, that where a river, holding the relation which this mill-dam occupied between these two estates, changes its course by slow and invisible mutations, so as to leave new land where formerly was water, then he to whose territory the accretions may be made in such wise, shall hold them as the gain or increment of his original stock. But if the river change its course by some forcible impulse of nature, as by violent floods, or the like, then shall he who suffers loss by such vicissitude, be indemnified by the possession of the derelict channel. And it would seem to me, that in case the river, in the instance put, should merely dwindle and pine away, as this famous mill-pond seems to have done," said Philly, with a smile, "then, the possessors of the banks on either side should consider it to be the will of Heaven that they should be separated by narrower partitions, and should, straightway, follow the retreating waters; and, when these become so small as to allow them to do so, they should shake hands from the opposite banks, and thank God they were such near neighbors"

"He's a man of a clear head, Mr. Riggs," said the tutor again, with increased admiration, "and expounds law like a sage—and with a great deal of wit too! He reminds me of the celebrated Mr. Ponsonby whom I once heard at the Four Courts, in a cause—"

"I am entirely of Mr. Wart's opinion of the value of these considerations," said Swansdown.

"They seem to me sagacious and reasonable," said Mr. Tracy, "and concur to strengthen the first views which I took upon this subject."

"Let these facts then, gentlemen, be inquired into," said Meriwether.

Wart arose from his seat, and walking carelessly a short distance from the group, beckoned Meriwether to follow him, and, when they were together, said—

"I have thrown out enough to put Mr. Tracy upon a new scent, which, if it be well followed up, will answer our purpose; and now, I think I will give our friend Swansdown a walk into the marsh."

"Since it is agreed, Mr. Swansdown," said Philly, returning to the party, "that testimony should be heard upon the questions I have proposed, we shall be able to form a better judgment by a cautious survey of the ground ourselves. It is scarcely possible that the mill-pond should have vanished without leaving some traces to show whether it went off in a night, or wasted away, like a chestnut fence-rail under the united attacks of sun and wind. There is nothing like the Trial by View."

"In what manner do you propose, Mr. Wart, to enjoy this view?" asked Swansdown, with some concern. "Can we see it from the hill-side? for it seems rather hazardous for a passage on horseback."

"By walking over it," replied Philly very coolly. "With a little circumspection we can get across tolerably dry. Leap from one tuft to another, and keep your balance. The thing is very easy."

"We shall find brambles in our way," said the reluctant Swansdown.

"*E squilla non nascitur rosa,* Mr. Swandown," replied the other. "It is not the first time I have explored a marsh. Why man, if you had your gun with you, the woodcock would take you twice through the thickest of it! This is a notorious place for woodcock—"

"There are snakes, and some of them of a dangerous species. I have an utter horror of snakes," persisted Swansdown.

"There are some copperheads and a few moccasins," replied Philly, "whose bite is not altogether harmless. As to the black snake, and viper, and common water snake, you may assure yourself with taking them in your hand. Or take St. Patrick's plan, Mr. Swansdown; cut a hazel rod, and if you

use it properly you may conjure every snake of them out of striking distance."

"Ha, ha! A facetious man, that Mr. Philly Wart," said the parson again, to Harvey Riggs.

"Come, Mr. Swansdown, I will lead the way. Don't be alarmed: We shall be better acquainted with the boundary when we get back."

Saying these words, Philly walked forward along the margin of the marshy ground which was once the bed of the dam, and having selected a favorable point for entering upon this region, he turned into it with a prompt and persevering step, taking advantage of such spots as were firm enough to sustain his weight, and, pushing the shrubbery to one side, was soon lost to view. Swansdown, ashamed of being outdone, but protesting his reluctance, and laughing with a forced and dry laugh, cautiously entered at the same point, and followed in Philly's footsteps. When they were both still within hearing, Philly's voice could be recognized, saying—

"Look where you step, Mr. Swansdown! That's the true rule of life, and particularly for a man who meddles with law. Have your eyes about you, man! *Latet anguis in herba,* ha, ha, ha!"

"Hark to him!" exclaimed the parson. "A prodigious smart man, that Philly Wart!"

After a short interval, Philly's voice was heard calling out, "Mr. Swansdown, Mr. Swansdown, where are you? Not lost, I hope! This way, man; take the left side of the gum-tree, and you will reach the bank of the Apple-pie as dry as a bone. And a monstrous stream it is, as you will find when you get here!"

"I have encountered shocking obstacles, Mr. Wart," exclaimed the voice of Swansdown, at some distance; "I have one leg submersed in water and mud, up to the knee; and have had a score of black snakes hissing at me, ever since I got into this abominable place. Pray allow me to return!"

"Come on man!" was the reply, "you will reach dry ground presently. What signifies a wet foot! Here's a noble prospect for you."

Another interval of silence now ensued, and this being

followed by a distant hum of conversation, showed us that the two wanderers had fallen again into company.

Whilst we sat amongst the willows that skirted the original margin of the dam, expecting to see the counsellor and his companion emerge from the thicket on the opposite side, our attention was all at once aroused by the deep tongue of Wart's hounds, who had been exploring the fastness contemporaneously with their master. They had evidently turned out a fox; and the rapidly retreating and advancing notes informed us of the fact that the object of their pursuit was doubling, with great activity, from one part of the swamp to another. This sudden outbreak threw a surprising exhilaration into our party.

We sprang to our feet and ran from place to place, expecting every moment to see the fox appear upon the field: these movements were accompanied with a general hallooing and shouting, in which the voice of Philly Wart, amongst the recesses of the marsh, was distinctly audible. Rip, at the first note, had run to his horse, and now came galloping past us, half wild with delight. Mr. Chubb was in a perfect ecstasy, jumping, flinging out his arms and vociferating all the technical cries of encouragement usual amongst the votaries of the chase. Even old Mr. Tracy was roused by the vivacity of the scene. His eyes sparkled and his gestures became peculiarly animated. All the dogs of our train had taken into the swamp, and barked with a deafening clamor as they pursued the track of the hounds, whose strong musical notes were now fast dying away in distance, as these eager animals pursued their prey directly up the stream for more than a mile. For a time, they were even lost to the ear, until, having made another double, they were heard retracing their steps, and coming back to their original starting point, as their short and sonorous notes crowded upon the ear with increasing distinctness.

At length, the little animal, that had given rise to all this uproar, was descried on the opposite side of the swamp, some distance ahead of her pursuers, speeding with terrific haste to a hole in the bank, where she was observed safely to accomplish her retreat.

The duration of this episode was not above half an hour;

and for the greater portion of that period we had totally lost all intelligence of Wart and Swansdown, but were now greatly amused to perceive the old lawyer breaking out of the cover, immediately at the spot where the fox had taken to the earth. And there he stood, guarding the place against the invasion of the dogs, who seemed to be frantic with disappointment at not being permitted to enter this entrenchment of their enemy. By whipping, hallooing, and scolding, Philly succeeded in drawing them away; and now, for the first time during this interval, turned his attention to the fate of his comrade. Swansdown was no where to be seen. Wart called aloud several times without receiving an answer and at length the party on our side, also, began to vociferate the name of the lost gentleman. This was no sooner done than we were surprised to receive an answer from the midst of the bushes, within ten paces of the spot where we stood. In one instant afterwards, Mr. Swansdown reappeared, almost exactly at the point where he had first entered the swamp. His plight was sadly changed. A thick coat of black mud covered the lower extremities of his pantaloons, and his dress, in places, was torn by briars; but as if glad to be extricated from his perils, on any terms, he came forth with a face of good humor, and readily joined us in the laugh that his strangely discomfited exterior excited.

"Well," he remarked, "to gratify Mr. Wart, I have seen the Apple-pie; and I can truly say that I have enjoyed more pleasure in my life, at less cost. A fine figure I make of it!" he exclaimed, pointing to his clothes. "We had no sooner reached what Mr. Wart called the bank of the rivulet, than those whelps of dogs set up such a hideous yelling as turned my excellent friend, the counsellor, crazy upon the spot; and thereupon he set off at full speed, like an old hound himself, leaving me to flounder back or forward as best I might. I scarcely know what course I took, and when I thought I had reached the other side, it seems I had arrived just where I started. I can't say I think as highly of Mr. Wart's trial by the view, as he does!"

We gave the unfortunate gentleman all the consolation his case admitted of; and returning to the ruins of the mill, there took our seats to await the return of Mr. Wart. It was not long before he appeared, followed by the two dogs. He had

crossed from the side on which we left him, as little concerned as if he had been walking on the firmest ground, and joined our company, more in the guise of an experienced woodman than of a gentleman of the learned profession intent upon disentangling points of law.

It may well be supposed that the labors of the day terminated at this point. Our spirits had been too much roused by the events of the morning to allow us to sit down again to the business of the lawsuit; and the uncomfortable condition of Swansdown made it necessary that he should, as soon as possible, be allowed an opportunity to change his dress. It was therefore intimated by Mr. Wart, that the question of the boundary line should be adjourned until the next morning, when he remarked, he thought he should be able to give testimony himself that would be material to the case.

In accordance with this intimation, it was arranged that the parties should convene the next morning at The Brakes; and having determined upon this, old Mr. Tracy and Swansdown mounted their horses and pursued their road to the mansion house at The Brakes, which was not above two miles distant.

The rest of the party returned to Swallow Barn.

GRACE ELIZABETH KING

(1852—)

ALBERT PHELPS

IT is unfortunate, perhaps, that the inherent imperfection in human nature requires the existence of professional opinion-makers, whom we call literary critics. It is a pity that their trade is necessary at all. One always feels the futile suspicion that works of prose fiction, at least, are better left to make their own fate and produce their own impressions. Certainly no other impression is of much value to readers. About the only function the critic can perform with profit to the public is in those cases where he may be able to act as mediator between author and reader, and perhaps point out to people something they have missed.

Where one is dealing with the work of a contemporary, the difficulties are multiplied. Time alone is the infallible critic who "places" our writers for us. After a generation or so, the work of the artist becomes detached from its contemporary environment. We can see for ourselves what is really permanent and essential in it. The mannerisms and superficialities which every work must inevitably borrow from its own time and fashion can no longer be mistaken for anything else. They are left as plain and glaring as the stark obsoleteness of a once fashionable hat in a woman's old photograph. But when one feels that, for any special reason, there is need for an attempt to give a true idea of the work of a contemporary writer, he is very likely to find that he must fall back upon some more or less artificial classification or comparison.

I feel, for instance, that the writing of Miss Grace King—particularly her short stories—has a quality, somewhat peculiar to itself, which has won high praise from the discriminating both in other countries and America, but without winning as wide acceptance from our fiction-glutted American public as its merit deserves. I mean that she has written some short stories in that direct, incisive style which we recognize as highest art and vivid interpretation in the stories of Daudet, De Maupassant, and certain Russian writers. There is nothing esoteric about them. They are not intended for any superior cult. They are bits of significant life told simply, truthfully, and with that clear directness which implies art of the highest kind. They are little flashes of illumination into elemental moments of

human life when nature is uppermost. They are written, however, for people who demand these qualities of fiction.

These assertions may sound somewhat broad to those who have not read the best of the stories. It is such a possibility as this that makes the task of the critical middleman difficult. About the only service one can perform in such a case is to try to show what the writer has aimed to do and the motive behind the writing.

Roughly speaking, then, and to form a means of comparison, so as to range Miss King's work into some familiar class, we may take count of a few of the incentives which offer a less artificial classification of fiction.

One writer's intention is to construct a story whose interest is solely in its incidents. He must use such incidents as might conceivably happen in human life to human beings, but he casts them along artificial lines which experience has shown to be infallibly successful with that part of the public which reads to kill time. Most of this class produce those "snappy stories of love and adventure, with happy endings" which the newspaper syndicates demand of their hacks in these very words for the daily market. Other writers attempt to transcribe life literally and without change. Another class, composed apparently of lyric poets who have missed their vocation, use their stories merely as the means of expressing their own emotions. To yet others, fiction's only excuse for existence is to serve as a parable, a sugar-coated pill of morality, or an illustration of some social theory.

It seems to me that writers who are drawn to their work by such motives as any of these miss the unique opportunity which their special art offers. The one quality of the art of prose fiction which it possesses more fully than any other art is its power to portray human life as it really is, taking count equally of its deeper meanings and its superficialities. In its other qualities of picture-making, emotional expressiveness, and didactic power, fiction is forced to compete, at a disadvantage, with painting, poetry, music, and scientific study. The most impressive masters of this art, therefore, have been those whose experience of human life, knowledge of human character, keenness of observation, sympathy with human joy and pain, and power of truthful and moving expression enable them to illuminate and interpret phases of life which have meaning to all men and women who are engaged in the somewhat common but usually unintelligent business of living. The understanding of as much as possible of this puzzling existence of ours is a necessity to thinking people. Hard as it is to guess, even vaguely, we all feel that there is a plot fraught with meaning underlying the comedy of living, and even in the little parts for which we ourselves are cast. The

master of fiction is he who recognizes, and makes the rest of us see, those phases of life in which he thinks he has caught a hint of that meaning which we feel dimly to lie behind the mystery of common things.

Such is the aim of writers as diverse as Balzac and De Maupassant, Meredith and Gorki, Tourgénev and Thackeray. When I say now that the stories of Miss Grace King are written in this spirit, I feel that a better idea of what they are and what they aim to be is conveyed to one who has not read them than would be by any amount of critical discussion of the stories themselves.

At any rate, one merit will scarcely be denied her work. She has given the most sympathetic and intimate portrayal of the half French, half English life of Southern Louisiana. The stories of Mr. George Cable have perhaps attracted a wider notice, because they gave the unfamiliar reader more of the picture which his own fancy or prejudice had led him to expect; but Mr. Cable views his characters and their life from a temperamentally unsympathetic isolation, and portrays them usually through the extremes of sentiment or caricature. Miss King, on the contrary, has been fitted by temperament and training to understand her people.

She was born in New Orleans, and received that bi-lingual and bi-racial training in the French schools of the place which was the rule with girls of her station in life. With the exception of the usual travels, and a temporary residence in Europe of two years or more, the life of New Orleans and Southern Louisiana has been hers; for her father, William M. King, one of the leading lawyers of the city, had the ambition, not always fortunate, of most well-to-do lawyers of his day to be a sugar-planter; and the earliest days of his daughter's childhood were passed on the plantation, while the city was in the hands of the Federal army after its surrender to Farragut.

Under her father's guidance her reading was broad, and the rich history of her State and the historic era under which she grew to womanhood led her naturally to the writing of history, as her own life and the stories she saw enacted around her during the breaking up of the old order of living led her to the writing of fiction. Her account of the Sieur de Bienville, and the first settlement of the Gulf Coast and the Mississippi Valley, was the direct result of a journey to France and researches in uncollated records of the Department of the Marine. This book was the first really thorough relation of this romantic episode of American history. Besides this work, and numerous papers and articles for the magazines and the Louisiana Historical Society, she has given, in her 'New Orleans, the Place and the People,' the most vivid portrayal of what might be called the personality of the old city. It is something more than a history, for it

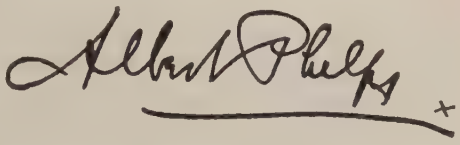
adds to the historian's fidelity to fact the novelist's sense of life and the poet's feeling for romance.

Her first printed work was a novel, 'Monsieur Motte,' published in the *New Princeton Review* in 1886. It attracted instant attention in this country and in England and France, and caught the fancy as a fresh picture of a passing civilization. It was followed by another novel, 'Earthling,' published in *Lippincott's Magazine,* but never reissued in book form.

These are her only published novels, but the many short stories which have appeared over her name in *Harper's* and *The Century,* and in the two volumes entitled 'Balcony Stories' and 'Tales of a Time and Place,' represent her art at its maturity and seem to be the form most congenial to her temperament. In subject these stories do not cover a wide range, but each in itself is a fundamental study of character and a vivid record of incident. Some are sketches of isolated personalities, as for instance the masterly little study of "Pupasse"; but most of them are connected, at least in the general sense of bearing upon one or the other of two themes which have dominated her work—the passing of the old aristocracy of feudalism into the commercialism of the present, and the struggle of the womenfolk since the war to meet the dire needs of an inconceivably changed existence. Certain stories of this time have been written by other writers of the South, but, too often, either from the viewpoint of retrospective sentiment or of romance dressed to suit the preconceived ideas of the buyers of fiction. The vast tragedy, the human meaning, the pathetic humor of the struggle to adapt the instincts and ideals of an order of life which the relentless progress of evolution had rejected to sordid conditions of poverty and alien oppression, have never been so truly and sympathetically pictured as in these little studies of personalities left like bits of wreckage from the cataclysmal collapse of a whole social system. The full meaning, in its large sense, of this sweeping away of the foundation of a great hereditary class seems not to have struck other writers of fiction who have dealt with the same period and people; nor have the present life problems of the new generation been traced back in fiction to their roots in the social upheaval. We have not failed to see the vastness of the similar theme in Russian fiction, which pictures the liberation of the serfs and the uprooting of so many of the old landed gentry; but we have not seen the same significance in the story of our own land, and only one writer has attempted such an interpretation as Tourgénev, say, has given of his land and people.

No higher praise or more satisfactory description of those of Miss King's stories which deal with this theme could be given than to say that they are worthy of being set beside those of Tourgénev.

In addition to this, she has given a few pictures of the Gascon and Acadian peasant life of Southern Louisiana which are like nothing else in American literature. In brevity, compact meaning, and literal reality, they are like the sketches of De Maupassant.



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MAKING PROGRESS

From *Harper's Magazine*, February, 1901, and used here by permission of the publishers.

WALKING rapidly along upon some quest of momentary importance that absorbed my thought and dulled observation, I was suddenly stopped by a crowd on the sidewalk in front of me; a compact, eager, curious crowd, not to be threaded, and using its elbows viciously against pushing. No wonder! A cart of the Little Sisters of the Poor stood backed up against the curbing, and four men were just in the act of pushing a stretcher into it. To see such a sight was well worth the while of a whole neighborhood of shopkeepers, for I was in the thickest shopkeeping quarter of the city. Practically speaking, there was very little to be seen: a slight form covered by a sheet, and the outline of a head on a low pillow. Every precaution had, as usual, been taken to ensure concealment, the only privacy possible. But as the stretcher slid into the wagon a murmur passed through the crowd, an involuntary shiver. The woman upon the stretcher slowly raised her head, opened her eyes, and gave a look upon the gazers. What a look! Woe! woe! woe!

The horses jerked forward; the head fell back; the cart rattled away.

I felt my elbow plucked, then grasped, and still looking after the cart, with the rest of the crowd, I was forcibly dragged into a doorway. It was my friend Madame Jacob, the second-hand dealer, who had hold of me, and I perceived now that it was her shop that had furnished the excitement to the street. It always seemed to be furnishing an excitement to the street. I never passed along there without noticing a turmoil: Madame Jacob putting her assistant, her nephew, out upon the banquet with cuffs and harder words, or hauling her husband in from a drinking-shop, or railing against a cautious customer, or assaulting the four corners of the heavens with voluble French, English, and German declamations upon some other misadventure. It was shrewdly suspected by some, and I believed it, that Madame Jacob used her noise and excitement as an auctioneer's drum, to call a crowd together, and so get at people. One could not help slacking one's pace

to listen to her, nor, while one listened, glancing into her shop, and every glance of mine into that mysterious interior had, as I calculated it, cost me fifty cents. Others, of course, could get off cheaper, but they were not after bric-à-brac, or, to be more specific, old cut glass.

My eye hastily glanced around now, taking in the prospect of a bargain, as I was still pulled forward through the piled-up junk to a little recess behind the shop, the landing-place of the stairs, where I was thrust into a chair. Madame Jacob squatted on a low stool in the doorway, whence she could dominate her business and watch her nephew; and whenever she saw a customer edging away without buying anything, she would rush at the boy, box his ears, sell something, and come back to her stool, and her story, before the interruption was noticed.

Of course she wanted to tell me the story of the girl just carried away to the Little Sisters of the Poor: the young girl, she called her, although that gray-haired, ashen-faced head could by no means be called young, except in the sense of unmarried.

The story after all is not much, perhaps hardly worth writing down; but when it comes to that, what true stories are worth writing down? They are like natural flowers in comparison with the artificial—good only for the day, not for permanent show. The girl's name was Achard, Volsy Achard. When Madame Jacob first rented her shop, some thirty years before, the Achard family were living in the rooms above; they owned the building, rented the downstairs, and retained the upstairs—two rooms, a large one, and a small one adjoining. Madame Achard and Volsy slept in the large room. Paul, the boy, in the small one.

The family had been well-to-do shopkeepers in that very house, and in that very business. Madame Jacob intimated, for with a curious delicacy she would not say it outright, that Achard made his start with a sack over his back and a broom-handle with a crooked nail at the end of it. At any rate, when he died and Madame Achard became the head of the family, and sold his business and collected all his profits together, she found that she had enough to invest in two houses—that one and the one next to it—which she rented at, in a round sum,

fifty dollars a month apiece. And so, as Madame Jacob said, we see them, rich enough for anybody, with the boy going to the public school, the little girl to the day school of the convent. The family could not have been any more comfortable anywhere, nor happier; close to the market, under the very spire of the Cathedral, and with the opera-house at the end of their foot, so to speak. The little daughter, Volsy, "was so good, so good; . . . and Paul, he was 'smart,' 'smart.'" There was no American in his school who was smarter than he—to quote Madame Jacob's own words. The mother adored her son; the daughter was devoted to the mother. When Paul left school, he said he would be a lawyer, that and nothing else.

Every day the boy would go to his law study, and every day Volsy and her mother would sit together and sew and talk, and watch the soup simmering on the furnace. They went a great deal to church, and Volsy had a particular devotion to the Infant Jesus; the mother with the Infant, or the Infant alone, was all she cared to have on her little altar, and her picture cards; never the Virgin alone, or any of the saints. Paul read law in the office of a low-born but very well known lawyer—one who had a great practice in the shopkeeping class.

When Paul was admitted to the bar, this same lawyer gave him a desk in his office. This was a great advance for Paul, in one way, although in another, as the young man was good-looking, well-mannered, spoke French and English, and was, in short, more than usually intelligent, he was not a bad investment of the sort that older lawyers are ever on the alert to make from among the younger ones. Many a young lawyer, so picked up, has been known in the course of time to carry an old patron on his shoulders and seat him on the bench of the Supreme Court for the reversion of his business, and marrying his daughter to boot. Going ahead means, necessarily, leaving behind, and Paul's advance caused the little family of three to change its rank. It did not, as of yore, march three abreast. . . . Paul stepped on in front; the two women came together after him.

Paul dressed better and better, and associating with lawyers and imitating them, he, in the course of a few years, was not to be distinguished from any gentleman among them. This was the radiant time of life for his mother and sister. They talked

of nothing else but Paul, thought of nothing else, lived for nothing else, and in their gratitude to Heaven they devoted themselves more and more to the church, and spent more and more of their money in votive offerings—to ensure the continuance of favors, or patronage, as Madame Jacob put it. And according to Madame Jacob's superior judgment in such business, it is always well to wait awhile and be sure about your blessing before you go into excess of gratitude, for in her experience, the greatest blessings, apparently, had turned out to be the most unmitigated curses, and one's prayers and money were thus thrown away.

As if in the course of nature, Paul, marching always farther and farther ahead, advanced beyond coming home to his dinner—beyond going to church Sunday morning, beyond going to the opera Sunday night, beyond going to picnics in the spring, given by his mother's benevolent society, or the balls in winter, given by the society to which his defunct father had always belonged, beyond going on little excursions of summer evenings to music places, beyond passing even an evening at home—beyond everything of the past, in fact, except taking the cup of coffee that his mother made for him in the morning, and eating with it the roll fetched from the market for him by his sister.

But the farther he advanced the better he pleased the two women, and the more devoted they became to him, if that were possible. Volsy's first communion dress, white muslin, year after year had been taken out, enlarged, washed, ironed, and fluted. It lay the year through freshly done up, unworn, with the string of pearl beads she always wore with it, and the wreath of pink roses that Madame Jacob herself had presented when Volsy went to some extraordinary event or a ball somewhere. Her brother did not think of her; her mother did not think of her; she did not think of herself. All were too busy thinking of one person—Paul.

Then Paul advanced beyond his little room, and went to live in other quarters—advanced, in plain fact, out of the women's lives; but they, gazing into the place whence he disappeared, were still happy, and praised God all the more. He came at first every Sunday to see them, then every other Sunday, then once a month. They did not seem to mind his not

coming—in truth, they did not mind it any more than they did the sun's not shining on a cloudy day. Serenely they awaited Paul's next advancement. It came, and even they had not expected so handsome an answer to their prayers. Paul announced that he was engaged to be married, and not to a nobody, but to the daughter of his patron. They—Madame Jacob, the mother, the sister—did not even know the old lawyer had a daughter! Judge what a miracle it was to them! . . . A young lady who lived in the rich American quarter* of the city, who went into the fine society up there, and gave entertainments that the newspapers described. It was astounding! And then there was inaugurated in that upstairs room a boom of industry and enterprise and "making of economies," to furnish Paul's wedding-present. Table and bed linen, silken and lace coverlets, curtains, cut glass. The second-hand dealer did her part in ferreting out bargains—and indeed some of her triumphs in that line were well worth the pride she took in recounting them. And this, in Madame Jacob's opinion, was the greatest pleasure Paul ever gave his family in his life—the opportunity of complete devotion and self-sacrifice; they could have kept it up forever and never known otherwise but that they were in paradise.

Paul never brought his bride to see his family, never took his family to see his bride. The young lady went away, and the marriage took place in the North, so of course the mother and sister could not be at the wedding. When the young couple returned, it was arranged that Paul would be met by the mother and sister. Paul was to take them on a Sunday. It was a month after his return before Paul found the right Sunday. Then he came for them. Madame Jacob watched them depart, and counted the moments until they returned, when . . . She did not recognize the mother! . . . Head up in the air, eyes shining, cheeks glowing, and tongue—talking at both ends. The fine house! The servant-man! The grand madame! Her elegant dress, and her elegant manners! Like a queen, yes like a queen in the opera! . . .

In his mother's eyes, Paul had risen so high, by his marriage that, as Madame Jacob said, he was to her like the picture

*New Orleans is divided into "up" town and "down" town—the new, or American quarter, and the old, or French quarter.

of the Saviour in the transfiguration. Volsy had nothing to say; she went quietly upstairs.

Shortly after this there was another boom of energy and industry in the room upstairs, another furious making of economies. Laces and linens, piques and flannels. Madame Achard shopped from morning till night; Volsy never left her seat at the window, but sewed and embroidered, sewed and embroidered from daylight till dark, and sewed and embroidered on after that by lamp-light. Oh, no! The mother's eyes were not good enough for this work. Volsy's even were not good enough, nor her hands, for Madame Jacob never heard the mother say now, as she used to, that Volsy had the eyes and hands to embroider for the saints in heaven—and Madame Jacob seemed to hear everything that was said upstairs. Volsy grew tired and worn, but not the mother; she looked happier and happier. She lived not in a honey-moon, but in honey-moons.

When she became a grandmother she talked and laughed and boasted about Paul just the same as when she became a mother. She did not have to wait for Paul now, and she and Volsy raced up to the house, laden with their bundles, and you may imagine how well they were received, bringing so beautiful a present, the layette for a prince.

And now ensued another change in the marching order of the family. It was no longer abreast, no longer one close behind the other. Either Madame Achard stepped ahead or Volsy lagged behind, with a growing space between them; that was the way they went now. Volsy always had an excuse not to go to see her sister-in-law: Madame Achard always had an excuse to go and see her daughter-in-law. Volsy's excuses cost nothing, but her mother's—they cost not only money but work; always something new and pretty; a cap or a bib trimmed with real Valenciennes, a cloak with real Cluny, a silk-embroidered petticoat, dresses tucked to the waist, or hem-stitched in inch-wide insertings—all made by hand, by the hand of Volsy, working still from morning to night, and after. There was no time for cooking—sometimes the soup simmered in the pot, but sometimes, too, the fire in the furnace went out, and staid out as long as Madame Achard did in the street. The coffee in the morning was often the only regular meal that Paul and his

baby allowed them. And then Madame Jacob, who saw as much as she heard upstairs, observed that the soup meat in the pot began to diminish in size—from ten cents to five cents, from five cents to a quartee (half of five cents) bone, and the soup was saved over longer and longer. Nothing was spent for clothing, nothing for pleasure or comfort. What money did not go for the bare daily fare, went in presents to that baby, and after a while toys were added to clothing, not cheap, common toys, but toys such as the rich American children uptown played with.

Volsy was one of those persons that no one ever notices particularly. She was neither tall nor short, fat nor thin, fair nor dark, pretty nor ugly, sad nor gay. But after two years of her beautiful work Madame Jacob did notice her one day as she passed through the shop on her way from church. She was tall and thin, dark and sad, and Madame Jacob reflected to herself that girls become women, and women become old. And this reflection of hers made so great an impression upon Madame Jacob that she kept it not to herself, but repeated it to everybody she talked to in the shop for a week, and she repeated it to Madame Achard.

"Ay! ay! La! la! la!" . . . What a song she was singing! without a word of common-sense in it! Volsy! bah! bah! And then Madame Achard started off to talk about her grandson, showing his photograph.

Now we may believe it or not, Madame Jacob gives formal permission for the alternative—from that day the mother began to pout against her daughter, ... to sigh, as Madame Jacob expressed it, and to raise her eyes to heaven against her. Why? Because Volsy did not love her nephew as she should. In vain the girl protested, in vain she worked harder than ever, in vain she volunteered special gifts of her own, in vain she carried them herself to the altar of her mother's divinity. The mother remained firm to her "tic," as the Jacob woman called it, and the "tic" changed her completely. In not a very long time she would not mention Paul, or his wife, or the baby, to the girl. She withdrew her confidence on this subject from her; she took to deceiving her about them. She let her do no more work for the baby; she hid its photograph from her; she made a secret of her visits uptown, slipping out of the

house as if on an errand in the neighborhood, slipping in again with lips tight shut. But before she took the cars she always slipped into some shop or other and bought a present, which was as far as Madame Jacob's observations went, but the rest was easily inferred.

Volsy attempted an explanation once or twice, but the mother would lose her temper, raise her voice, and say things to the poor girl that were pitiful to the listener. There was no doubt the mother's feelings had changed absolutely, were turned, as the listener said, wrong side out.

Well, the girl changed too, naturally. No one would have said that she was the young girl who had worn the white muslin dress and pearl beads and pink flowers to balls, and laughed and danced there.

She seemed afraid of people; she never spoke to any one if she could avoid it. She never spoke at all, first.

At last, when one did not know what was going to happen next, Madame Achard fell ill with one of those little complaints that seem nothing at first, but which last until they kill.

And now, with Volsy nursing her, like an angel, with such tenderness and patience, and a strength that never gave out, and always so cheerful and bright, talking, laughing, singing ever—things from the opera that they used to like in old times—to amuse her, that flea-bitten mother's heart had to feel good again—and Volsy became her daughter again. But the old woman (to Madame Jacob any woman past fifty is old)—the old woman did not get strong; she got well—that is, she got out of bed, but always when she thought she would be able to go out she would fall sick again, and have to go to bed, and so she could not leave the house, and naturally could not go to the other house. And Volsy began to see that she was pining for the sight of her son and grandson. The son—oh, that she knew was impossible—a man in his position, you understand; for his position was now out of sight of his people; but the grandson, he was not old enough to remember; that was possible. So Volsy began to lay her plans. If she had not made plans before, it was not because she had not sense enough. She had just as much sense as her mother and her brother. Oh, she showed it now! She was shrewd! She bought presents too, but presents for the mother, not for the child. And

every time she went to see her sister-in-law, and brought the child to see the grandmother, he took home with him a piece of silver, a crystal decanter, a piece of porcelain, a piece of old lace to make your mouth water. Madame Jacob knew, for she bought them all, of course, as Volsy left her mother but for the one purpose of fetching the child and taking him home again. The old lady did not know anything, except that the child came to see her, and that was enough to give her happiness; but she fretted after he was gone, because she could not go out and buy presents for him, and so Volsy saw herself obliged to provide her mother with pretty playthings, but of the expensive kind, for as has been said, Madame Achard would have none other. And the iller she became and the more desperate her condition, the oftener would Volsy bring the child to her, to ease her. But it cost! It cost! And the doctors had to be paid too, and medicine bought, and fine wine. Volsy would not have had the money for it without borrowing.

One night, in the most unexpected manner, Madame Achard died. A messenger was sent for Paul. He came, and arranged for the funeral early the next morning from the church.

Volsy came back alone from the cemetery, and went up stairs without saying a word, to her room, which in her absence Madame Jacob herself had put in order. At three o'clock Madame Jacob went up stairs to take her some dinner. She was still sitting in the same chair, with her bonnet and gloves on. At nine o'clock she was still there. She would not eat; she would not talk; she seemed to be thinking, thinking. Madame Jacob, however, forced her to bed, in the little chamber, in Paul's old bed. The next morning she was up early and at work, and in a week she had accepted the new routine of life. Perhaps she had thought it out as the best way. When the first of the month came, Madame Jacob, before any other business, went up stairs and paid her rent, as she had done for over twenty years.

The money did not stay in Volsy's hand long enough to warm it. In that class, dealers do not send their bills delicately through the mail, they bring them, and stand and wait until they are paid. Some people, like Madame Jacob, when they have no money, or want to hold on to their money for a while, pay with their tongue. But Volsy, though she had

little money, only her month's rent, had less tongue. She paid and paid, and borrowed to pay, borrowing from her very debtors to pay her debts—a transaction that only a tongue such as Madame Jacob possessed can properly qualify.

Before the month was out, Volsy asked Madame Jacob to find lodgers for the front room. She moved out into one of the little rooms on the gallery—the lodgings of the "*crasse,*" as madame described them. And in addition she did embroidery and sewing for pay. So she could look forward to facing the next first of the month like an honest woman. But there was no first of the month again for her, at least in regard to receiving rent. The mother's estate had to be settled. Madame Jacob had forgotten that—the opening and reading of the will.

When Volsy came back from her brother's office, the day of this ceremony, she motioned to Madame Jacob to follow her up stairs. In brief, and not to dwell upon a poor girl's pain and grief, the mother's will left a special legacy of a thousand dollars to the grandson, and the rest of what she possessed to be divided between her children. The rest of her possessions! "But, sacred Heaven!" exclaimed Madame Jacob. She had no more possessions! The papers signed at the time of the brother's marriage, signed by all three, mother, daughter, son —what were they but a mortgage on her property? Volsy knew it now, well enough! and the money for what? To give Paul to marry his rich wife on, to play the rich gentleman with . . . . And where did the old woman get the money to play the rich grandmother on? She borrowed it. As Volsy in her emergency had borrowed it. . . . For, said Madame Jacob, her voice hoarse and face red with the vehemence of her anger, "the rich love only the rich, as the poor old woman knew. They have no heart"; or, as madame put it more vigorously in French—they have no *entrailles*. "Money, money," rubbing her fingers together, "that is their heart, their soul, their body. May God choke them in purgatory with money!" Her temper was to conceal her emotion—any one could discern that. Well, what was there to say? Nothing by Volsy, much by Madame Jacob; and Madame Jacob found much that could be done by a lawyer. But Volsy, who had absolutely nothing, found nothing to do, except to try and make her living by sewing.

And now, just as before, when one was wondering what would happen next, Paul's father-in-law died, and so soon as his estate was settled and his fortune put into the possession of his daughter, Paul decided to go to Europe with wife and child. He was a rich lawyer now, and did not have to stay at home to look for business. He left in the spring. Volsy went to his office to say good-by. She did not cry then, but she cried when she came home, and Madame Jacob found her crying often after that.

When Volsy's fête came, on the fifteenth of August, Madame Jacob took up to her room a little present, such as she had always given, and Volsy had been delighted to receive, ever since she was a little girl—an image of the Virgin and Son, this time in porcelain, and much prettier than ever before, on account of the poor girl's troubles. But when Volsy saw it she could only shake her head, and tremble. Madame Jacob, to take her eyes away, looked around the room. What she had not noticed before, she saw now: there was not a Holy Mother and Child in the room; there was not even one on the altar! And Volsy had always been so pious! and the little Child had been her soul's devotion!

Madame Jacob crossed herself, as though washing her hands of the responsibility of that part of her narrative.

As the summer wore on, Volsy fell ill. She tried and tried to get well, to make her living, but impossible! She could not. And there was the doctor again for her, and the medicines. There was no other way. She herself sent for the Little Sisters of the Poor . . . and Madame Jacob made a gesture to indicate what I had seen on the sidewalk.

The doctor had given her something to put her asleep, and keep her so as long as possible. The grating of the stretcher as it slid into the wagon had roused her. Perhaps she thought she was in her room, in bed, when she lifted herself up, . . . and then she saw; she knew all.

Madame Jacob's last words were, "Paul has made progress—that is, he has made money."

THE STORY OF A DAY

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It is really not much, the story; it is only the arrangement of it, as we would say of our dresses and our drawing-rooms.

It began with the dawn, of course; and the skiff for our voyage, silvered with dew, waiting in the mist for us, as if it had floated down in a cloud from heaven to the bayou. When repeated, this sounds like poor poetry; but that is the way one thinks at daydawn, when the dew is yet, as it were, upon our brains, and our ideas are still half dreams, and our waking hearts, alas! as innocent as waking babies playing with their toes.

Our oars waked the waters of the bayou, as motionless as a sleeping snake under its misty covert—to continue the poetical language or thought. The ripples ran frightened and shivering into the rooty thicknesses of the sedge-grown banks, startling the little birds bathing there into darting to the nearest highest rush-top, where without losing their hold on their swaying, balancing perches, they burst into all sorts of incoherent songs, in their excitement to divert attention from their near-hidden nests: bird mothers are so much like women mothers!

It soon became day enough for the mist to rise. The eyes that saw it ought to be able to speak to tell fittingly about it.

Not all at once, nor all together, but a thinning, a lifting, a breaking, a wearing away; a little withdrawing here, a little withdrawing there; and now a peep, and now a peep; a bride lifting her veil to her husband! Blue! White! Lilies! Blue lilies! White lilies! Blue and white lilies! And still blue and white lilies! And still! And still! Wherever the veil lifted, still and always the bride!

Not in the clumps and bunches, not in spots and patches, not in banks, meadows, acres, but in—yes; for still it lifted beyond and beyond and beyond; the eye could not touch the limit of them, for the eye can touch only the limit of vision; and the lilies filled the whole sea-marsh, for that is the way spring comes to the sea-marshes.

The sedge-roots might have been unsightly along the water's edge, but there were morning-glories, all colors, all shades—oh, such morning-glories as we of the city never see! Our city morning-glories must dream of them, as we dream of angels. Only God could be so lavish! Dropping from the tall spear-heads to the water, into the water, under the water. And then, the reflection of them, in all their colors, blue, white, pink, purple, red, rose, violet!

To think of an obscure little Acadian bayou waking to flow the first thing in the morning not only through banks of new-blown morning-glories, but sown also to its depths with such reflections as must make it think itself a bayou in heaven, instead of in Paroisse St. Martin. Perhaps that is the reason the poor poets think themselves poets, on account of the beautiful things that are only reflected into their minds from what is above? Besides the reflection, there were alligators in the bayou, trying to slip away before we could see them, and watching us with their stupid, senile eyes, sometimes from under the thickest, prettiest flowery bowers; and turtles splashing into the water ahead of us; and fish (silver-sided perch), looking like reflections themselves, floating through the flower reflections, nibbling their breakfast.

Our bayou had been running through swamp only a little more solid than itself; in fact, there was no solidity but what came from the roots of grasses. Now, the banks began to get firmer, from real soil in them. We could see cattle in the distance, up to their necks in the lilies, their heads and sharp-pointed horns coming up and going down in the blue and white. Nothing makes cattle's heads appear handsomer, with the sun just rising far, far away on the other side of them. The sea-marsh cattle turned loose to pasture in the lush spring beauty —turned loose in Elysium!

But the land was only partly land yet, and the cattle still cattle to us. The rising sun made revelations, as our bayou carried us through a drove in their Elysium, or it might have always been an Elysium to us. It was not all pasturage, all enjoyment. The rising and falling feeding head was entirely different, as we could now see, from the rising and falling agonized head of the bogged—the buried alive. It is well that the lilies grow taller and thicker over the more treacherous

places; but, misery! misery! not much of the process was concealed from us, for the cattle have to come to the bayou for water. Such a splendid black head that had just yielded breath! The wide-spreading ebony horns thrown back among the morning-glories, the mouth open from the last sigh, the glassy eyes staring straight at the beautiful blue sky above, where a ghostly moon still lingered, the velvet neck ridged with veins and muscles, the body already buried in black ooze. And such a pretty red-and-white-spotted heifer, lying on her side, opening and shutting her eyes, breathing softly in meek resignation to her horrible calamity! And, again, another one was plunging and battling in the act of realizing her doom: a fierce, furious, red cow, glaring and bellowing at the soft, yielding inexorable abysm under her, the bustards settling afar off, and her own species browsing securely just out of reach.

They understand that much, the sea-marsh cattle, to keep out of reach of the dead combatant. In the delirium of anguish, relief cannot be distinguished from attack, and rescue of the victim has been proved to mean goring of the rescuer.

The bayou turned from it at last, from our beautiful lily world about which our pleasant thoughts had ceased to flow even in bad poetry.

Our voyage was for information, which might be obtained at a certain habitation; if not there, at a second one, or surely at a third and most distant settlement.

The bayou narrowed into a canal, then widened into a bayou again, and the low, level swamp and prairie advanced into woodland and forest. Oak-trees began, our beautiful oak-trees! Great branches bent down almost to the water—quite even with high water, covered with forests of oak, parasites, lichens, and with vines that swept out heads as we passed under them, drooping now and then to trail in the water, a plaything for the fishes, and a landing place for amphibious insects. The sun speckled the water with its flickering patterns, showering us with light and heat. We have no spring suns; our sun, even in December, is a summer one.

And so, with all its grace of curve and bend, and so—the description is longer than the voyage—we come to our first stopping-place. To the side, in front of the well-kept fertile fields, like a proud little showman, stood the little house. Its

pointed shingle roof covered it like the top of a chafing-dish, reaching down to the windows, which peeped out from under it like little eyes.

A woman came out of the door to meet us. She had had time during our graceful winding approach to prepare for us. What an irrevocable vow to old maidenhood! At least twenty-five, almost a possible grandmother, according to Acadian computation, and well in the grip of advancing years. She was dressed in a stiff, dark red calico gown, with a white apron. Her black hair, smooth and glossy under a varnish of grease, was plaited high in the back, and dropped regular ringlets, six in all, over her forehead. That was the epoch when her calamity came to her, when the hair was worn in that fashion. A woman seldom alters her coiffure after a calamity of a certain nature happens to her. The figure had taken a compact rigidity, an unfaltering inflexibility, all the world away from the elasticity of matronhood; and her eyes were clear and fixed like her figure, neither falling, nor rising, nor puzzling under other eyes. Her lips, her hands, her slim feet, were conspicuously single, too, in their intent, neither reaching, nor feeling, nor running for those other lips, hands, and feet which should have doubled their single life.

That was Adorine Mérionaux, otherwise the most industrious Acadian and the best cottonade-weaver in the parish. It had been short, her story. A woman's love is still with those people her story. She was thirteen when she met him. That is the age for an Acadian girl to meet him, because, you know, the large families—the thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, twenty children—take up the years; and when one wishes to know one's great-great-grandchildren (which is the dream of the Acadian girl) one must not delay one's story.

She had one month to love him in, and in one week they were to have the wedding. The Acadians believe that marriage must come *au point*, as cooks say their sauces must be served. Standing on the bayou-bank in front of the Mérionaux, one could say "Good day" with the eyes to the Zévérin Theriots—that was the name of the parents of the young bridegroom. Looking under the branches of the oaks, one could see across the prairie—prairie and sea-marsh it was—and clearly distinguish another little red-washed house like the Mérionaux,

with a painted roof hanging over the windows, and a staircase going up outside to the garret. With the sun shining in the proper direction, one might distinguish more, and with love shining like the sun in the eyes, one might see, one might see—a heart full.

It was only the eyes, however, which could make such a quick voyage to the Zévérin Theriots; a skiff had a long day's journey to reach them. The bayou sauntered along over the country like a negro on a Sunday's pleasuring, trusting to God for time, and to the devil for means.

Oh, nothing can travel quickly over a bayou! Ask any one who has waited on a bayou-bank for a physician or a life-and-death message. Thought refuses to travel and turn and double over it; thought, like the eye, takes the shortest cut—straight over the sea-marsh; and in the spring of the year, when the lilies are in bloom, thought could not take a more heavenly way, even from beloved to beloved.

It was the week before marriage, that week when, more than one's whole life afterward, one's heart feels most longing—most—well, in fact, it was the week before marriage. From Sunday to Sunday, that was all the time to be passed. Adorine—women live through this week by the grace of God, or perhaps they would be as unreasonable as the men—Adorine could look across the prairie to the little red roof during the day, and could think across it during the night, and get up before day to look across again—longing, longing all the time. Of course one must supply all this from one's own imagination or experience.

But Adorine could sing, and she sang. One might hear, in a favorable wind, a gunshot, or the barking of a dog from one place to the other, so that singing, as to effect, was nothing more than the voicing of her looking and thinking and longing.

When one loves, it is as if everything was known of and seen by the other; not only all that passes in the head and heart, which would in all conscience be more than enough to occupy the other, but the talking, the dressing, the conduct. It was then that the back hair was braided and the front curled more and more beautifully every day, and that the calico dresses became stiffer and stiffer, and the white crochet lace collar broader and lower in the neck. At thirteen she was

beautiful enough to startle one, they say, but that was nothing; she spent time and care upon these things, as if, like other women, her fate seriously depended upon them. There is no self-abnegation like that of a woman in love.

It was her singing, however, which most showed that other existence in her existence. When she sang at her spinning-wheel or her loom, or knelt battling clothes on the bank of the bayou, her lips would kiss out the words, and the tune would rise and fall and tremble, as if Zéphérin were just across there, anywhere; in fact, as if every blue and white lily might hide an ear of him.

It was the time of the new moon fortunately when all sit up late in the country. The family would stop in their talking about the wedding to listen to her. She did not know it herself, but it—the singing—was getting louder and clearer, and, poor little thing, it told everything. And after the family went to bed they could still hear her, sitting on the bank of the bayou, or up in her window, singing and looking at the moon traveling across the lily prairie—for all its beauty and brightness no more beautiful and bright than a heart in love.

It was just past the middle of the week, a Thursday night. The moon was so bright the colors of the lilies could be seen, and the singing, so sweet, so far-reaching—it was the essence of the longing of love. Then it was that the miracle happened to her. Miracles are always happening to the Acadians. She could not sleep, she could not stay in bed. Her heart drove her to the window, and kept her there, and—among the civilized it could not take place, but here she could sing as she pleased in the middle of the night; it was nobody's affair, nobody's disturbance. "Saint Ann! Saint Joseph! Saint Mary!" She heard her song answered! She held her heart, she bent forward, she sang again. Oh, the air was full of music! It was all music! She fell on her knees; she listened, looking at the moon; and, with her face in her hands, looking at Zéphérin. It was God's choir of angels, she thought, and one with a voice like Zéphérin! Whenever it died away she would sing again, and again, and again—

But the sun came, and the sun is not created, like the moon, for lovers, and whatever happened in the night, there was work to be done in the day. Adorine worked like one in a trance,

her face as radiant as the upturned face of a saint. They did not know what it was, or rather they thought it was love. Love is so different out there, they make all kinds of allowances for it. But, in truth, Adorine was still hearing her celestial voices or voice. If the cackling of the chickens, the whir of the spinning-wheel, or the "bum bum" of the loom effaced it a moment, she had only to go to some still place, round her hand over her ear, and give the line of a song, and—it was Zéphérin—Zéphérin she heard.

She walked in a dream until night. When the moon came up she was at the window, and still it continued, so faint, so sweet, that answer to her song. Echo never did anything more exquisite, but she knew nothing of such a heathen as Echo. Human nature became exhausted. She fell asleep where she was, in the window, and dreamed as only a bride can dream of her groom. When she awoke, "Adorine! Adorine!" the beautiful angel voices called to her: "Zéphérin! Zéphérin!" she answered, as if she, too, were an angel, signaling another angel in heaven. It was too much. She wept, and that broke the charm. She could hear nothing more after that. All that day was despondency, dejection, tear-bedewed eyes, and tremulous lips, the commonplace reaction, as all know, of love exaltation. Adorine's family, Acadian peasants though they were, knew as much about it as any one else, and all that any one knows about it is that marriage is the cure-all, and the only cure-all, for love.

And Zéphérin? A man could better describe his side of that week; for it, too, has mostly to be described from imagination or experience. What is inferred is that what Adorine longed and thought and looked in silence and resignation, according to woman's way, he suffered equally, but in a man's way, which is not one of silence or resignation—at least when one is a man of eighteen—the last interview, the near wedding, her beauty, his love, her house in sight, the full moon, the long, wakeful nights.

He took his pirogue; but the bayou played with his impatience, maddened his passion, bringing him so near, to meander with him again so far away. There was only a short prairie between him and—a prairie thick with lily-roots—one

could almost walk over their heads, so close and gleaming in the moonlight. But this all only inference.

The pirogue was found tethered to the paddle stuck upright in the soft bank, and—Adorine's parents related the rest. Nothing else was found until the summer drought had bared the swamp.

There was a little girl in the house when we arrived—all else were in the field—a stupid, solemn, pretty child, the child of a brother. How she kept away from Adorine, and how much that testified!

It would have been too painful. The little arms around her neck, the head nestling to her bosom, sleepily pressing against it. And the little one might ask to be sung to sleep. Sung to sleep!

The little bed-chamber, with its high mattressed bed, covered with the Acadian home-spun quilt, trimmed with netting fringe, its bit of mirror over the bureau, the bottle of perfumed grease to keep the locks black and glossy, the prayer-beads and blessed palms hanging on the wall, the low, black, polished spinning-wheel, the loom—the *Métier d'Adorine* famed throughout the parish—the ever goodly store of cotton and yarn hanks swinging from the ceiling, and the little square, open window which looked under the mossy oak-branches to look over the prairie; and once again all blue and white lilies —they were all there as Adorine was there; but there was more—not there.

THE PARIS OF THE NEW WORLD

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We personify cities by ascribing to them the feminine gender, yet this is a poor rule for general use; there are so many cities which we can call women only by a dislocation of the imagination. But there are also many women whom we call women only by grammatical courtesy. Indeed, it must be confessed, that as the world moves, personification, like many other amiable ancestral liberties of speech, is becoming more and more a mere conventionality, significant only according to a standard of the sexes no longer ours.

New Orleans—before attempting to describe it, one pauses again to reflect on the value of impressions. Which is the better guarantee of truth, the eye or the heart? Perhaps when one speaks of one's native place, neither is trustworthy. Is either trustworthy when directed by love? Does not the birthplace, like the mother, or with the mother, implicate both eye and heart into partiality, even from birth? And this in despite of intelligence, nay, of common sense itself? May only those, therefore, who have no mother and no birthplace misapprehend the impressions of one fast in the thralls of the love of both.

New Orleans is, among cities, the most feminine of women, always using the old standard of feminine distinction.

Were she in reality the woman she is figuratively, should we not say that she is neither tall nor short, fair nor brown, neither grave nor gay? But is she not in truth more gay than grave? Has she not been called frivolous? It is so easy nowadays to call a woman frivolous. In consequence, the wholesome gayety of the past seems almost in danger of being reproached out of sight, if not out of existence. It is true, New Orleans laughs a great deal. And although every household prefers at its head a woman who can laugh, every household, ruled by a woman who cannot laugh, asperses the laugh as frivolous.

Cities and women are forgetting how to laugh. Laughter shows a mind in momentary return to paradisiacal carelessness: what woman of the present is careless enough to laugh? Un-

less she be an actress on the stage and well paid for it! (One never supposes them to laugh off the stage and for nothing.) Women can smile, and they do smile much nowadays. When they are prosperous, the constant sight of a well-gilded home and a well-filled pocketbook produces a smile, which, in the United States, the land of gilded homes and well-filled pocketbooks, has become stereotyped on their faces, and American babies may even be said to be born, at present, with that smile on their mouths. But the laugh, that "sudden glory" which in a flash eclipses in the heart sorrow, poverty, stress, even disgrace, it has become obsolete among them. Smiling people can never become laughing people; their development forbids it.

New Orleans is not a Puritan mother, nor a hardy Western pioneeress, if the term be permitted. She is, on the contrary, simply a Parisian, who came two centuries ago to the banks of the Mississippi—partly out of curiosity for the New World, partly out of ennui for the Old—and who, *"Ma foi!"* as she would say with a shrug of her shoulders, has never cared to return to her mother country. She has had her detractors, indeed calumniators, with their whispers and sneers about houses of correction—deportation—but, it may be said, those who know her care too little for such gossip to resent it; those who know her not, know as little of the class to which they attribute her origin.

There is no subtler appreciator of emotions than the Parisian woman—emotions they were in the colonial days, now they are sensations. And there are no amateurs of emotional novelty to compare with Parisian women. The France of Louis XIV was domed over with a royalty as vast and limitless as the heaven of to-day. The court, with its sun-king and titled zodiac, was practically the upward limit of sight and hope for a whole people. In what a noonday glare from this artificial heaven, did Paris, so nigh to the empyrean, lie! Its tinsel splendours, even more generously than the veritable sunlight itself, fell upon the crowded streets and teeming lodgings. Nay, there was not a nook nor a cranny of poverty, crime, disease, suffering, vice, filth, that could not, if it wished, enjoy a ray of the illumination that formed the atmosphere in which their celestial upper classes lived and loved, with the immemorial manners and language which contemporary poets, without

anachronism, fitted so well to the gods and goddesses of classic Greece. The dainty filigree and delicacies and refinements, the sensuous luxuries, the sumptuous furnitures of body and mind, the silks, satins, velvets, brocades, ormolu, tapestry; the drama, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, dancing (for, in the reign of the Grand Monarque dancing also must be added to the fine arts); and that constant May-day, as it may be called, on a Field of Cloth of Gold, for pleasure and entertainment—all this became, to the commonest Parisian and the general Frenchman, as commonplace and as unsatisfactorily inaccessible, as our own Celestial sphere has become to the average citizen of to-day.

Over in America, it was vast forests before them, fabulous streams, new peoples, with new languages, religions, customs, manners, beauty, living in naked freedom, in skin-covered wigwams, palmetto-thatched huts, with all the range of human thrills of sensation, in all the range of physical adventure. This was heaven enough to stir the Gallic blood still flowing in some hardy veins of France.

Women, however, like not these things, but they love the men who do. And, when the Parisian women followed their hearts, that they did not leave behind in France their ideals nor their realities of brocades, snuff-boxes, high-heeled slippers, euphemisms, minuets, and gavottes; that they refused to eat corn-bread, and demanded slaves in their rough-hewn cabins—all of this, from the genial backward glance of to-day, adds a piquant, rather than a hostile, flavouring to the colonial situation.

In Canada, the Frenchwomen were forced, by the rigorous necessity of climate and savage war, to burst with sudden eclosion from fine dames into intrepid border heroines and inspired martyrs. In Louisiana climate and circumstances were kinder, and so, evolution was substituted for cataclysm.

Our city brought her entire character from France, her qualities, as in French good qualities are politely called, and her defects. But who thinks of her defects, without extenuations? Not the Canadian and French pioneers who installed her upon the banks of the Mississippi, imagining thereby to install her upon the commercial throne of America; not the

descendants of these pioneers, and most assuredly not those whom she has since housed and loved.

Critical sister cities note, that for a city of the United States, New Orleans is not enterprising enough, that she has not competition enough in her, that she is un-American, in fact, too Creole. This is a criticism that can be classed in two ways; either among her qualities or her defects. It is palpably certain that she is careless in regard to opportunities for financial profit, and that she is an indifferent contestant with other cities for trade development and population extension. Schemes do not come to her in search of millionaire patrons; millionaires are not fond of coming to her in search of schemes; noble suitors, even, do not come to her for heiresses. It is extremely doubtful if she will ever be rich, as riches are counted in the New World, this transplanted Parisian city. So many efforts have been expended to make her rich! In vain! She does not respond to the process. It seems to bore her. She is too impatient, indiscreet, too frank with her tongue, too free with her hand, and—this is confidential talk in New Orleans—the American millionaire is an impossible type to her. She certainly has been admonished enough by political economists: "Any one," say they, "who can forego a certain amount of pleasure can be rich." She retorts (retorts are quicker with her than reasons): "And any one who can forego a certain amount of riches can have pleasure."

And what if she be a money-spender, rather than a money-saver; and if in addition she be arbitrary in her dislikes, tyrannical in her loves, high-tempered, luxurious, pleasure loving, if she be an enigma to prudes and a paradox to puritans, if, in short, she be possessed of all the defects of the over-blooded rather than those of the under-blooded, is she not, all in all, charming? Is she not (that rarest of all qualities in American cities) individual, interesting? Her tempers, her furies, if you will, past, is she not gentle, sympathetic, tender? Can any city or women be more delicately frank, sincere, unegotistic? Is there a grain of malice in her composition? Have even her worst detractors ever suspected her of that mongrel vice—meanness?

And finally, in misfortune and sorrow—and it does seem at times that she has known both beyond her desserts—has

she ever known them beyond her strength? Nay, does she not belong to that full-hearted race of women who, when cast by fate upon misfortune, rebound from the contact, fresher, stronger, more vigorous than ever? And in putting sorrow and misfortunes behind her, to fulfil her rôle in civic functions, does she not appear what she is essentially, a city of blood and distinction, *grande dame,* and when occasions demand, *grande dame en grande tenue?* And, outranked hopelessly as she is now in wealth and population, is there a city in the Union that can take precedence of her as graciously, and as gracefully, as she can yield it?

The world foreign to France was amazed at the heroism displayed by the delicate ladies of the Court of Louis XVI, stepping from the gateway of the conciergerie to the tumbrils of the guillotine; passing from their erring mortality of earth to the bar of heaven's immortal justice, with a firmness and composure that unnerved their executioners. All the world was astonished, except themselves; for they at least knew the qualities of their defects.

THE CARNIVAL

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It was on the last Monday of the carnival, Lundi Gras, 1699, you remember, that Iberville made his way through the formidable palisades and superstitious terrors that guarded the mouth of the Mississippi. As he lay that evening on the rush-covered bank of the river, reposing from his fatigues and adventures, the stars coming out overhead, the camp-fires lighted near him, the savoury fragrance of supper spreading upon the air, he thought, according to his journal, of the gay rout going on at that moment in Paris, and contrasted his day with that of his frolicing friends. And he exulted in his superior pleasure, for he said it was gallant work, discovering unknown shores in boats that were not large enough to keep the sea in a gale, and yet were too large to land on a shelving shore where they grounded and stranded a half mile out. The next morning, on Mardi Gras, he

formally took possession of the country, and the first name he gave on the Mississippi was in honour of the day, to a little stream—Bayou Mardi Gras, as it still is printed on the last, as on the first map of the region. After such a beginning, and with such a coincidence of festivals, it is not surprising to find traces of Mardi Gras celebrations throughout all the early Louisiana chronicles. The boisterous buffooneries of the gay little garrison at Mobile generally made Ash Wednesday a day for military as well as clerical discipline, and the same record was maintained in New Orleans. As for New Orleans, it is safe to say that her streets saw not the sober qualities of life any earlier than the travesty of it, and that since their alignment by Pauger, they have never missed their yearly affluence of Mardi Gras masks and dominoes; nor from the earliest records, have the masks and dominoes missed their yearly balls.

Critical European travellers aver that they recognize by a thousand shades in the colouring of the New Orleans carnival, the Spanish, rather than the French influence, citing as evidence the innocent and respectful fooleries of street maskers, the dignity of the great street parades, the stately etiquette of the large public mask balls, the refined intrigue of the private ones. These characteristics naturally escape the habituated eyes of the natives. The old French and Spanish spirit of the carnival has in their eyes been completely destroyed by the innovation of American ideas, as they are still called. For it was an American idea to organize the carnival, to substitute regular parades for the old impromptu mummery in the streets, and to unite into two or three social assemblages the smaller public mask balls that were scattered through the season, from Twelfth Night to Mardi Gras. The modification was a necessary one in a place where society had so rapidly outgrown the limiting surveillance of a resident governor and of an autocratic court circle; and if much seems to have been lost of the old individual exuberance of wit and fun, specimens of which have come to us in so many fascinating episodes from the always socially enviable past, the gain in preserving at least the forms of the old society through the social upheaval and chaos of revolution and civil war has been real and important.

The celebration of Mardi Gras is an episode that never becomes stale to the people of the city, however monotonous the description or even the enumeration of its entertainments appears to strangers. At any age it makes a Creole woman young to remember it as she saw it at eighteen; and the description of what it appeared to the eyes of eighteen would be, perhaps, the only fair description of it, for if Mardi Gras means anything, it means illusion; and unfortunately, when one attains one's majority in the legal world, one ceases to be a citizen of Phantasmagoria.

There is a theory, usually bruited by the journals on Ash Wednesday morning, that Mardi Gras is a utilitarian festival; that it *pays*. But this deceives no one in the city. It is assumed, as the sacramental ashes are by many, perfunctorily, or merely for moral effect upon others, upon those who are committed, by birth or conviction, against pleasure for pleasure's sake. To the contrite journalist, laying aside mask and domino, to pen such an editorial, it must seem indeed at such a time a disheartening fact that money-making is the only pleasure in the United States that meets with universal journalistic approbation.

There is a tradition that the royalties of the carnival show a no more satisfactory divine right to their thrones than other royalties; that the kings are the heavy contributors to the organization, and that a queen's claims upon the council boards of the realm of beauty are not entirely by reason of her personal charm. There is such a tradition, but it is never recognized at carnival time, and seldom believed by the ones most interested; never, never, by the society neophyte of the season. Ah, no! Comus, Momus, Proteus, the Lord of Misrule, Rex, find ever in New Orleans the hearty loyalty of the most unquestioned Jacobinism; and the real mask of life never portrays more satisfactorily the fictitious superiority of consecrated individualism in European monarchies than, in the Crescent City, do these sham faces, the eternal youth and beauty of the carnival royalties.

There is a tradition that young matrons have recognized their husbands in their masked cavaliers at balls; and that the Romeo incognito of many a débutante has been resolved into a brother, or even (beshrew the suspicion!) a father; but at

least it is not the débutante who makes the discovery. Her cavalier is always beyond peradventure her illusion, living in the Elysium of her future, as the cavalier of the matron is always some no less cherished illusion from the Elysium of the past. As it is the desire of the young girl to be the subject of these illusions, so it is the cherished desire of the young boy to become the object of them. To put on mask and costume, to change his personality; to figure some day in the complimentary colouring of a prince of India, or of a Grecian god, or even to ape the mincing graces of a dancing girl or woodland nymph; to appear to the inamorata, clouded in the unknown, as the ancient gods did of old to simple shepherdesses; and so to excite her imagination and perhaps more; this is the counterpart of the young girl's illusions in the young boy's dreams. A god is only a man when he is in love; and a man, all a god.

Utilitarian! Alas, no! Look at the children! But they nevertheless have always furnished the sweetest delight of Mardi Gras, as Rex himself must acknowledge from his throne chariot. It is the first note of the day, the twittering of the children in the street, the jingling of the bells on their cambric costumes. What a flight of masquerading butterflies they are! And what fun! what endless fun for them, too, to mystify, to change their chubby little personalities, to hide their cherub faces under a pasteboard mask, and run from house to house of friends and relations, making people guess who they are, and frightening the good-natured servants in the kitchen into such convulsions of terror! And they are all going to be Rex some day, as in other cities the little children are all going to be President.

Profitable! Ah, yes! Ask the crowd in the street; the human *olla podrida* of carelessness, joviality, and colour; more red, blue, and yellow gowns to the block than can be met in a mile in any other city of the United States. Ask the larking bands of maskers; the strolling minstrels and monkeys; the coloured torchbearers and grooms; Bedouin princes in their scarlet tunics and turbans (no travesty this, but the rightful costume, as the unmasked, black face testifies). Even the mules that draw the cars recognize the true profit of the Saturnalian spirit of the carnival, and in their gold-stamped capari-

sons, step out like noble steeds of chivalry, despite their ears.

The day is so beautiful, so beautiful that it is a local saying that it never rains on Mardi Gras. It were a better saying that it never should rain on Mardi Gras.

THE CEMETERIES

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When De la Tour made the plan of the city, and allotted the space for church purposes, he allotted also space outside the city ramparts for a cemetery; and so long as the city lived and died within sound of the bells of the parish church of St. Louis, this one cemetery—the old St. Louis cemetery as it is called—sufficed. It is the mother cemetery of the city, the *vieux carré* of the dead; as confused and closely packed a quarter as the living metropolis, whose ghostly counterpart it is; with tombs piled in whatever way space could be found, and walls lined with tier upon tier of receptacles, "ovens," as they are termed in local parlance; the lowest row sunken into a semi-burial themselves, in the soft earth beneath. The crumbling bricks of the first resting-places built there are still to be seen, draped over with a wild growth of vine, which on sunshiny days are alive with scampering, flashing, green and gold lizards. On All Saints a flower could not be laid amiss anywhere in this enclosure; there is not in it an inch of earth that has not performed its share of kindly hospitality to some bit of humanity.

Block after block in the rear of the first cemetery has been walled in and added to the original enclosure, the effort always being made to keep on the outskirts of habitations. But the great continuous immigration of the "flush" times ever extending the limits of the city, the outskirts of one decade grew into populous centres of the next, and the cemeteries became enisled in the dwellings of the living.

The festival of the dead might be called the festival of the history of the city. Year after year from under their decorations of evergreens and immortelles, roses and chrysanthemums, the tombstones recall to the All Saints' pilgrims the

names and dates of the past; identifying the events with the sure precision of geological strata. On them are chronicled the names of the French and Canadian first settlers; the Spanish names and Spanish epitaphs of that domination; the names of the *émigrés* from the French revolution; from the different West Indian islands; the names of the refugees from Napoleon's army; the first sprinkling of American names; and those interesting English names that tell how the wounded prisoners of Pakenham's army preferred remaining in the land of their captivity, to returning home. The St. Louis cemetery for the coloured people unfolds the chapter of the coloured immigration, and by epitaph and name furnishes the links of their history.

The first Protestant cemetery (very far out of the city in its day, now in the center) bears the name of the French Protestant mayor and philanthropist, Nicolas Girod. It belongs to the Fauborg Ste. Marie period, and in it are found the names of the pioneers of her enterprise; of the first great American fortune-makers, the first great political leaders, the brilliant doctors of law, medicine, and divinity, who never have died from the memory of the place. In it is to be found the tomb of that beautiful woman and charming actress, Miss Placide, with the poetical epitaph written for her by Caldwell; the lines which every woman in society in New Orleans, fifty years ago, was expected to know and repeat. The Mexican War is commemorated in it by a monument to one of the heroes and victims, General Bliss. The great epidemics make their entries year after year; pathetic reading it is; all young, strong, and brave, according to their epitaphs, and belonging to the best families. The epidemics of '52 and '53 date the opening of new cemeteries, in which the lines of the ghastly trenches are still to be traced.

The Metairie cemetery (transformed from the old race track) contains the archives of the new era—after the Civil War and the reconstruction. In it are Confederate monuments, and the tombs of a grandeur surpassing all previous local standards. As the saying is, it is a good sign of prosperity when the dead seem to be getting richer.

The old St. Louis cemetery is closed now. It opens its gates only at the knock of an heir, so to speak; gives har-

bourage only to those who can claim a resting-place by the side of an ancestor. Between All Saints and All Saints, its admittances are not a few, and the registry volumes are still being added to; the list of names, in the first crumbling old tome, is still being repeated, over and over again; some of them so old and so forgotten in the present that death has no oblivion to add to them. Indeed, we may say they live only in the death register.

Not a year has gone by since, on a January day, one of the bleakest winter days the city had known for half a century, a file of mourners followed one of the city's oldest children, and one of the cemetery's most ancient heirs, to his last resting-place by the side of a grandfather. The silver crucifix gleamed fitfully ahead, appearing and disappearing as it led the way in the maze of irregularly built tombs, through pathways, hollowed to a furrow, by the footsteps of the innumerable funeral processions that had followed the dead since the first burials there. The chanting of the priests, winding in and out after the crucifix, fell on the ear in detached fragments, rising and dropping as the tombs closed in or opened out behind them. The path, with its sharp turns, was at times impassable to the coffin, and it had to be lifted above the tombs and borne in the air, on a level with the crucifix. With its heavy black draperies, its proportions in the grey humid atmosphere appeared colossal, magnified, and transfigured with the ninety-one years of life inside. It was Charles Gayarré being conveyed to the tomb of M. de Boré, the historian of Louisiana making his last bodily appearance on earth—in the corner of earth he had loved so well and so poetically.

Woman and mother as she ever appeared in life to the loving imagination of her devoted son, it was but fitting that New Orleans should herself head the file of mourners and weep bitterly at the tomb; for that she lives at all in that best of living worlds, the world of history, romance, and poetry, she owes to him whom brick and mortar were shutting out forever from human eyes. As a youth, he consecrated his first ambitions to her; through manhood, he devoted his pen to her; old, suffering, bereft by misfortune of his ancestral heritage, and the fruit of his prime's vigour and industry, he

yet stood over her a courageous knight, to defend her against the aspersions of strangers, the slanders of traitors. He held her archives not only in his memory but in his heart, and while he lived, none dared make public aught about her history except with his vigilant form in the line of vision.

The streets of the *vieux carré,* through which he gambolled as a schoolboy, and through which his hearse had slowly rolled; the cathedral in which he was baptized, and in which his requiem was sung; and the old cemetery, the resting-place of his ancestors, parents, and forbears, and the sanctuary in which his imagination ever found inspiration and courage—they gave much to his life; but his life gave also much to them. And the human eyes looking out through their sadness of personal bereavement from the carriages of the funeral cortège, saw in them a thousand signs (according to the pathetic fallacy of humanity) of like sadness and bereavement.

Thus it is, that one beholden to him for a long life's endowment of affection, help, and encouragement, judges it meet that a chronicle begun under his auspices, to which he contributed so richly from his memory, and of whose success he was so tenderly solicitous, should end, as it began, with a tribute of his memory and name.

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR

[1825—1893]

CHARLES B. GALLOWAY

LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS, the son of Judge L. Q. C. Lamar, was born in Putnam County, Georgia, September 17, 1825. The richest Huguenot blood flowed in his veins, and all branches of his family were more or less distinguished. An uncle, Colonel Mirabeau B. Lamar, a man of great genius, went to Texas in 1835, was conspicuous in the Revolution, founded the educational system of that State, was President of the Republic, and had unusual literary accomplishments. His father, Judge Lamar, stood in the front rank of his profession, was the compiler of a volume of statutes, and was distinguished as a judge when he died, in 1834. The wife of L. Q. C. Lamar was the daughter of the distinguished Judge A. B. Longstreet, the author of 'Georgia Scenes' and at different times president of Emory College, Georgia, the University of Mississippi, and Centenary College, Jackson, Louisiana.

Born and educated in the State of Georgia, Mr. Lamar came to Mississippi in the morning of his brilliant young manhood, and generously gave to his adopted State all the powers of his splendid genius. He was first assistant professor of mathematics in the University under the distinguished Dr. Albert T. Bledsoe. After two years he returned to Georgia and to the practice of his profession. He was elected to the Legislature and at once became conspicuous in that distinguished body. He was solicited to become a candidate for Congress, but declined, and in 1855 removed again to Mississippi, where his entire subsequent life was spent. His purpose was to lead the quiet, luxurious, literary life of a Southern planter. But a man of his remarkable abilities and rare accomplishments could not be allowed to withhold more important and responsible service from his country. So, in 1857, he was elected to Congress, his defeated competitor being the Honorable James L. Alcorn, Jr.

Mr. Lamar's life embraced the most tempestuous period of our national history, and for forty years he was a conspicuous actor therein. At the time of his birth the nation was in the throes of a titanic sectional struggle over the admission of Missouri into the Union—an ominous issue that is said to have startled Jefferson

like the alarm-peal of a fire-bell at midnight. During the days of impressionable youth he heard and read the high debates over the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Then came the exciting questions of nullification, the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and all the issues that threatened and foreshadowed the disruption of the Union. After these we had the Civil War, with its baptism of fire and blood; then the pitiless years of reconstruction, followed by the slow decades of reconciliation and national rehabilitation, up to the mournful morning, when, as a great jurist of a reunited country, Mr. Justice Lamar was gathered to his fathers.

In the halls of Congress, Mr. Lamar's great gifts shone with uncommon splendor. In politics he was a reverent disciple of John C. Calhoun, and a conscientious believer in his interpretation of the Constitution. He was none the less an ardent lover of the whole nation and its organic law. Like all the other great Southern leaders, he contemplated with profound sorrow the possibility and evident growing necessity of a disunited country.

But with the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the fatal division in the ranks of the Democratic party, he felt that the peaceful adjustment of the fierce and bitter sectional controversy was no longer a possibility. He therefore resigned his seat in Congress and advised the withdrawal of all the Southern States from the Federal Union. In the Mississippi Convention, which met in Jackson, January 7, 1861, he was Chairman of the Committee of Fifteen that brought in the Ordinance of Secession—a historic document that was drafted by his own hand. Of the action on that fatal day, which proved to be a national tragedy—an action taken with the deepest regret and yet with honest belief in its being right and necessary—Colonel Lamar afterward said: "It was not a conspiracy of individuals. On the contrary, it was the culmination of a great dynastic struggle which was not in the power of any individual man or set of men to prevent or postpone."

During the four years of civil war Colonel Lamar rendered brief but brilliant military service in the field as Lieutenant-colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment. But most of the time he spent in Europe, having been commissioned by President Davis as Minister to Russia from the Confederate States of America.

For several years after the war between the States, he served with conspicuous ability as a professor in the University of Mississippi—first in the chair of mental and moral philosophy and afterward as dean of the law department. Retiring from this position, he resumed the successful practice of his profession; but all the while his great soul was burdened almost to breaking because

of the hopeless, pitiful condition of his people. No human pen, however gifted or graphic, can ever give adequate description of the agonies and horrors of reconstruction in Mississippi and the entire South.

Wearied to desperation over the blight and ruin of alien misrule, the people of the First District appealed to Colonel Lamar, although his political disabilities had not yet been removed, to become their candidate for Congress. This was in 1872. With exceeding reluctance and many misgivings, he accepted the nomination, and after a brilliant canvass, which recalled the golden days of the fathers, he was triumphantly elected by a majority of five thousand over his Republican opponent, Colonel R. W. Flournoy.

Coming as he did, the first Democrat of the old South into the halls of Congress after the recent war, he met a reception so cold as almost to chill the ardor of his great soul. Of that scant courtesy and intense political hostility he did not complain, but felt that in such an atmosphere it was utterly impossible for him to render any substantial service to his country. How to remove that suspicion and rescue the nation from the perils of an increasing sectional hate was the burden of his anxious thought by day and of his troubled dreams at night.

Fortunately, the golden and rare opportunity came in an invitation to deliver an address at the memorial service in honor of Senator Charles Sumner in the House of Representatives. That address marked an epoch in the political history of this Nation. The great Southern leader became the first of our representatives to rift the darkness of our national skies and bring light into these despairing parallels.

In the course of that epoch-making address he uttered these noble words: "Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas: a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the Constitution received from their fathers." And as he closed his impassioned plea with the sentence that has passed into a proverb —"My countrymen, know each other better, and you will love each other more"—the pent-up emotions of the vast assembly could be restrained no longer and gave way to tumultuous demonstrations of approval.

In a letter to his wife, written the next day after this greatest triumph of his life, he said: "I loved my people more than I did their approval! I saw a chance to convert their enemies into friends

and to change bitter animosities into sympathy and regard. If the people of the South could only have seen my heart when I made my Sumner speech, they would have seen that love for them, and anxiety for their fate, throbbed in every sentence that my lips uttered."

Colonel Lamar never appeared to greater advantage, as statesman and patriot, than in the electoral controversy of 1876-'77. That was a national crisis not one whit less momentous and portentous than the mighty issues of 1861. The Presidency of the nation hung in the balance and the life of the Constitution was on trial. Party spirit ran high and political passion was at white heat. The Senate was Republican, while the House of Representatives was Democratic by a large majority. Each house claimed its rights under the Constitution to pass upon the election returns, and neither would submit to the dictation of the other. The conservative course of Colonel Lamar in that awful crisis enthroned him as a conspicuous political leader and trusted pacificator.

The passage in Senator Lamar's life which probably more than any other displayed his superb manliness and sublime moral courage was his position and vote on what was known as "the Silver Bill." To the subject of national finance he had given long and exhaustive study. Against this particular measure pending in the Senate he had made a masterly argument, regarded by some as possibly the ablest speech of his entire parliamentary career. But the hard times then prevailing had reawakened the periodical demand for cheap money and an increased volume of the currency. The Legislature of Mississippi passed resolutions instructing our senators to cast their votes for the pending bill. This gave Senator Lamar the keenest pain. To suffer legislative displeasure was to him a new and bitter experience. He loved his people and was proud of their confidence and esteem.

When the final and solemn hour came for a vote on the passage of the bill, Senator Lamar arose, presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Mississippi, and addressed the Senate in these words: "Between these resolutions and my convictions there is a great gulf. Of my love to the State of Mississippi I will not speak; my life alone can tell it. During my life in that State it has been my privilege to assist in the education of more than one generation of her youth—to have given the impulse to wave after wave of the young manhood that has passed into the troubled sea of her social and political life. Upon them I have always endeavored to impress the belief that truth was better than falsehood, honesty better than policy, courage better than cowardice. To-day my lessons confront me. To-day I must be true or false, honest or cunning, faith-

ful or unfaithful to my people. I cannot vote as these resolutions direct."

Believing as he did in the omnipotence of truth and the certainty of public justice, he had the strength and courage to abide the sure and triumphant vindication of the future. The political annals of Mississippi contain no chapter more dramatic and heroic than Senator Lamar's magnificent canvass of the State after his adverse vote on the Silver Bill. Some of the scenes were thrilling repetitions of those that attended Sargeant S. Prentiss—that inspired wizard of persuasive speech—during his second canvass for a seat in Congress.

At the invitation of President Cleveland, Senator Lamar became a member of his first Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. Many doubted the wisdom of that selection, believing that the great statesman's throne of power was a seat in the United States Senate. Others insisted that, though a philosophical statesman and profound scholar, he was too little acquainted with practical affairs for the headship of an executive department of the Government. But Lamar, the "dreamer" and "idealist," as he was called, astonished the nation by his absolute mastery of departmental affairs; and by universal assent he was one of the greatest secretaries that ever sat at the council-table of an American President.

But higher honors awaited him. A vacancy having occurred in the Supreme Court of the United States, President Cleveland, considering Lamar's eminent fitness for the position, sent his name to the Senate on the sixth of December, 1886. Strong partisan opposition was developed against him in the North. The Judiciary Committee reported against his confirmation chiefly on the grounds of his age and lack of practical experience in the courts. Colonel Lamar resigned his seat in the Cabinet, thereby forcing the Senate to consider his name as a private citizen. At length, on January 16, 1887, his appointment was confirmed, and his great service on the bench vindicated the judgment of his friends and disappointed the hope of his enemies.

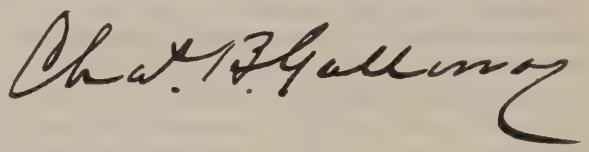
Judge Lamar was a great student and a profound scholar. In 1886 he received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard University. His oration at the unveiling of the Calhoun monument at Charleston, in 1887, was one of the greatest deliverances of his entire public life. The wife of his youth having died several years before, he was married January 5, 1887, to the widow of General W. S. Holt, a daughter of James Dean of Georgia.

His was a philosophic cast of mind. He dwelt in the higher realms of thought. This gave him the loneliness and sometimes

the moodiness of genius. Beneath surface facts he saw their philosophy and discovered their unerring tendency.

He was an unquestioning believer in the great verities of the Christian religion. His spiritual sensibilities were strangely acute and easily impressed. He had the natural temperament of a seer, and in his thinking dwelt much in the realm of the unseen. Born of devout parents, reared in a Christian home, early and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Christian religion, he carried through life the simple faith and short creed of innocent childhood.

Judge Lamar died suddenly January 23, 1893, at Macon, Georgia. He was buried temporarily near that city, and a year or two later the body was carried to Oxford, Mississippi, for final interment.



ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES SUMNER

Extracts from a speech made in the House of Representatives, April 28, 1874.

MR. SPEAKER:—In rising to second the resolutions just offered, I desire to add a few remarks which have occurred to me as appropriate to the occasion. I believe that they express a sentiment which pervades the hearts of all the people whose representatives are here assembled. Strange as, in looking back upon the past, the assertion may seem, impossible as it would have been ten years ago to make it, it is not the less true that to-day Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner, and sincerely unites in paying honors to his memory. . . . . I leave to others to speak of his intellectual superiority, of those rare gifts with which nature had so lavishly endowed him, and of the power to use them which he had acquired by education. . . . Let me speak of the characteristics which brought the illustrious Senator who has just passed away into direct and bitter antagonism for years with my own State and her sister States of the South.

Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and was educated from his earliest infancy to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him, in

fact, this creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers, or a result of education. To him it was a grand intuitive truth, inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been for him to deny that he himself existed. And along with this all-controlling love of freedom he possessed a moral sensibility keenly intense and vivid, a conscientiousness which would never permit him to swerve by the breadth of a hair from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have in all ages given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

To a man thoroughly permeated and imbued with such a creed, and animated and constantly actuated by such a spirit of devotion, to behold a human being or a race of human beings restrained of their natural right to liberty, for no crime by him or them committed, was to feel all the belligerent instincts of his nature roused to combat. The fact was to him a wrong which no logic could justify. It mattered not how humble in the scale of rational existence the subject of this restraint might be, how dark his skin, or how dense his ignorance. Behind all that lay for him the great principle that liberty is the birthright of all humanity, and that every individual of every race who has a soul to save is entitled to the freedom which may enable him to work out his salvation. It mattered not that the slave might be contented with his lot; that his actual condition might be immeasurably more desirable than that from which it had transplanted him; that it gave him physical comfort, mental and moral elevation, and religious culture not possessed by his race in any other condition; that his bonds had not been placed upon his hands by the living generation; that the mixed social system of which he formed an element had been regarded by the fathers of the republic, and by the ablest statesmen who had risen up after them, as too complicated to be broken up without danger to society itself, or even to civilization; or, finally, that the actual state of things had been recognized and explicitly sanctioned by the very organic law of the republic. Weighty as these considerations might be, formidable as were the difficulties in the way of the practical enforcement of his great principle,

he held none the less that it must sooner or later be enforced, though institutions and constitutions should have to give way alike before it. But here let me do this great man the justice which, amid the excitement of the struggle between the sections—now past—I may have been disposed to deny him. In this fiery zeal, and this earnest warfare against the wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity toward the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced.

It has been the kindness of the sympathy which in these later years he has displayed toward the impoverished and suffering people of the Southern States that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect—I might even say of my admiration. Nor in the manifestation of this has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to suspect its sincerity.

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It was certainly a gracious act toward the South—though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people at the other extreme of the Union, and estranged from him the great body of his political friends—to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementos of the bloody internecine struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the Southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But, while it touched the heart of the South, and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation.

Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they cannot but cherish the recollections of sacrifices endured, the battles fought, and the victories won in defense of their hapless cause. And respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their

devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementos of her heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section: not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them a common heritage of American valor.

Let us hope that future generations when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the constitution received from their fathers.

It was my misfortune, perhaps my fault, personally never to have known this eminent philanthropist and statesman. The impulse was often strong upon me to go to him and offer him my hand, and my heart with it, and to express to him my thanks for his kind and considerate course toward the people with whom I am identified. If I did not yield to that impulse, it was because the thought occurred that other days were coming in which such a demonstration might be more opportune, and less liable to misconstruction. Suddenly, and without premonition, a day has come at last to which, for such a purpose, there is no to-morrow. My regret is therefore intensified by the thought that I failed to speak to him out of the fullness of my heart while there was yet time.

How often is it that death thus brings unavailingly back to our remembrance opportunities unimproved: in which generous overtures, prompted by the heart, remain unoffered; frank avowals which rose to the lips remain unspoken; and the injustice and wrong of bitter resentments remain unrepaired! Charles Sumner, in life, believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and that there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between these two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment—or if it is not, ought it not to be—of the great mass of our people, North and South? Bound to each other by a common constitution, des-

tined to live together under a common government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow *toward* each other once more in heart, as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, over the honored remains of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one; one not merely in community of language and literature and traditions and country; but more, and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart? Am I mistaken in this?

Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have watched with anxious scrutiny your sentiments as expressed not merely in public debate, but in the *abandon* of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these, my Southern brothers, whose hearts are so infolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint, which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South—prostrate, exhausted, drained of her lifeblood, as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true—accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph, and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if mastered by some mysterious spell, silencing her better impulses, her words and acts are the words and acts of suspicion and distrust.

Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory: "My countrymen! *know* one another, and you will *love* one another."

POLICY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN THE SOUTH

Speech delivered in the House of Representatives, August 2, 1876.

Now, sir, I have read all this testimony with reluctance. My purpose has been to show that ample cause exists for these troubles in the South without attributing them to a spirit of cruel vindictiveness, or wild, restless, unlawful ambition on the part of Southern whites. I have appealed to this evidence of earnest, leading Republicans that the sudden enfranchisement of eight hundred thousand slaves threatened the very evils which have come upon us. I do not arraign your policy. Its attempted reversal now would lead to a shock and ruin even worse than that which has resulted from its establishment. All that we ask, in common justice to the South, is that you will reflect and act upon the fact that the governments you contrived have, by your own testimony, proved to you and to the world their utter incompetence to solve peaceably and prosperously a problem the difficulty of which we do not deny. When you point me to acts of violence, I acknowledge and deplore them; but I ask you, who has governed the States where this violence occurs, for the last ten years? Have we? Who have taxed us, controlled our legislatures, filled our courts, received the patronage of the Federal Government, ruled over us at home, and represented us here?

Sir, you cannot by Federal and military intervention preserve those governments without trampling out the liberties of whole Commonwealths, because those governments are in defiance of that highest and most sacred of all constitutions, the law of nature. God had so identified the interests of these two races by the necessities of climate and labor and old associations that time would soon have readjusted their new relations. It is not yet too late for such an adjustment. You have given the black race the most delicate, the most dangerous, as well as the most sacred, of all privileges. Let that privilege be maintained inviolably; but give him real freedom, and do not make him the janizary of party tyranny. Allow that race to learn what you have learned in New England and carried with you into that new empire of the West which your energy has created: that moral worth, intelligence, and industry and

wealth are the true foundations of a people's happiness and liberty, no matter what their color. Let it no longer rely upon Federal bayonets. They inspire a contempt for law, and disqualify for self-government.

Sir, this rare problem is capable of solution. Two English statesmen such as Lord Derby and Earl Russell, or Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, could agree upon a basis of settlement in three days; and we could do the same here but for the interposition of the passions of party in the contest for the power and emoluments of government.

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Sir, we know that one great cause of the jealousy with which the Southern people are regarded is the fact that they stand between the ambition of a party and the glittering prizes of honor and emoluments and patronage which the control of the government for another four years will give. I believe, sir, that if they could do so consistently with their constitutional obligations our people would willingly stand aloof and let the Northern people settle the question of President for themselves, upon the condition that there shall be no further intervention in their local affairs. But, sir, they cannot abnegate their rights and duties as American citizens and impose on themselves a sullen and inactive incivicism; they must go forward and keep abreast with American progress and American destiny, and take their share of the responsibility in the settlement of the questions in which all parts of the country are alike interested.

But it is asked why we are united in support of the Democratic party. A celebrated author in his work on political ethics says that in the history of all free countries there is no instance of a people being unanimous in sentiment and action, unless they were made so by the imminence of some great and common peril or by the inspiration of some enthusiastic sentiment.

The people of the South are not moved by the latter. Even if the events of the war and the sufferings since the war had not, as they have done, crushed out all their party attachments, nearly one-half the people of the South have no attachment to the Democratic party; and in acting with it for the time

being, they only obey, as I said before, the imperious law of self-preservation.

The motive which prompts their coöperation is not the expectation of filling cabinets and directing policies, but simply to get an administration which will not be unfriendly to them; an administration which, in place of the appliances of force, subjugation, and domination, will give them amnesty, restoration to the privileges of American citizenship; which will accord to their States the same equal rights with other States in this Union—equality of consideration, equality of authority, and jurisdiction over their own affairs—equality, sir, in exemption from the domination of their elections by the bayonet and by soldiers as the irresistible instruments of the revolting local despotism. Give them that, give them local self-government, and you will then see at last what will be the dawn of prosperity in all the industries and enterprises of the North; you will see, sir, a true Southern *renaissance,* a real grand reconstruction of the South in all the elements of social order, strength, justice, and equality of all her people. Rising from her confusion and distress, rejoicing in her newly recovered liberty, prosperous, free, great, her sons and daughters of every race happy in her smile, she will greet your benignant Republic in the words of the inspired poet:

Thy gentleness hath made me great.

ON REFUSING TO OBEY INSTRUCTIONS

Speech delivered in the United States Senate, February 15, 1878.

Mr. President:—Between these resolutions and my convictions there is a great gulf. I cannot pass it. Of my love to the State of Mississippi I will not speak; my life alone can tell it. My gratitude for all the honor her people have done me no words can express. I am best proving it by doing to-day what I think their true interests and their character require me to do. During my life in that State it has been my privilege to assist in the education of more than one generation of her youth, to have given the impulse to wave after wave of the young manhood that has passed into the troubled sea of her social and

political life. Upon them I have always endeavored to impress the belief that truth was better than falsehood, honesty better than policy, courage better than cowardice. To-day my lessons confront me. To-day I must be true or false, honest or cunning, faithful or unfaithful to my people. Even in this hour of their legislative displeasure and disapprobation I cannot vote as these resolutions direct. I cannot and will not shirk the responsibility which my position imposes. My duty, as I see it, I will do; and I will vote against this bill.

When that is done my responsibility is ended. My reason for my vote shall be given to my people. Then it will be for them to determine if adherence to my honest convictions has disqualified me from representing them; whether a difference of opinion upon a difficult and complicated subject to which I have given patient, long-continued, conscientious study, to which I have brought entire honesty and singleness of purpose, and upon which I have spent whatever ability God has given me, is now to separate us; whether this difference is to override that complete union of thought, sympathy, and hope which on all other and, as I believe, even more important subjects, binds us together. Before them I must stand or fall; but be their present decision what it may, I know that the time is not far distant when they will recognize my action to-day as wise and just; and, armed with honest convictions of my duty, I shall calmly await results, believing in the utterances of a great American who never trusted his country in vain, that "truth is omnipotent and public justice certain."

REPUBLICAN POLICY AND THE SOLID SOUTH

Speech delivered in the United States Senate, April 1, 1881.

Mr. President, why should the solid South be broken, especially when it is to be done by the great sacrifice of principle which we think this coalition involves? Has not the Republican party the possession of all the departments of the government and nearly all of the great States of the North? Whence, then, the danger from the solid South?

What harm has "the solid South" done to the prosperity and glory of this country? It is but a short time since it be-

came "solid" by the cessation of the reign of force and bayonets. Take her history from that time as connected with this government, and show me where she has deducted anything from your national security or abstracted a single iota from your national prosperity. She came here through her Representatives, first as a part of the minority, and soon afterwards as a part of the majority in both branches of Congress. She came at a time when your commerce was languishing, your agriculture prostrate; when mercantile insolvencies and bankruptcies were rushing like a simoon across this nation; when your currency was depreciated; when the balance of trade was against you; and when, according to the statistics of your journals, three millions of tramps were wandering aimless and homeless through the length and breadth of your land. The solid South has been here from that time to this; and during the entire period of the presence of her Representatives in this Chamber and in the other House the world has held its breath in silent astonishment at the progress that you, the country, have made in all that adorns and fortifies and ennobles a nation. Your commerce has revived; your agriculture is prosperous; your manufactories are operating to the full extent of their capacity, the demand for their products far exceeding their abilities to supply them; your currency is the best in the world; the balance of trade is in your favor; and all along this line of progress we find, according to the recent census, that the South in every element of prosperity is not far behind the foremost States of the North and West.

Now, sir, I do not pretend that the presence of "the solid South," has caused this marvelous change in your prosperity; I would not presume to say that in the presence of the honorable Senator from Ohio [Mr. Sherman], the late Secretary of the Treasury, who was present in another department of the government while "the solid South" was here, during all the progress of this marvelous national transformation; but what I do claim is that the presence of "the solid South," in full force here in the councils of the nation, with her own chosen Senators and Representatives, has not retarded the progress of our common country, has not abstracted from its prosperity. I affirm the progress of this nation in all that constitutes national glory; and prosperity and honor, and the presence of the solid

South in its councils, are facts that are coexistent even if they do not sustain to each other the relation of cause and effect. I say that its presence here has been at least no hindrance to the national prosperity, and therefore does not justify the great Republican party of this Senate in stepping down from its high pedestal of national honor to take within its embrace this cast-off element of the Southern Democracy.

There is in the existence of the solid South and its presenee here no such menace to any interest in this country as can justify or excuse the coalition here proposed.

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But, Mr. President, it is not true that there is, as a distinct organization with a distinctive policy any "solid South," in this chamber or in the other. There is no such element here as a factor in legislation. You cannot point to any part of the legislation of this country which represents the views or the purpose of Southern Senators as a solid body. There is a greater diversity of sentiment among them upon every subject of national interest than there is in the representation of any other section of the country. I could give illustration after illustration. My friend from Indiana [Mr. Voorhees] this day stands in closer affiliation upon the subject of the currency with the Senator from Texas than he does with any of his neighbors across the line of his own State. I could give measure after measure in which it will be shown that the affinities of political affiliation and legislative coöperation are in no sense of the term sectional in this body, and that the Southern men exhibit a variety and a diversity and a freedom and an independence in their views and sentiments and actions which are shown among Senators from no other section of the country.

There is one point, and one only, upon which they are solid, on which they will remain solid; and neither Federal bayonets nor Federal honors will dissolve that solidity. They are solid in defense of and for the protection of their own civilization, their own society, their own religion, against the rule of the incompetent, the servile, the ignorant, and the vicious.

I will now submit a proposition to the Senators on the other side on this point. I am not going into the history of the causes which led to a solid South; but I here challenge any

Senator upon that side, with two exceptions, that I will not name, to write fairly in his own language the condition of the Southern people in any State while under carpetbag government. I will consent that he shall write the history of that government, the character of its officials, the nature of its administration, and the operation of its laws. I say that I will consent for any Senator upon that side of the House, with but two exceptions (whom, out of respect to them, I will not name), to write the history of the Republican government in the South, its nature, its character, its influence upon the happiness and prosperity of that people. I will agree to accept his description of it in his own language; and then I will submit the question to any tribunal in the world, to any community in the world, as to whether there is anywhere on earth a people who ought not to summon every energy, every man, every woman, every child, interested in the priceless and precious heritage of humanity, to throw off that government and to keep united and solid to prevent its reëstablishment.

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Mr. President, I am too much exhausted to detain the Senate longer. I have said nothing to-day that was intended to stir up any feeling of animosity between individuals or sections. I belong to that class of public men who were secessionists. Every throb of my heart was for the disunion of these States. If that deducts from the force of the statements that I have made to-day, it is due to candor and to you to admit it. I confess that I believed in the right of secession and that I believed in the propriety of its exercise. I will say further that it was a cherished conception of my mind; that of two great free Republics on this continent, each pursuing its own destiny and the destiny of its people and their happiness according to its own will.

But, sir, that conception is gone; it is sunk forever out of sight. Another one has come in its place; and, by the way, it is my first love. The elements of it were planted in my heart by my father, they were taught by my mother, and they were nourished and developed by my own subsequent reflection. May I tell you what it is, sir? It stands before me now, simple in its majesty and sublime in its beauty. It is that of one

grand, mighty, indivisible Republic upon this continent, throwing its loving arms around all sections, omnipotent for protection, powerless for oppression, cursing none, blessing all!

ON THE UNVEILING OF THE CALHOUN MONUMENT

Extracts from an Oration delivered at Charleston, South Carolina, April 26, 1887.

In the early history of our Republic two differing powers were in the presence of each other; the principle of local State Sovereignty and that of National Union. Although both of these powers were to be found in the embryo of our political system, they existed in confusion and without precise legal definition, both having claims to urge and facts to allege in support of their respective pretension to supremacy. The principle of State sovereignty was the first brought into operation, and therefore preceded the other in legal recognition and actual predominance. Previous to the Declaration of Independence, the colonies were each a distinct political community; each had its own separate political organization, the legislation of which extended no farther than its own territorial limits. The only political bond which held them in union was the sovereignty of the British nation. When they threw that off the States had no common government. The general sovereignty over them as a whole disappeared and ceased to exist, at least in visible and legal embodiment of organized power, and passed into the several States, which had become each independent and sovereign in its own right. The constitution was framed by delegates elected by the Legislatures. It was the work of the sovereign States, as independent, separate communities. It was ratified by conventions of these separate States, each acting for itself. By this constitution certain well-defined and specified powers were delegated to the Federal Government; but it expressly declared that "the powers not herein delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

If the constitutional history of the United States had stopped with the adoption of the Federal Constitution by the original thirteen States, it would hardly be questioned that this gov-

ernment was a government of sovereign States with every attribute of State sovereignty retained in its system. But the law of development applies to human society as much as to any other created being. In all nations in which there are any stirrings of constitutional life there is more than one fundamental principle or power. These several principles or elements are not all developed at the same time or in equal degree. Events and influences will develop one element into ascendency; subsequent conditions and events may cause a different element to shoot forward and overcome the others. Now, although the Declaration of Independence and the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution of the United States were all based upon the assumption of the independence and sovereignty of the several States, yet in point of historical fact the inhabitants of the American Colonies, both before and after independence, were, in many important respects, one people. These colonies, as one body politic, were one people in being subject to the authority of the British sovereign; they were one people as being subject in their civil and social relations to the common law of England; they were one people respecting their rights as Englishmen, which, to the honor of England, were planted by their cradles in the infancy of their colonial existence; they were one people in language, in blood, in manners, and especially in being subjected to a common oppression and thrilled by the intrinsic glory of a noble cause into a unity of American patriotism. Although these facts may not be found in State papers and records of legislation, they shot their roots deep into the thought, the belief, the instinct, of the great mass of the people, and sometimes found expression in public documents. For instance: "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for *one* people to dissolve," etc.

And while it is true that when this national sovereignty of the British Government was overthrown there was no organization of national power for the time over the whole people, yet it is also true that even in the absence of such power those States were never for one instant disunited; that, with respect to foreign relations and all matters touching their relations to each other, the sovereign power was ever exercised by the States united, and never, not in a single instance, by a several State.

After the adoption of the constitution, the moral, social, and material forces which have always been more powerful in molding the institutions, in determining the destinies of nations, than external legal forms, combined to increase the power and magnify the importance of the general government of the Union at the expense of that of the particular government of the States. When independence was first achieved the original States lay stretched along the Atlantic coast, sparsely peopled, separated by vast wildernesses, with no means of internal communication and trade, except by stages, pack horses, and sumpter mules on land, and flatboats, rafts, and bateaus on the water. Since then the locomotive and the steamboat not only annihilate distance, but, "like enormous shuttlecocks, shoot across the thousand various threads," of disconnected sections, localities, interests, and influences, and bind them into a web; while the electric telegraph transmits to every part of the country, at the same moment, the same intelligence, thus uniting the minds of a vast population in the same thought and emotion.

But a cause more potent than any yet mentioned has operated to determine the character and tendency of our political system. I refer to the acquisition by the Federal Government of the vast territory embraced in the Louisiana purchase and that ceded by Spain and Mexico to the United States. These territories, far exceeding in area that of the original thirteen States, belonged exclusively to the Federal Government.* No separate State Government had the slightest jurisdiction upon one foot of the soil of that vast domain. The public lands were surveyed by officers of the Federal Government, and titles to them were conveyed by the Federal Government in its character of private proprietor as well as of public sovereign. The population who settled these territories had no political rights save those imparted to them by the Federal Government. Their very limited powers of self-government were enjoyed under territorial constitutions framed and prescribed for them by the Federal Congress; and when they became States it was by the permission of Congress, which admitted them under such conditions and terms as it deemed proper under the constitution.

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*The great Northwest Territory, then a wilderness, out of which powerful states have been subsequently formed, was ceded by Virginia to the United States before the Constitution was adopted.

It is true that as soon as these new States were admitted they shared equally with the original States in the general sovereign powers of the whole and the sovereignty reserved to each; but while this was true in constitutional theory, the actual historical fact was that when the forces which had been so long agitating the country culminated in war, the relation of the States to the Federal Government had become almost the reverse of what it was at the birth of the Republic. In 1789 the States were the creators of the Federal Government; in 1861 the Federal Government was the creator of a large majority of the States. In 1789 the Federal Government had derived all the powers delegated to it by the constitution from the States; in 1861 a majority of the States derived all their powers and attributes as States from Congress under the constitution.

In 1789 the people of the United States were citizens of States originally sovereign and independent; in 1861 a vast majority of the people of the United States were citizens of States that were originally mere dependencies of the Federal Government, which was the author and giver of their political being. With all these forces on the side of the Union, backed by a majority of State governments, with their reserved powers, with a very great preponderance of population, resources, and wealth, it was a natural consequence that the unity and integrity of the United States as a sovereign nation should be established on the battlefield; that its government should come out of the conflict with a prestige and power greater perhaps than any on earth, and that the eleven minority States, after a resistance as heroic as any recorded in the annals of Greece and Rome, should succumb to overwhelming forces.

It is not necessary here to go over the policy of reconstruction. It was the offspring of misconception and distrust of the Southern people. Its theory was that the Federal success in arms over the South was only a partial one; that the sentiments, passions, and aims of the Southern people were still, and would continue to be, rebellious to the authority and hostile to the policy of the nation; that, the termination of the war having put an end to the absolute military control, it became necessary to substitute another organization which, though not purely military, would be no less effectual in its

function of repression and force. Its unmistakable purpose was the reversal of every natural, social, and political relation on which I will not say that the civilization of the South, but of the world and of the whole Union, rested. But in process of time a large portion of the dominant section saw, not only the odious injustice of the system fastened upon the South, but the danger to the whole country which its maintenance threatened. Then followed a course of magnanimity on the part of the Northern people unexampled in the annals of civil war and accepted by the South in a spirit not less magnanimous and great-hearted. The result was the full and equal restoration of the Southern States, with all their rights under the constitution, upon the one condition that they would recognize, as elements of their new political life, the validity of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the constitution, guaranteeing and establishing the indissolubility of the American Union and the universality of American freedom. The disfranchisements and disqualifications imposed in an hour of passion and excitement upon a mistaken theory of public necessity, and unwisely retained from a lingering prejudice and distrust, have been in the main removed, or have ceased to apply to the majority of the Southern population. Those which yet remain on the statute book are hardly defended by the public sentiment of the Northern States, and must ere long be offered upon the altar of the free and equal citizenship of the Republic.

From that time we have seen those States, by their faithful adherence to this pledge, steadily advancing year by year, in their right of self-government, taking their place with larger numbers and wider influence in the councils of the nation, and doing all this with a temper, moderation, and patriotism that are fast commanding a general belief among the mass of the Northern people that the full and equal presence of the South, according to the measure of her population and resources in every department of the government, so far from being a danger to the national security, is a contribution to its highest and best interests.

I have prefaced what I have to say of Mr. Calhoun with this brief sketch of the controversy in which he bore a part, because I believe if he were here to-day and could see his own

South Carolina, the land of Rutledge, Moultrie, Laurens, Hayne, Lowndes, Sumter, and Marion, restored, largely through the efforts of her lion-hearted Hampton, to her proud position of dignity and equality in the Union, he would say to her that, the great controversy being closed at the ballot box, closed by the arbitrament of war, and, above all, closed by the constitution, always deemed sacred and inviolable by her, she sacrifices no principle and falsifies no sentiment in accepting the verdict, determined, henceforth, to seek the happiness of her people, their greatness and glory, in the greatness and glory of the American Republic.

He would have told her, if such counsel were necessary, that a people who in form surrender and profess to submit, yet continue to secretly nurse old resentments and past animosities and cherish delusive schemes of reaction and revenge, will sooner or later degenerate into baseness and treachery and treason. He would say that a heroic and liberty-loving State, like South Carolina, should cherish for the great Republic of which she is part that ardent, genuine patriotism which is the life and soul and light of all heroism and liberty. Ah, fellow-citizens, had he lived, his great talents would have been, as they had ever been before, directed to save this people from the horrors of disunion and war. In this I am confirmed by one whom the South placed at the head of her great movement, Mr. Jefferson Davis. He says: "It was during the progress of these memorable controversies that the South lost its most trusted leader and the Senate its greatest and purest statesman. He was taken from us, like a summer-dried fountain, when our need was greatest, when his intellectual power, his administrative talent, his love of peace, his devotion to the constitution, might have averted collision."

MIRABEAU B. LAMAR

[1798—1859]

A. W. TERRELL

THE career of Mirabeau B. Lamar—the patriot, soldier, statesman, and poet—was one of the most remarkable in history. He was descended from a French Huguenot, who, after the destruction of La Rochelle in 1628, found refuge in America. Lamar was born in Georgia, in 1798, and there he grew to manhood after acquiring only a good common school education, for he was more fond of hunting, fencing, and horseback exercise than the confinement of the class-room. But he delighted in reading the ancient classics and standard English authors, and thus acquired so correct a knowledge of the structure of his own language that few excelled him as an elegant and forceful speaker.

I first saw General Lamar in 1853, when his long, jet-black hair was tinged with gray; he was of dark complexion and about five feet ten inches tall, with broad shoulders, deep chest, symmetrical limbs, and under his high forehead blue eyes looked out in calm repose. His clean-cut, handsome features spoke of high resolve and indomitable will.

When twenty-eight years old he married Miss Tabitha Jourdan, to whom he was tenderly devoted, for he had loved and courted her for years, and her death, while yet in the bloom of youth and beauty, so overwhelmed him with grief that he left Georgia—a homeless wanderer.

In 1835 Lamar was next heard from on the frontier of Texas, where, like Sam Houston, he appealed to the settlers with impassioned eloquence to revolt against the tyranny of Mexico. There was a strange parallel in the lives of these two great men. Each of them, when crushed by domestic affliction, fled from home and friends. (Houston remained for a time among the Cherokee Indians, where he became a chief.) Each emerged from self-imposed exile to advocate on a foreign soil the cause of civil freedom; each became commander of a revolutionary army, and then President of a new Republic; each remained unmarried during all the fierce struggle of the Texas Revolution*; and each found at last in married life his supreme happiness with wife and children.

*Sam Houston remained a widower for eleven years and Mr. Lamar for seventeen years.

On March 6, 1836, the Alamo at San Antonio was stormed by an invading army under Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, and all its defenders were massacred: a few days afterward one hundred and seventy-five volunteers were butchered in cold blood at Goliad by his orders, and after their surrender.

Two weeks afterward Lamar appeared again on the coast of Texas, at the abandoned town of Velasco, and started on foot to join the Texas army. Houston, its commander, had halted in his retreat on the Brazos River, and like a lion at bay was waiting and watching for the hour of vengeance. When the Alamo fell he warned the citizens of Gonzales to leave the town, and with less than four hundred men began his retreat. The town was burned at night and the women and children fled eastward, their road lighted by the conflagration of their abandoned homes. Colonists flocked to reënforce the retreating army, but such an army! for they had neither quartermaster, nor commissary stores, ordnance nor transportation; their only equipment was their flint-lock hunting rifles and powder horns; they were without uniforms; their garments were of buckskin or homespun cloth, and many of them wore coon-skin caps. In that little army was the only hope for Texas; the entire country did not then contain over five thousand grown men, all told.* But no mercenary soldier was in the ranks; all were men of the frontier who had been accustomed to danger, and not a hunter in the ranks who would have hesitated to walk in, knife in hand, to free his hound from the hug of the bear.

Colonel Fannin, who was butchered at Goliad, had been the bosom friend of Lamar, who, after securing a horse, enlisted as a private and was eager to revenge his murdered friend.

On April 20, 1836, Houston's army, after a forced march of two days and a night, with no other food than parched corn, confronted on the smooth prairie of San Jancinto the army of Santa Anna, which outnumbered them two to one. That afternoon Walter P. Lane†, while skirmishing, was attacked by three Mexican lancers, who wounded him as his horse fell; Lamar rushed to his rescue, and killing one of the enemy put the others to flight, though wounded himself. The Texas infantry from their ranks saw the heroic act and shouted their admiration. He had won his spurs, and Houston at once put him in command of the cavalry, with the approval of all its officers.

The next afternoon, at four o'clock, the Texas infantry, at a

*Such is the estimate of the population given to the writer by Honorable John H. Reagan and other colonists who had by revolt defied Mexico with her eight millions of people.

†Lane afterward was a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army.

"shoulder arms," advanced in the Mexican line, not cheered by martial music, for they stepped to the tune of the old love-song: "Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?"* until, when within forty paces of the Mexicans, they struck up "Yankee Doodle"; and then a sheet of flame from their rifles mowed down the first rank. They rushed on with clubbed rifles and knives, hewing down the foe in their fierce onset. Lamar, though wounded, led the Texas cavalry on the right wing like an avenging fury, slaying in the pursuit until sunset, and with his cavalry captured Santa Anna. The battle was over in eighteen minutes, and the Mexicans slain or made prisoners outnumbered the Texas army two to one. The Texas loss was three killed and twenty-seven wounded.†

Never before nor since in the annals of war was such a victory won by volunteers in an open field over such a superior force of disciplined troops, and never was a victory more far-reaching; for it secured Independence, resulting in the annexation of Texas to the Union, which provoked the war of 1846 with Mexico. That war ended under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo by carrying our flag across the Continent and doubling the area of the Union.

Within ten days Lamar was made Secretary of War; in four weeks the Cabinet appointed him Commander-in-Chief of the Army: in four months he was elected Vice-president of the Republic, and in three years President without opposition. No private soldier ever rose so rapidly from the ranks to supreme authority through so many important offices, military and civil.

His style as a writer and author was not unlike that of his nephew, L. Q. C. Lamar, the United States Senator.

During Lamar's term as President the frontier was extended and protected, Mexican invasions were repelled, Texas independence was recognized, treaties were made with great European powers, immense tracts of land were surveyed and dedicated to higher education, and a free school system was established—the second on the Continent. France sent her minister to the Republic of Texas, and his residence, built with the gold of Louis Philippe, may still be seen in Austin.

Time and official station had not yet soothed Lamar's domestic grief, and it was not until after seventeen years of loneliness that he met and married, in 1851, Miss Henrietta Maffitt, the beautiful and

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*General Walter P. Lane in his memoirs says that the tune played was "The Girl I Left Behind Me." General Houston told the writer that he ordered the drummer and fifer to play "Will You Come to the Bower?" etc. The mistake is unimportant, but the incident as related by either is remarkable. The ancient Greeks indulged in the Pyrrhic dance before battle, but those Texas soldiers are perhaps the first who ever invited their enemies by the music of a love-song to the banquet of death.

†General Houston's report is on file at Austin, Texas.

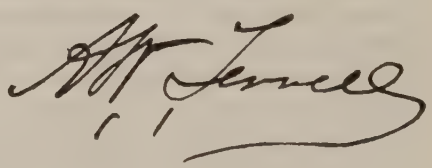
accomplished daughter of John Newland Maffitt, the great Methodist revivalist and orator of the South.

When afterward, in 1857, he was United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, a beautiful Indian girl inspired his heart to compose "The Daughter of Mendoza," his best known poem.

After the end of his term as President he kept severely aloof from partisan strife and found his chief pleasure in the endearments of home, where he died, at Richmond, Texas, December 19, 1859. Only a few weeks before his death he penned the following lines:

"Like yon declining sun, my life
Is going down—all calm and mild,
Illumined by an angel wife,
And sweetened by a cherub child."

No suspicion ever tarnished his reputation for virtue, truth, or fidelity to duty. The pilgrim youth of his country often repair to his tomb, which each returning spring decks with its mantle of green; and his name will be honored when every sordid statesman who uses a public trust to minister to his avarice will be remembered only to be execrated.



PROTEST AGAINST FREEING SANTA ANNA

From a Speech made before the Texas Cabinet.

THE conduct of General Santa Anna will not permit me to view him in any other light than that of an apprehended murderer. A chieftain battling for what he conceives to be the rights of his country, however mistaken in his views, may be privileged to make hot and vigorous war upon the foe; but when in violation of all principles of civilized conflict he avows and acts upon the revolting policy of extermination and rapine —slaying those who surrender, and plundering when he slays, he forfeits the commiseration of mankind by sinking the character of the hero into that of the abhorred murderer. The

President of Mexico has waged such a war upon the citizens of this Republic—he has caused to be published to the world a decree, denouncing as pirates beyond the reach of his clemency all who shall be found rallying around the standard of our independence. In accordance with this decree he has turned over to the sword the bravest and best of our friends and fellow citizens after they had grounded their arms, under the most solemn pledge that their lives should be spared. He has fired our dwellings; layed waste our luxuriant fields; excited servile insurrectionary war; violated plighted faith, and inhumanely ordered the cold blooded butchery of prisoners who had been betrayed into capitulation by heartless professions. Instinct condemns him as a murderer, and reason justifies the verdict—nor should the end of justice be averted because of the exalted station of the criminal, or be made to give way to the suggestions of interest or any cold considerations of policy. He who sacrifices human life at the shrine of ambition is a murderer and deserves the punishment and infamy of one. The higher the offender, the greater reason for its infliction. I am therefore of the opinion that General Santa Anna has forfeited his life by the highest of all crimes, and is not a suitable object for the exercise of the pardoning prerogative. . . . .

It would read well in the future annals of the present period that the first act of this young Republic was to teach the Caligulas of the age that in the administration of public justice the vengeance of the law fell alike impartially on the prince and the peasant. It is time such a lesson should be taught the despots of this earth; they have too long enjoyed an exemption from the common punishment of crime. Throned in power they banquet on the life of man and then purchase security by the dispensation of favors. We are sitting in judgment upon the life of a stupendous villain, who like all others of his race hopes to escape the blow of merited vengeance by the strong appeals which his exalted station enables him to make to the weak and selfish principles of our nature. Shall our resentment be propitiated by promises, or shall we move sternly onward to the infliction of a righteous punishment? . . . .

Do you hesitate? I entreat you to consider the character

of those whose death we are called upon to avenge. They were no mercenary soldiers—no hired menials: they were ornaments to the land they left—the flowers of honor and the pride of chivalry. The history of war cannot furnish a nobler band of patriotic heroes than those who rallied around the standard of Fannin. I knew many—very many of them personally and can testify to their generous spirits. A braver people never hung the sabre on the thigh. In that dark and portentious period of our affairs, when the tempest of desolation was thickening over the land, they nobly threw themselves between the oppressor and the oppressed and made their bosoms the shields of our liberty, and our firesides. Their banners are torn and their bayonets broken. And where is the gallant Battalion? Go ask the tyrant where! He who calmly sits in the shade of yonder piazza as if his bosom bore all peace within can tell you if he will that it was by authority of his order that the Spartan band under the hope of liberty and home was marched from the holy Sanctuary of God to the awful slaughter-field; he can tell you that whilst his brave General Urea and his whole army wept at the stern decree, himself alone rejoiced at the roar of the musquetry, that stained the plain of La Bahia and spread the horrid banquet to the bird of carnage. . . . There is at least one in the councils of this republic who is mindful of the vengeance due her gallant sons, and who will not forego its payment even for a nation's weal—I cannot and will not compromise with a crimson-handed murderer.

APOLOGY

I never hoped in life to claim
A passport to exalted fame;
'Tis not for this I sometimes frame
The simple song—
Contented still, with humble name,
To move along.

I write because there's joy in rhyme;
It cheers an evening's idle time;
And though my verse the true sublime
May never reach,
Yet Heaven will never call it crime,
If truth it teach.

The labor steals the heart from wo;
It makes it oft with rapture glow;
And always teaches to forego
Each low desire;
Then why on those our blame bestow
Who strike the lyre?

If virtue in the song be blent,
I know no reason to repent
My hours of studious content,
And lettered joy;
'Twere well if leisure ne'er was spent
In worse employ.

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA

O lend to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountains,
And lend to me your cadences,
O river of the mountains!
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet—
The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star!
  The evening star, how tender!
The light of both is in her eye,
  Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their light
They were too dazzling for the sight;
And when she shuts them, all is night—
  The daughter of Mendoza.

O! ever bright and beauteous one,
  Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tones,
  The rainbow in thy smiling.
And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell—
  Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

What though, perchance, we meet no more?—
  What though too soon we sever?
Thy form will float like emerald light,
  Before my vision ever.
For who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set—
  Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

'N LIFE'S UNCLOUDED, GAYER HOUR

To a Lady in Houston, Texas.

I

In life's unclouded, gayer hour,
  I bowed to beauty's sway;
I felt the eye's despotic power,
  And trembled in its ray;
But beauty now no more enthralls—
  Its magic spell hath flown;
Upon my heart it coldly falls,
  Like moonlight on a stone.

II

The chords of feeling soon were broke,
Where love delighted played;
Affliction dealt too rude a stroke,
And all in ruin laid;
Yet, lady fair, there was a time
I might have worshipped thee;
Thy beauty would have been the shrine
Of my idolatry.

III

That time is past, and I am left
A sad sojourner here—
Of hope, of joy, of all bereft,
That makes existence dear.
Despair hath o'er my bosom cast
The gloom of starless night—
A darkness which through life must last,
Unpierced by beauty's light.

THE SEASONS

I

The *Spirit of Spring,* from the regions of light,
Brought music, and odor, and all that was bright;
But vain were the blessings—they shed no delight
On the heart that lay locked in a Lapland night.

II

The *Spirit of Summer* then came with a glow,
And warmth on the beauties of Spring did bestow;
But all of the sunshine ne'er melted the snow
That fell on the heart in the Winter of wo.

III

The *Spirit of Autumn* now chills with its wing
The blushes of Summer and beauties of Spring;
But light is the mischief its breezes may fling,
Compared to the ruin that sorrow can bring.

IV

The *Spirit of Winter* will come very soon,
On the wings of a cloud that shall darken the noon,
More welcome to me than perennial bloom,
For the frown of the storm is the type of my gloom.

CARMELITA

Monterey, Mexico.

I

O Carmelita, know ye not
  For whom all hearts are pining?
And know ye not, in Beauty's sky,
  The brightest planet shining?
Then learn it now—for thou art she,
Thy nation's jewel, born to be
By all beloved, but most by me—
    O Donna Carmelita!

II

But wo is me thy love to lose,
  Apart from thee abiding;
Between us roars a gloomy stream,
  Our destiny dividing.
That stream with blood incarnadined,
Flows from thy nation's erring mind,
And rolls with ruin to thy kind,
    O Donna Carmelita!

III

'Tis mine, while floating on the tide,
  To stick to love and duty;
I draw my sabre on the foe,
  I strike my harp to beauty;
And who shall say the soldier's wrong,
Who, while he battles with the strong,
Still softens war with gentle song,
    O Donna Carmelita?

IV

I soon shall seek the battle-field,
Where Freedom's flag is waving—
My Texas comrades by my side,
All perils madly braving;
I only grieve to think each blow,
That vengeance bids the steel bestow,
Must make thee mine eternal foe,
O Donna Carmelita.

V

Full well I know thy pride will spurn
The brightest wreaths I bring thee;
Full well I know thou wilt not heed
The sweetest songs I sing thee;
Yet, all despite thy scorn and hate,
Despite the thousand ills of fate,
I still my soul must dedicate—
To Donna Carmelita!

VI

Then fare thee well, dear, lovely one—
May happiness attend thee;
Ten thousand harps exalt thy name,
Ten thousand swords defend thee:
And when the sod is on my breast,
My harp and sabre both at rest,
May thee and thine be greatly blest,
O Donna Carmelita!

THE RULING PASSION

Alas! in all the human race,
We may some ruling passion trace—
Some monarch-feeling of the breast,
That reigns supreme o'er all the rest.
With some, it is the love of fame—
A restless and disturbing flame,
Which still incites to deeds sublime,
Whether of virtue or of crime.
With others, 'tis the lust of gold—
Sad malady of rooted hold,
Which closer round the bosom twines,
As virtue dies and life declines.
With many, 'tis the love of pleasure—
A madness without mete or measure,
Which never faileth, soon or late,
To plunge its votaries in the fate
Of thoughtless flies in comfits caught—
Dying 'mid sweets too rashly sought.
But woman, always good and bright,
Great Nature's pride and earth's delight,
What is this monarch of thy soul—
This tyrant of supreme control,
That tramples with despotic force
All other feelings in its course?—
Thou needst not speak—thou needst not tell,
For all who know thee know it well:
We read it in that downcast eye,
We learn it from that stifled sigh,
We see it in the glowing blush
That gives thy cheek its rosy flush;
And though compelled, by shame and pride,
Deep in thy heart its sway to hide,
Still do we know it as a fire
Which only can with life expire—
Sole inspiration of thy worth,
And source of all that's good on earth.
O Love! all-conquering and divine,
We know where thou hast built thy shrine.

GIVE TO THE POET HIS WELL-EARNED PRAISE

Written on the Prospect of Battle. Inscribed to General E. B. Nicholas, Galveston, Texas.

I

Give to the poet his well-earned praise,
And the songs of his love, preserve them;
Encircle his brows with fadeless bays,
The children of genius deserve them;
But never to me such praises breathe,
To the minstrel-feeling a stranger—
I only sigh for the laurel-wreath
That a patriot wins in DANGER.

II

Speed, speed the day when to war I hie!
The fame of the field is inviting;
Before my sword shall the foemen fly,
Or fall in the flash of its lightning.
Away with song, and away with charms!
Insulted Freedom's proud avenger,
I bear no love but the love of arms,
And the bride that I woo is DANGER.

III

When shall I meet the audacious foe,
Face to face where the flags are flying?—
I long to thin them, "two at a blow,"
And ride o'er the dead and the dying!
My sorrel steed shall his fetlocks stain
In the brain of the hostile stranger;
With an iron heel he spurns the plain,
And he breathes full and free in DANGER.

IV

When victory brings the warrior rest,
Rich the rewards of martial duty—
The thanks of a land with freedom blest,
And the smiles of its high-born beauty.

Does victory fail?—enough for me,
That I fall not to fame a stranger;
His name shall roll with eternity
Who finds the foremost grave in DANGER.

MONODY

Written at Evening, on the Banks of the Chattahoochee

I

Oft when the sun along the west
His farewell splendor throws,
Imparting to the wounded breast
The spirit of repose—
My mind reverts to former themes,
To joys of other days,
When love illumined all my dreams,
And hope inspired my lays.

II

I would not for the world bereave
Fond Memory of those times,
When seated here at summer eve,
I poured my early rhymes
To one whose smiles and tears proclaimed
The triumph of my art,
And plainly told, the minstrel reigned
The monarch of her heart.

III

Enriched with every mental grace,
And every moral worth,
She was the gem of her bright race,
A paragon on earth;
So luminous with love and lore,
So little dimmed by shade,
Her beauty threw a light before
Her footsteps as she strayed.

IV

But all the loveliness that played
Around her once, hath fled,
She sleepeth in the valley's shade,
A dweller with the dead;
And I am here with ruined mind,
Left lingering on the strand,
To pour my music to the wind,
My tears upon the sand.

V

I grieve to think she hears no more
The songs she loved so well—
That all the strains I now may pour
Of evenings in the dell,
Must fall as silently to her,
As evening's mild decline—
Unheeded as the dewy tear
That Nature weeps with mine.

VI

Oh, if thou canst thy slumbers break,
My dear departed one,
Now at thy minstrel's call awake,
And bless his evening song—
The last, perchance, his failing art
May o'er these waters send—
The last before his breaking heart
Shall songs and sorrows end.

VII

I fain would let thee know, blest shade,
Though years have sadly flown,
My love with time has not decayed—
My heart is still thine own;
And till the sun of life shall set,
All thine it must remain,
As warmly as when first we met,
Until we meet again.

VIII

If I have sought the festal hall,
  My sorrows to beguile,
Or struck my harp at lady's call,
  In praise of beauty's smile—
Oh, still thou didst my thoughts control
  Amid the smiling throng;
Thou wert the idol of my soul,
  The spirit of my song.

IX

Take, take my rhyme, O ladies gay,
  For you it freely pours;
The minstrel's heart is far away—
  It never can be yours.
The music of my song may be
  To living beauty shed,
But all the love that warms the strain—
  I mean it for the dead.

ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE

[—1909]

CHARLOTTE NEWELL

MRS. ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE died in Lynchburg, Virginia, on the sixteenth of March, 1909, at the close of about forty-five years of a life unusually, almost uniquely, interesting. Born of Irish parents on the genial soil of southern Maryland, she charmingly embodied the warmth, vivacity, and spontaneity of her ancestry and her nativity. Strongly Southern she was in her tendencies and her sympathies, ever eager to discern and to pay homage to the graciousness and hospitality of the sons and daughters of that land.

Most of her early life was spent in Washington, D.C., where she attended the public schools, from which, supplemented by the Normal School, she was graduated in 1882. She taught in these schools most of the time until her marriage, in 1891, to Dr. Francis Ransom Lane, at that time principal of the Central High School, and subsequently director of the systems of high schools in the National Capital. The quickness of her intuitions was evidenced by her conviction, after very short acquaintance with Dr. Lane, that he was the man destined and desired for her husband; in fact, report affirms that a single evening was sufficient to establish that conviction.

Strange it is that, while Elinor Macartney was gaining rapid mastery of the science of mathematics and the teaching thereof, she was rapidly developing her marvelous imaginative gifts. But, even as a child, she had proved herself a born story-teller, and on account of this talent had been the delight of her childhood companions. Her Celtic temperament almost compelled her to be a story-teller. An electric bond of sympathy seemed to unite this bright, brave, versatile, exquisitely cultured, Twentieth-Century woman with those dashing, daring, far-off ancestors, the springs of whose tears and smiles were in such close proximity. For the predominant characteristics of the old Celts were the imaginative and the emotional, and in their imagination the love of story-telling was the possessing quality. The Celt saw the world bathed in color, and felt its beauty in the moss-covered stone, the wayside flower, and in the delicate hues of the sunset clouds; so, in truth,

did our Celtic Southerner. In Mrs. Lane were exemplified the qualities which have made story-telling a fine art in all ages. Old Cynewulf would have acknowledged her racial claim; the Eastern Scheherazade would have found her a kindred spirit, and far down the centuries Walter Scott would have revelled in her gift.

Various tales, chiefly of Southern life, were produced in her girlhood, all of them evincing extraordinary insight and fidelity Even in the early days of authorship her brain children were, to her, real creatures, because about them she thought and dreamed continually; and with them she lived and moved in closest communion.

From the beginning she manifested the rare power of creating an atmosphere exactly and subtly suited to the environment of her characters, in which they fit easily, naturally. The reader is never disturbed by the thought that they should be differently sphered; in fact, there is no thought about the matter, so admirably is the mirror held up to nature.

Mrs. Lane's first novel, 'The Mills of God,' appeared in 1901, and at once aroused the most ardent commendation and the most bitter censure. The heroine, a woman of remarkable beauty and wondrous virtue, yields, once, to a supreme temptation, and, relentlessly, ever afterward, the mills grind her punishment. A story it is of strong passion and fearful, inevitable retribution. Critics warred, but meanwhile readers multiplied, and the author became famous.

In 1904 'Nancy Stair' was published, a story so ingeniously fitted in historic framework as to deceive many of the elect. Histories and encyclopedias were searched by enthusiastic readers to gain additional knowledge of Nancy, and numerous letters to Nancy's creator begged some clue to the identity of the splendid, winsome woman who had no "local habitation," save in Mrs. Lane's imagination, or, in some particulars, in Mrs. Lane's own fervent nature. And yet, Nancy's creator did get hints of her in divers places and from divers people—a little child in Washington, "Margaret of Q Street," a bit here and a bit there, united by links of the author's fashioning, and colored and vivified by her glowing, transforming personality.

Mrs. Lane always maintained that a fundamental difference exists between the masculine and the feminine heart and mind, and that this difference will assert itself, no matter what surrounding conditions may be or what system of education employed. To demonstrate this theory, she made Nancy's mother die when the child was an infant, and had her man-trained exclusively. Jock, Sandy and Hugh were her teachers, her companions, her oracles, and she had absolute freedom from feminine influence. But the woman's nature asserted itself in spite of association and training, and Nancy

proved a genuine woman, even forging testimony to secure the life of the man she loved.

Mrs. Lane's taste inclined her to the reading of law records, especially those involving curious circumstantial evidence; hence, she portrays a law-versed heroine, adroit and subtle, but intensely womanly in her intuitions and sympathetic daring.

The apparent reality of the story is heightened by the introduction of Robert Burns, "the man who took the commonest things of life and wrote them out in letters of gold," whose individuality dominates parts of the romance.

'Katrine,' Mrs. Lane's last book, which appeared almost simultaneously with her death, unquestionably represents the richest strongest, finest achievement of its author's power. Katrine, the master creation, lacks the dauntless daring, the lawlessness that so fascinatingly distinguish Nancy, and proclaim her *sui generis*. But Katrine has more of the human in her composition; she is a "creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food." She loves and suffers—suffers much—but she excuses and justifies the man she loves, whom the reader feels is altogether unworthy such consideration. And, furthermore, she strives not only to forgive and to forget, but to *understand* his attitude. Both Nancy and Katrine are charming additions to fiction's gallery of fair women.

Mrs. Lane did not aspire to enter the ranks of fiction writers who dissect or analyze character or motive. She had no desire to write problematic novels, scientific novels, or novels of purpose. The temperamental novel was her chosen field, and in it her successes are both original and pronounced. She knew the human heart—especially woman's heart—and in that realm her treatment is masterly. She knew

> "Each chord, its various tone,
> Each spring, its various bias."

Her own warm, impassioned, responsive nature rendered her an unfailing interpreter of woman nature; her clear intellectual vision enabled her to apprehend woman's psychology, and her intense power of sympathy produced the glow of life and the flow of blood that animate her women.

In description, she was preëminently picturesque and dramatic. Whether she paint scenes of tranquil beauty or of cosmopolitan strife, whether she depict the artistic robing of a maiden or the diabolical plotting of a villain, neither the reader's mental vision is strained nor his intelligent credulity overtaxed.

Few writers have combined, in such a degree as did Mrs. Lane, trenchant but plastic wit and daring but realistic imagination. Usu-

ally these qualities are things distinctly apart. Her imagination was capable of boldest flights, and her intellect kept pace. Alert, clever, brilliant in varying degrees was it—sometimes the genial, sparkling repartee, delicious and vivifying; sometimes the deep thrust, scathing but deserved, aimed for the most part against sham and hypocrisy.

Though endowed with such gifts, she possessed the painstaking spirit of the true artistic craftsman. She studied plot development, considered adequacy of motive, weighed the value of words, and lost sight of no principle of literary mechanism. She wrote and re-wrote her stories with conscientious and critical patience, writing only when truly moved by the spirit and uninfluenced by the ambition of appearing often in print.

Loyalty was her vital breath. It illumines her work, radiates from almost every page, and bears to her friends messages of no uncertain import. "I'm no' so bonny," said Alan in Katrine's Own Land, "but I'm leal to them I love." Throughout her writings, especially her swan-song, 'Katrine,' there runs, like a thread of purest, precious gold, her ardent personality, not ostentatiously or even intentionally inserted, but an influence, indefinable, haunting, insistent.

For years, Mrs. Lane's brave, hopeful nature had struggled against severe physical pain, and so valiantly had this battle been waged that those who knew her persuaded themselves that, somehow, her dauntless spirit would at last conquer. So her death came as a tragedy, hard to realize, and hard to bear.

Charlotte Merrill

A PAGE FROM LADY GRAFTON'S JOURNAL

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'Twas perhaps two o'clock of this same damned Friday that the affair of Henry Bedford and Miss Anne was made known to my Lady Grafton in the manner which I set down word for word, as it was put into her journal that same night.

"If I only can write it forth! If God will only give me strength to set it all down, it may ease this clutch at my heart, which seems to be killing me minute by minute. I have felt the change, a little at a time, coming—coming; but I deluded myself into the belief it was but that we were both growing older. This afternoon I sat with my embroidery in the great window. My heart was sore enough, God knows, because of this news of Robin and Caddie Brown. Life seemed so strange, so unknowable, when from the music-room Anne came. She was all in white; she had been in the conservatory and had some stalks of white flowers in her hands, and as she came toward me she walked through the scattered spots of colored light which lay on the floor from the stained glass of the windows. Before she spoke, I knew—we Irish have something, I believe, that other races have not—I knew my retribution was at hand. She sat down beside me and said with pretty thoughtfulness, 'You are not well, my beautiful cousin. You have a headache? You don't want to be bothered with me now?'

" 'You never bother any one, Anne,' I answered; 'you have grown to be the sunshine of the house.'

" 'I am going to tell you a long story,' she went on. 'I want some advice. There is no one for me to come to, save you. There is none other to whom I would rather come than you, if I had the choice of the whole world. You are —so good—so fine—so true! I want to be a woman just like you some day, Cousin Elinor.' She leaned over and kissed my cheek, and I put my arm around her, but she drew away.

" 'No,' she said, 'I want to tell this story out bravely; not leaning on any one.' A flush came into her face like a carmine rose. 'It is of my Lord Bedford I am going to speak.'

" 'It is a good subject, I am sure,' I said, and I forced my eyes to rest in hers for a second.

" 'It was not,' she went on, 'until the night of the dance that I ever thought of him much; but that night before I went to sleep I remembered his eyes as they looked when he bade me good-night. There was scarce a word passed between us after that till the day you left us. I had been practising, when he suddenly came to the window and called me from the porch. I smiled and shook my head. Two or three minutes later he came to the inside door. There was a look in his eyes, a masterfulness in his manner, which I had never before seen. With a certain sureness in his smile he finally broke forth. "If I were to tell you that I love you, Anne, what would you say?"

" ' " 'Say'?" I responded. "I should say it were your very duty, considering what a lovable person I am." I had no thought but that he was jesting.

" ' "Ah! you have been much spoiled. You shall be disciplined. It is I that shall be the instrument in the hands of Providence. I have come to take you for a walk."

" ' "Ask me then," I said, "politely, with a touch of ceremony, and as if you thought I might refuse, perhaps. Then I may go."

" 'He came nearer to me and put forth his hand. "Come," he said.

" 'In that one word the change for all my life was made. I put down my violin and went with him, over by the Sunset Rocks.

" 'There was that haste about our courtship which makes me wonder sometimes that I could have yielded so easily. In a week's time— You remember the great walnut-tree, Cousin Elinor?'

"The old walnut-tree! Was it there he told his love? There, where he kissed me first, and life's water turned to wine at the miracle of the touching of his lips!

" 'The old one by the brook?' I asked.

" 'Yes, it was there. Dear, I suppose no woman really tells what a man—the man she loves—says to her then, do you? But it all happened there, and it was there he told me the story of his life's tragedy. It is of that I wish to speak.

It is about that I must be advised. I am not yet betrothed to Lord Bedford. I have not given my word, for there is another woman who must be considered. I had felt that there was a great sorrow in his life, and before he asked me to become his wife he said he would tell me of it and let me judge

" 'When he was much much younger—twenty-three or four—he fell in love with a great lady who was married. He said she was of royal line; that she was most beautiful, that she loved him in return. He went away from England, he left the place, he tried hard to forget her; but once, by some ill chance, they were thrown together (there being no thought between them, save that each should forever avoid the other), and—the shame of it hurts all there is of me—there was a child born to them. He says, still says, that she was not a bad woman. How can he say that? Do you see, Cousin Elinor?'

" 'Anne,' I said, laying down my work and taking both her hands in mine, 'if the woman had never loved any one else; if he vowed that, as God judged them, they were man and wife; if all the compelling presence which he has he brought to bear on this girl, who loved him so that life was but one dark shadow without the sunshine of his smile—could you see how she might have yielded to him without being really a *bad* woman?'

"Anne shook her head. 'You are so good, you try to make excuses for everybody!' she returned. 'I can not see how a woman who *loves* a man can lower him in his own estimation. She was another man's wife. She had taken vows which were hers to fulfil. She had no choice. She dragged another man's honour in the dust. Look at Lord Bedford's life as a result of this love affair—no acknowledged ties, no love. Ah! The barrenness of that I feel I never can forgive. She was a woman simply dominated by animal passions, as a woman should never be. I am very hard, I suppose, but I feel'—and she reached out her hand and laid it in mine again —'as if I never could touch a woman like that.'

"I felt the shiver in my body which they say presageth death, but said no more. I knew my love was to hers as the sea to a river—yet what so heavy as words?

" 'He has fretted under this tie for a number of years,'

she continued. 'He has at times wished to free himself; that is no doubt the reason which has made him live so much out of England, as it is there she lives. He told me all, keeping back only names. He says that he has made vows to the other woman which it will be hard to break; but that he is willing, if I think it best, to go to her and tell her all; ask for his freedom; speak of his love for me.

" 'I have come to you, dear cousin, not only because I love you, but because I believe in your wisdom, and then, too, because I think you love me a little, to ask you what you think wisest for us to do.'

" 'I see only one way. If he has ceased to love the other woman, whatever tie there was between them is already dissolved. There is naught for her to do but release him. It is the spirit that holds, not the letter. She can not bind him to her by cold-grown vows when his love for her is past.'

" 'You think it right? He has made promises, too, Cousin Elinor.'

" 'He can not fulfil them if he loves another woman.'

" 'Have you known of this before?' she asked, looking searchingly at me with those clear eyes of hers.

" 'Yes.'

" 'Is it known generally?'

" 'No, there is, besides myself, but one other this side of the Atlantic who knows of it all.'

" 'Do you know her?'

" 'I have seen her.'

" 'She is beautiful?'

" 'She has been called so, but you must remember how long ago this was. She is old enough to be your mother, child.'

" 'You think, then, I have the right to accept him?'

" 'Every right. I believe—nay, dear, I know—I know, I can speak for her—the other woman would wish it so.'

" 'May I kiss you, Cousin Elinor? Oh, do you know,' she said, with the carmine roses coming back to her cheeks, 'do you know what it is to love as I do? When nothing in life seems real but the touch of one pair of hands, the look of one pair of eyes, the sound of one voice, when there is nothing —nothing but him?'

"I turned and took her in my arms. 'I have known, Anne,'

I said, 'believe me, I have known. It is that which makes life beautiful.'

"We kissed each other, and I came up here to be alone. To be alone—alone, with every fibre of my being quivering with a great pain, and memories that will not down. Oh, for the gift of a large forgetting!

"I remember our first meeting. 'If I dream what I would, I pray to sleep forever.' The apple orchard! The time we pretended we were boy and girl!

" 'When you grow up I am to marry you, you know,' he said, sitting above me on a bough of an apple-tree, which was all in bloom, 'and hurry up, because I can not wait long.' And the two miserable years of separation, and the time we met again at the Stanley-Masons—O God! God! God! if you see, if you can hear me, give me back just three days of my life—just three mad, headlong, passionate days!

"I remember one night when he came to my room. I was waiting for him. I wore a rose-coloured dressing-gown, which he had admired, and was standing by the west window.

" 'Come over here,' he said, as he seated himself in the big chair by the fire. 'Come over here. I am your tyrant, your king. Take down your hair.'

"I unbound my hair. 'Kneel to me; turn your face up toward mine. I do not like that thing up around your throat —undo it—so. You love me? There is no other thought in life, no other memory, you *see* no other man with those soft eyes? There is not in your heart one beat for any soul that liveth, save for me? I am—all—all? Tell me so!'

"I have tried to be so good, but I see now it was not real. There was always the hope that some day I should have the reward of being really his wife. I think this news has driven me a bit daft. The past whirls through my brain and I must forget; must have the courage to face the world with. I lived when I believed him dead. I will try to think of him again that way."

That same afternoon, during which Miss Anne had told her story, she set forth on horseback. When she returned Lord Bedford was riding beside her, and after they had dis-

mounted they stood talking together on the steps, with the moon shining full upon them both.

"When is it to be?" he asked.

"When do you want it?" Miss Anne inquired.

"When do I want it? Now. To-night. This minute. I want you, Anne!"

"As you make the observe yourself sometimes, Lord Bedford, 'It will fall as it will fall.' Good-night."

"Kiss me, Anne."

She leaned toward him as though to comply, and then, suddenly throwing back her head, she laughed and said, "It is a good thing for you to go a-wanting sometimes, my lord," with which sage remark she turned and left him. It is thus she has held him ever since.

There is an interval of four days before my lady wrote again in the journal. The third day after this talk with Miss Anne she had an interview with Lord Bedford, with whom she had communicated.

"I am too proud to show much feeling to any one on the subject of an unrequited affection, and it was this pride that gave me a kind of fortitude throughout the interview. Lord Bedford came to see me, at my own request, in the library. He was pale and his eyes were lighter and less direct in their glance than usual. I smiled at him as we took each other's hands.

" 'Be seated,' I said. 'You are unhappy, you are ill at ease, believe me, needlessly. I shall—ah, I hope you know me well enough to feel that I shall not do as other women might. I see the inevitableness of it all. I have not changed. There is not that in my nature, I hope, which would make such a change possible. I loved, love, shall always love you. I want you to know this; there is no excuse for me otherwise. Will you believe me when I say, however, that I am glad for your new happiness—that the new chance in your life brings a finer sort of pleasure to my soul than I could have believed myself capable of? There need be no unnecessary words between us. If there be any forgiveness from one to another, let us say it is freely granted, and so—good-bye.'

" 'George,' Lord Bedford began, and I knew before he spoke the word it was of him he had been thinking.

" 'As for my son, George, he will have my own private fortune, as well as my mother's, which is large, besides the other (I could not mention Sir William's name then), and of him there is little to worry. He will have plenty of this world's gear, and I have tried, in spite of his parentage, to make a gentleman of him.'

"I wish more than language can tell that I had not said *that*. It seemed so weak, so futile, so womanish, so much as I would not be; but, after all, it was as hard on me as on him.

" 'And so,' I said, 'my lord, in the words of the old song, "We have no parting words to say, so part we with a smile."' I put out my hand, he took it in his. Twice he essayed to speak, then suddenly stooped and kissed it, and so all was over."

The blood in all of me boils as I set this down. Was there nothing in this man's nature to respond to the heights in that of the woman he was thus surrendering?

* * * * * *

It was little past the high tide of the day when the coaches began to arrive, their fair occupants, in bewildering attire, making merry with jests and gay laughter, as became wedding guests. From far and near over the country-side they came, quite a number having been entertained overnight at Fairfax House as Lord Bedford's guests.

Father Spofford, grown very gray and stooped, was to perform the ceremony. I saw him take Lady Elinor aside and speak to her just before the wedding pair came in, saw that she nodded as one does who has complete comprehension of the thing spoken of, and noted no more.

It was just upon the hour when Miss Anne and Lord Bedford entered together. The man carried a kind of splendour about him, every line of his handsome face—and hate him as I have ever done, I have never been able to deny that he was a handsome man—softened by love or by what he thought was love, which to a nicer nomenclature was, to my thinking, mere passion. He wore a full court dress of white, with his own hair, and so covered Miss Anne with his eyes, which had in them a curious light, as though they beckoned her, that all the ladies nodded approvingly and whispered words among

themselves of admiration for such an ardent lover. Miss Anne, young and beautiful, fearless of the future, spoke her vows with no tremor of the voice, but gladly, rapturously gave herself into the keeping of this man, who never, since my return to Deepdeen, had once looked me in the eye. It was bitter to him that I was there. I knew it, and stood well in the light.

The past was whirling through my head as I listened to the solemn words of the marriage service. I remembered the night of the birth of Master George; the little hut where we had stood together; I wondered of what Miss Anne was thinking; remembered the joy we had felt at landing on that sad little island; but there was neither continuity nor result in these thoughts. Father Spofford paused a moment, and then—

"Who giveth this woman to this man?" he asked, and my lady, who was standing a little apart, came slowly forward. There was a yellow shaft of the afternoon sun which had struck into the room and made a pathway for her as she came. She took Miss Anne's hand in hers, and, placing it in Henry Bedford's, in a voice low and firm, solemnly said, "I do"; and as she came back to her place beside me—I swear it solemnly on my honour—there was a smile upon her lips, as if Life's grim humour had for the while overcome her sorrow, and she smiled at the Ways of Men.

NANCY VISITS HIS GRACE OF BORTHWICKE

From 'Nancy Stair.' Copyright, 1904, D. Appleton and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

. . . DRESSED for the evening, the duke was alone in his sitting-room, attending to his private correspondence, when he heard a rap at the door.

"Enter," he called, in a careless voice, thinking it one of his men.

Nancy lifted the latch and came forward into the room.

"The Duke of Borthwicke will pardon my intrusion, will he not?" she asked, "as well as my lack of courtesy? I was afraid his grace might refuse to see me if I were announced to him in the ordinary manner."

Montrose had been writing at an oaken table, on either side of which was a bracket of lights. At the sound of the voice he turned, and, at the sight of Nancy, he rose and stood looking at her as though she were an apparition.

Many times since, in her description of this interview, she told me that she received from him an impression as though he stretched forth his hand and touched her. She said, as well, that the erectness of his body and the fulness of his chest gave him the air of a conqueror who was invincible, while the pallor of his face and the glitter of his eye set him still further apart from anything usual.

It seemed a full minute that they stood thus taking notes openly of each other before she spoke again.

"I am Nancy Stair," she said quietly.

"Ah," the duke returned, coming forward with a smile, "the verse-maker?"

"I make verses," Nancy answered.

"Which have given me more pleasure than I have the power to tell," the duke responded with a bow.

"It is praise indeed, coming from John Montrose, who is no mean poet himself," Nancy said with a smile.

"I," the duke returned, "am no poet, Mistress Stair; but I have a 'spunk enough of glee' to enjoy the gift of others."

"One might think who overheard us, my lord duke," Nancy broke in with a laugh and the light of humor in her

eyes by which she could make another smile at any time, "that we were collegians having a critical discussion. It was not concerning poetry that I came to you to-night, your grace. It was to ask a favor."

"Pitcairn said you would come," the duke answered her blandly, taking out his watch and looking at it with a smile. "He said you would come before you went to the Duchess of Gordon's rout. He even named the exact time within a quarter of an hour."

"Mr. Pitcairn is a very wonderful man," Nancy returned.

"He's a poor hand at description," responded the duke, with a heat of admiration for her in his tone.

"It depends somewhat," said Nancy, "upon what he has the describing of." And in this speech the way women know how to belittle an enemy is clearly to be seen. "He can describe a barn to a farmer, a road to a surveyor, or a church to an architect, so that they fall into an ecstasy of admiration of his parts. When it comes to a woman it's a different matter. Mr. Pitcairn doesn't know a woman. He's not, rightly speaking, a man. As Mr. Carmichael says, 'He's just a head.' "

"It's a curious head," the duke answers, "a curious head and a very clear one."

"A clear head to prosecute; never to defend," Nancy responded; "which leads me to the cause of my visit. I have come to ask for the pardon of Timothy Lapraik."

The duke dropped his eyelids, and a strange light shone from under them.

"You compliment me, Mistress Stair, in thinking I have the power to undo that which was settled by the law of your country and a jury tried and true. I took no part in the affair; the prosecution was not mine; in a word, the thing is perhaps beyond my power, had I the desire to get him a pardon, which, however, I have not."

All this time neither had made any motion toward sitting down, but stood regarding each other, alert and watchful. It was Nancy Stair who took the first move. Coming over to the duke she put one of her hands on his breast and stood looking up at him out of those gray eyes of whose power she was not unconscious.

"My lord," she said, "I, who have had the handling of people much of my life, have learned to recognize power when I see it, and I see it in you. There's just naught you can't do that you set your mind to."

None ever claimed that in his relation with women the duke was afflicted with Pitcairn's trouble, and a blue heat came in his eye at her touch of him.

"You're not afraid of me, Nancy Stair?"

She looked up at him from under her eyelids and laughed.

"Not the least bit in the world, your grace."

"And ye think, mayhap, that just because ye're a beautiful woman—aye, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen—that ye can come to me and ask favors, thinking that I shall expect nothing in return?"

"What I have heard of you would lead me far from such conclusion," Nancy answered, with a smile.

He looked at her in silence, with an amused expression in his face.

"I like you," he said at length, and a dare-devil look came into his eyes, a look which showed at once his strength and his weakness. "I like your fearlessness as well as your honesty. I can mate your frankness by my own. I have long desired to know what is said of me, and have a mind to make a compact with you, if you will. I hear lies on every side. They are the stuff of which my daily bread is baked. Come," he cried, "a bargain between us. The naked truth which ye have heard concerning me in return for the pardon of Timothy Lapraik."

"It's a bargain between us, your grace."

"There will be no slurring over, no soft adjustments?"

"You need have no fear. If you knew me better you would not ask for that," Nancy answered with a smile. "You shall have the unsoftened truth, so far as it is mine to speak."

The duke motioned her to a seat by the fire and stood opposite to her, changing the candles on the shelf above to throw the light full upon her face as she sat before the fire.

" 'Tis an awkward position you put me in," Nancy laughed.

" 'Tis grace itself compared to the awkwardness of mine," the duke returned with a dry smile.

"The first thing I ever heard of you," she began, "was

that you were known by common repute as the 'Lying Duke of the Highlands.' "

The duke bowed.

"I have heard from high and low that you have neither the code of a gentleman nor the common honesty of business affairs. It is even argued that you have not the moral perception to see your own lack in such matters."

The duke looked at her steadily for a moment again and his lips curled back into a smile.

"You are openly accused of thefts in India—of defrauding the ignorant natives of their lands."

The duke made a little outward motion with his hand, as though to intimate that these charges were already known to him.

"It is said—and this seems to me one of the worst charges—that you assail the names of those whose places you desire for yourself or your friends, under cover, and in ways impossible for them to circumvent."

The duke shrugged his shoulders as if this charge were one of small moment.

"But 'tis of your treatment of women that the worst stories of you are abroad, and 'tis said that your conduct toward them is that of a brute rather than of a man. There is a tale of one woman, the wife of a baronet, who left her husband for you, and whom ye after deserted to poverty and disgrace."

She paused a moment and turned to recapitulate.

"Liar," she said.

The duke bowed slightly.

"Thief."

The duke bent his head a bit lower.

"Defrauder, blackmailer, and betrayer of women."

The duke rose and made a profound salutation, and Nancy regarded him with a smile.

"I do not think of any other thing," she concluded; and then, as though there was still hope for him, "I have never heard your grace accused of open murder."

" 'Tis strange," the duke answered her with a queer look. "I have enough of the artist in me to see that the open murder would have been finely climactic. There is but one of these

charges that I desire to deny to you," looking at the fire through his eyeglass as he spoke; "I don't lie," he said, adding, with the shadow of a smile, "I don't have to. And may I ask, Mistress Stair, do you believe these things of me?"

Nancy rose and looked into the fire.

"I like you," she answered.

"In spite of my crimes?"

"Because of your power," she responded.

They stood for a moment regarding each other steadily before another word was spoken.

"Ah, my lord," she said, "I must be going," and there was a shade of regret in her voice, which Borthwicke was not the man to let pass unnoticed, "I have kept my word."

"True," the duke answered, "you have kept your word."

"You will keep yours to me?" she asked, extending her hand.

"By this time to-morrow Lapraik shall be a free man," the duke answered, holding the extended hand in his.

"Thank you," she said, and another silence fell between them as they stood thus, nearer together, dominated by magnetic attraction so strong that a full minute passed unnoticed by either.

"It is my turn to ask favors," the duke said headily. "The rose in your breast."

"Shall I fasten it on your coat?" she asked.

So for a moment more they stood almost touching each other, his breath moving the curls of her hair as she reached toward him.

"Good night," he said, extending his hand again.

"Good night," she said, putting hers into it.

"You have your people with you?"

"Yes."

"It is better then I should not come down?"

"Much better," she answered, after a second; and then, turning to him: "You are coming to the Duchess of Gordon's?"

"I had intended to remain away till I saw you. What do you think I shall do now?" his grace asked.

"How should I know, my lord duke?" Nancy inquired, with a smile.

"What do you think I am going to do now?" he repeated with insistence.

"I think you will come to the Gordon's," Nancy answered in a low voice.

"I may kiss your hand?" the duke asked; and, as he did so, the act having in it more of a caress than a salutation, "Believe me," he said, "I could not stay away."

* * * * * *

CLIFFORD LANIER

[1844—1908]

C. PRESCOTT ATKINSON

CLIFFORD ANDERSON LANIER, the younger brother of the widely known poet, Sidney Lanier, was born April 24, 1844, in Griffin, Georgia. His parents were Robert Samson Lanier and Mary Jane Anderson Lanier. Both were descended from old Virginia families; the Laniers of Huguenot stock, with artistic sensibilities, the Andersons of Anglo-Saxon heritage, of good commonsense and oratorical gifts.

Robert S. Lanier, reared in Georgia, was a lawyer prominent in his profession not so much for brilliancy as for solid learning and laborious care in his practice. His culture, however, not effectually hindered by the employments of his busy professional career, enabled him to enter into full sympathy with his distinguished sons.

It was while Robert S. Lanier was procuring his education in Virginia that he met Mary Jane Anderson, an exemplar of the best traditions of the Scotch-Irish from whom she inherited her strict ethical and religious views and the personal rule of her own life. From the family life, made beautiful by the presence of a pure and wholesome ideal, the sons learned abiding principles and a high reverence for the primal virtues.

In 1846 the Laniers moved to Macon, where the social refinement and intellectual atmosphere ministered to the growth of Clifford's fine spirit and social disposition. Within the outer circle of relatives and friends was a closer circle consisting of his father and mother, his talented older brother, his younger sister Gertrude, and his mother's brother, Clifford Anderson, whose name he bore. This uncle rose to high official position.

When Clifford was fourteen years old he was engaged in Montgomery, Alabama, as a clerk in a hotel belonging, in all likelihood, to his grandfather. After a year in this employment he spent a year and a half in Oglethorpe College at Midway, near Milledgeville. His brother has alluded to the "uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college," but from this college both had clearly received lasting literary impulses.

Clifford's education was rudely interrupted when he was but a

callow sophomore by the mutterings of the Civil War. He had wished to volunteer earlier, but was not accepted until 1862, when he was eighteen years old. He served in the exciting and important campaigns of Virginia until 1864. In this service he was closely associated with his brother, and for a short time they enjoyed together a cordial companionship in developing their minds and cultivating their tastes, already turning steadfastly to music and poetry. In 1864 Clifford became signal officer on the *Talisman,* a blockade-runner plying between Bermuda and Wilmington, North Carolina. In December his vessel was lost but he escaped to Cuba, ran the blockade at Galveston, Texas, and reached Macon in May, 1865, after all the hostilities were over. He was paroled by Wilson's command of Federal cavalry. Clifford Lanier was a gallant soldier and always maintained a loyal devotion to the Southern cause. Prominent among the United Confederate Veterans during his life, at his grave was read the beautiful ritual which he had composed for this organization.

In July, 1865, Clifford Lanier returned to Montgomery, Alabama, and to his former occupation as clerk in a hotel. On November 26, 1867, he married Miss Wilhelmina Clopton, a daughter of Judge Clopton, later a member of the Supreme Court of Alabama. He soon became proprietor of the Exchange Hotel, and remained in this business until 1884. After 1887 he was employed in managing real estate and other investments, though he remained to the end in connection with the Exchange Hotel Company. In his latter years he found time not merely for literary work but for all civic interests that demanded the time and coöperation of a public-spirited citizen. He had previously manifested his interest in education by serving for a term as superintendent of schools; he now busied himself with political and civic reforms and with the public concerns of the Church, to which he was devoted.

He died on the morning of November 3, 1908. He had enjoyed more than forty years of happy married life, and his widow, the companion not alone of his toils but also of his dreams and fancies, survives him. There are also two surviving children, Mrs. W. L. Durr, and Mr. C. A. Lanier, Jr., both of Montgomery.

Clifford Lanier's literary work was a reflection of his life and character. Late in life he said of his literary purpose: "I love almost any poem which suffuses beauty with its moral lesson. I do not esteem verses for expression merely, but my taste calls for some uplift or thrill of pleasure from a truth flashing lightning-like from a scarf of cloud. All my efforts are to teach." It was this conception of poetry, as well as his unwavering devotion to his

brother's memory, that devolved upon him the task, a love-task, of bringing the people to a fuller appreciation of Sidney Lanier.

"I would rather be a tolerable essayist than an intolerable versifier," he had said, but he was far more than a tolerable essayist and never an intolerable versifier. Much that he wrote was never published, and of this unpublished material no little was in essay form on the relations of poetry and philosophy and the relations of poetry and religion. Essays of this character were printed in the Nashville *Christian Advocate, The Chautauquan* and *The Independent;* and other essays, and poems, too, appeared in periodicals ranging from the local daily to the established monthly. He tried his hand at fiction also, though with less success than in essay or poetry. "Thorn Fruit" was a war sketch designed to portray scenes of his recent experience, while "Love and Loyalty at War" (1893) was in lighter vein, but still of serious temper. His only collected volume of poems is entitled 'Apollo and Keats on Browning, and other Poems.' It takes its title from the longest and first poem in the collection. It is fantasy of very great beauty. It was born, no doubt, of the author's tendency to realize the other world in this. In his poetry he seems always to feel that the world of the poet, of the seer, of the soul apart from the body, are all very much at one with the busy world of our daily meditations, if not of our earthly concerns. Every one of his poems points a moral of ethics or of good living and high thinking.

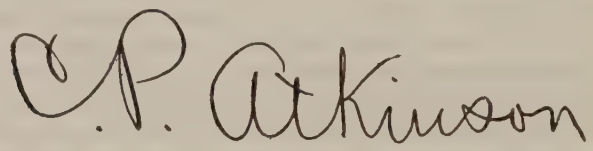
There are many of the poems that it would be worth while to speak of, but they must be left mainly to speak their own messages. The following were originally published in the periodicals indicated: "A Portrait," *Scribner's Magazine,* about 1876; Dialect Verses by Sidney and Clifford Lanier: "The Power of Prayer," *Scribner's Magazine,* 1875 or 1876; "Uncle Jim's Baptist Revival Hymn"; *Scribner's Magazine,* 1876; "The Power of Affection, or Voting in Alabama"; "Friar Servetus (A Paraphrase)," *The Independent,* October 23, 1890.

Lanier had the poetic nature. It was not the nature that expresses itself in the mere swing of song, but in the rapture of symbolic insight. His creations are not of the first rank; he could not be called a great poet. But there is deep insight expressed in artistic words symbolizing the ultimate things of the human heart. He expressed in his own writings the thought that, at the heart of all things, religion and philosophy and poetry are one. That is the conception of the philosopher and the intuition of the poet. There was about him something of both.

It is a fitting last word with which he closes the little volume of

his collected poems. It is a sort of confession of faith in which he lived and almost prophetic of the manner of his passing away. It expresses his view of the life past "the western gate":

"In circles ever moveth life around
Without decline; eve puts no term nor bound;
Age at old portals is await
For that new scene beyond the gate.
This little grain of life was sweet; how grand
The planetary round of God's new land."



THE MISSION OF BEAUTY

Extract from an Essay entitled "Literature and Life."

. . . We speak of different kinds of rights—legal rights, moral rights, etc.; now, have we the moral right or spiritual charter of liberty to live our lives prosaically? Of course the present possesses its insistent demands. The actual is a task-master; duties are in evidence; circumstances are always tugging at the skirts of the soul for recognition; but is it not the business of Education, of Literature, of Religion, to make straight the path of the Lord of life, to throw the glamor of affection, the broideries of skill, the charm of poetic color and the odor of sanctity about the dull, the prosy, the forbidding and the common-place?

There cometh after the actual and the common-place one whose sandal-strings they are not worthy to loose—the Holy Spirit of intellectual, of moral, of spiritual Beauty (the goodness of Beauty and the Beauty of goodness), one who indeed diffuses the loveliness of a divine comforter, and for the sake of whom the disciples of such sweet Love welcome toil, privation, and even death.

Literature it is that enables education to dignify, to sweeten, to adorn, to poetize the prosy and the common-place.

As God walked with Adam in the noon of Eden, if Deity

shall vouchsafe again to walk with man, as friend with friend, in the cool of the day of time, I know not how Humanity may express his part of the colloquy save in the terms of Music, of Literature, of Poetry and of Philosophy.

One other thought, as to the power of these engines of Beauty to accomplish work, of these deliveries to free men from imprisonment. You know that while all are equal, as regarded by the eye of the law, we are yet bound by all manner of laws, rites, customs, restrictions and conventionalities of society. Goethe said, he could not conceive of liberty save in the circle of law.

Spirits are chained by the wants of the body, as bodies are bound by the decrees and dictates of fashion, and, tho' not slaves, we are in many particulars, prisoners of fate or of our own lower passions and appetites. Responsibilities of power and exalted station are so many heavy chains, and wealth itself may be a dungeon, to those who know not how, or dare not, throw off its weighty manacles and learn to use the stewardship just as God meant it to be used. Want, poverty, disease are indeed heavy gyves and chains which men strive ever for release from, and invoke labor, talent, knowledge, medical science and every other appliance under Heaven for rescue from. Now Literature, Song, and other forms of artistic Beauty do indeed free men's spirits from those jails and chains. They rarely make men rich, although the rewards grow larger every year, but they console men in poverty, and make them happy while wanting as to many bodily desires, and keep their spirits healthy and pure even tho' their limbs are halt and their frames racked by physical pains.

Circumstances cage men, very much as birds are caged; Religion and Arts give liberty from these dungeons. Let us end these reflections with some lines addressed to a caged bird. They are called "The Wings of Song" and perhaps may interpret in some measure the burden of the small prisoner's familiar trills:—

Blithe hint to artist man, small bird
  In narrow-spanned imprisonment!
Thine airy song is like a word
  Angelic to poor artists sent.

It seems to free thee of thy cage;
As owning all the woodland's range,
Thy being wings upon its rage
And rapture-buoyant music strange.

To gleams of wildwood dells and streams,
Ne'er known by thee, to forest rills
That are heredity's dim dreams,
Just wrought for fountains to thy trills.

'Twere alchemy to transport these
O'er widening leagues of circumstance,
But thy soul-wafting song doth tease
Like riddles hoar of death and chance;

For it doth bear thyself, not them;
No prisoner now, but freedom's king
In Time's wide woods, upon the stem
And spray of space thou lilt'st to sing.

Of old, philosophy hath said—
"Nor gold nor consulship made free;"
Wise Epictetus established,
Knowledge of song gave liberty.

And science of life made true athletes,
Tho' bodies live in gyves and chains:
And his disciples, he entreats,
To note how wisdom spirit trains.

Does song, sweet bird, unbind thy heart?
Then wit-wise man may free *his* soul,
Borne on the winged voice of Art,
And reach the spirit's happier goal.

TIME, TIRELESS TRAMP

All selections are from 'Apollo and Keats on Browning, and Other Poems.' Used here by permission of Mrs. Clifford Lanier.

O Time, thou running tramp so fleet,
  If thou would'st only lag awhile!
I pause to ease my weary feet
  And thou hast sped a mile.

How long a journey may I take
  With thee? Is life but just one stage?
Our next inn, death? New life, the break
  Of dawning age on age?

Millenial eons round, like flowers,
  Thou must have known in bud and bloom—
And secular days from crescent powers
  Waning to sunless gloom.

Didst chat with Luna ere she grew
  So chastely sad and ghostly cold
About her fairness ere she knew
  "The wrinkle" of growing old?

Art come to age's memory yet?
  Wilt gossip of thine earlier days?
The middle countless years forget
  And sing us primal lays!

A hundred thousand springs eclipse
  In blank forgetfulness. Retrace
Some million stades, and on thy lips
  And round thy youthful face

Let speak the word, let shine the light
  That sang and shone when stars were born!
Wert thou Beginning's eremite
  Unwed, alone, forlorn?

How old wert thou when Adam played
With Flora and the Fauns and Pan?
What time throned *Jah* from lustrous shade
Spake music unto man?

Beyond do vaster oceans roll?
How long canst thou expect to be?
All time thy body, timeless soul,
Hath reached maturity?

Thou seem'st a Jack-o'-lantern thought,
E'er dancing over fens of fern,
Fitful, afeared of getting caught,
And dark when thou should'st burn.

Did God exhale thee while He slept,
The very vapor of His breath,
That, breath of Life, thou yet hast kept
The Elfin-ness of Death?

A SEAWEED ON DECK IN MID-OCEAN

Brave tangle, color-glinting weed,
Thou stayest not our huge ship's speed
One little whit. Thine atom's need,
We heed it not.
Could not Leviathan's vast greed
Spare thee one spot?

Fierce winter gales thy cradle shook,
Within some isle-sequestered nook;
Thine ancestors there refuge took
Against the storm,
To parent safe from alien look
Thee nested warm.

Did thy forbears Columbus know,
When that discoverer long ago,
Solemn with prophecy of wo,
His deck did pace—
Whose caravels and pinnace slow
Sargasso trace?

Mayhap they 'scaped De Soto's keel,
Whose enterprise of sword and steel
Is brave with hopes his Spaniards feel
Of empires grand,
Yet desperate for wo or weal
(Hidalgo band)!

Or did they look on Wesley born
To larger fate, yet now forlorn,
For still delays Conversion's dawn?
And Oglethorpe,
Who quits with store of oil and corn
His easeful dorp

To found asylums in the west
For debtors and all sore-oppressed?
Ye, fervid zeal, good English breast!
Ye loved e'en weeds:
Your very heart-throbs beat and pressed
For human needs!

How long, thou tiny lichen, thou
Sea-alga tossed above our prow
And rudely kept by strangers now
From out thy home,
Hast known Time's furrowing ocean-plow
Divide the foam?

What jetsam, flotsam, of sad wreck,
That lately graced some freighted deck
Of souls who danger little reck
As even we,
Hast thou seen, sorrowful, weedy speck—
Lost, tossed at sea?

Wood mosses tame ken not the strife,
The warfare waged for merely life,
Wherewith thy battle here is rife
'Mid wind and wave:
Their days are joys of folk house-wife
From birth to grave.

Thine is the warrior-martyr's fate,
To bleeding fall without the gate
Of Israel, die, and, with no date
On sandy tomb,
To lie, and to the ages prate
Of war's sad doom.

Such would be, if this meager art
Thine only record were. Thy heart
Be comforted! A better part
May yet befall.
Impaled upon an expert's dart
Against the wall,

In some museum's richest niche,
Thou shalt high lore of science teach,
And secrets of huge ocean preach—
Gain out of loss!
Beyond the heaven, thou yet shalt reach,
Of weed or moss!

THE AMERICAN PHILOMEL

Ah, sweet, our mocking-bird,
The many-tongued!
From highest top of yon church pinnacle,
Whose glittering point thus quivers into song,
His voice!
The church's faith and love
Now seem to blossom in
Nor flower nor odor, but in sound.
Gone is the day, passed with its Sabbath forms:
The zeal of Sunday-school in children's eyes,
Blazing to kindle bright the farthest isles,
Now fades in children's dreams this summer night,
And yields their fane to loveliness of song.

Balm-breathing harmony,
What tenderness is thine!
The air is all ethereal;

The moonlight soft affection's sweetest smile:
The fragrant trees are Beauty's ministers,
And dewy lawns lie tearfully a-dream.

Sweet, bird-blown flute,
Thou weavest poesy and lore in one—
Religion, history, and song,
Wild-flowers, and wheat!
An Indian maiden with the heart of Ruth,
Withheld by tribal hate from joy and love,
And pining faithfully,
Might utter such a plaint as thine
Now is; anon
Some antique Miriam's triumph swells
In rising, crescent, cymbal-clashing notes,
Joyous, outringing as a peal of bells.

An alabaster box of Music's nard
Upon the feet of Love thou shatterest:
These drops of dew are fragrant with its sweet;
These pendent boughs seem blessing hands;
Out of grim shadow benedictions come;
Moonlight like Christ's forgiveness beams:
Thy heavenly throatings whisper to the soul
Undying faith, supernal—
Love eternal.

FOREST ELIXIRS

Inhaling strength with every breath
Soft blown across the mountain way,
I stroll where autumn's crimson death
And Summer's resurrection say

The annual rhyme of death and life.
Smooth winds the road o'er covert glade,
On upward slope, by varying strife,
For mastery of light and shade.

Here greenery hath conquered all,
And dominates a world of love;
Yon distant hill is mighty thrall
Of mastering blueness throned above.

Here find I quiet rest I seek
Far from the turbulence of men,
And mildly importune the meek
Faun-voices of the Woodland glen;

Where think not that the woods are still;
For whomsoe'er can overhear
Each runlet speaketh, and each hill,
A music hid from carnal ear.

The dumb rocks hint their history;
And myriad winged things float past
With messages of mystery
Sent from the dim leaf-shadowed vast.

All tender moss that steadfast clings
To warm the oak-root, mantle-wise,
Some answer has to questionings,
Repose for restless subtleties.

If I would stanch an anguish sore
That contumely's thrust hath made,
Or into wounds mild healing pour
Away from battle-fields of trade,

I walk amid these leafy balms—
Wood distillations magic breeds—
Upborne upon the upheld palms
Of elfin greenwood—Ganymedes,

And learn how thought is kin to prayer—
That grace, as juices from earth's sod,
Flows through the veins of spirit where
Man's soul doth feel the touch of God.

FRIAR SERVETUS

(A Paraphrase)

The monk Servetus sits alone
  Within his small, unfurnished cell;
Few comforts were this hermit's own—
  This anchorite of book and bell.

Communion brings companionship,
  And lo! he is not all alone;
A greeting trembles on his lip
  For that which sudden round him shone.

In ecstasy of great delight
  He bends to grasp his Saviour's hands;
Big, joyful tears spring at the sight;
  He knows not if he kneels or stands.

Alas! Now strikes a hateful sound,
  The jingle of the postern door;
It stings him like a poisoned wound,
  And summons him to feed the poor.

A curse upsprings within his heart;
  A dark frown shadows o'er his face;
The menial task, the drudge's part
  Calls *yonder; here* is Christ's high grace.

He goes with pang and footstep slow,
  Is long detained by hunger's moan;
He hastens back from mortal wo
  To kiss the bare stone where He shone.

What tender voice breaks on his ear?
  The light is as of Easter morn:
"As thou didst go, I still am here;
  Hadst thou remained, I had been gone."

HIS SILENT FLUTE

To S. L., 1881

Each life is tinct with joyousness and pain:
A web of measured silences and sound
In subtle plan of patterns deftly wound,
And with a heart of love is Music. Rain,
Sunshine, are tides of one wavering Main
Whose throbbing bears the prow of life to port:
E'en on the parapet of Hatred's fort
Some bruisèd violet of love will fain
Its banner wave for Brotherhood and God:
Such alternates do fleck the whole vast round:
A star, a comet lost is a planet found:
This comfort would I take from star and clod—
I hear it murmuring from his silent flute—
"Death is not death, but life that's briefly mute."

TO A POET DYING YOUNG

S. L.

Much like some mountain-springing crystal rill,
Or burgeoning of trees that bravely climb
The sunniest crag of all; now like the mime
Of mock-bird trilling gaily, then death-still,
As if his mate-bird's answer hushed his trill,
Or some god whispered in his ear, " 'Tis time
For holy meditation,"—so thy rhyme
Did falter seeking beauty and love's will.
Too short, ah! sadly short, thy days for song,
For work, for prayer, for far-envoyaging thought.
Ah, me! no time nor strength for righting wrong
Thy soul well knew man's apathy had wrought.
Thou couldst but trill, as thou didst limp along,
High hints of music's heaven thy soul had caught.

THE MEN BEHIND THE "BOOKS"

From cabined walls of close-ranged dusty shelves,
Whereon the effigies of great thoughts are
In print, mine inner sense would break the bar
And find the treasury of their inmost selves;
Shakspere's, while visioning midsummer elves
With Queen Titania in her wee nut car;
With dreaming poets range from star to star,
Or plunge in caverns plumbing science delves;
To gaze beyond this pale on Keats' dear soul—
Endymion 'mong the stars of Beauty's sky;
On Milton's hearing Heavenly battles roll;
Thro' Wordsworth's, know each tender flowerets eye;
With humble workers study moss and clod,
And with brave singers feel the breath of God.

IN A LIBRARY

O love of books, what comradeship is thine!
  What stimulus of strife without its sting!
  Here old Time's warriors their trophies bring
With scent of classic fields and hint of brine
From Faery oceans, Fancy's eglantine,
  The towers of Romance whereround memories cling,
  With song-breaths poets' hearts cease not to sing,
And stories told of men become divine.
Who would not cleave the actual life in twain
  And yield Imagination this her due?
  To act the petty round is only half
Of life and keeps our living small and vain.
O choose we wisely what the mind may quaff,
  And catholic life in books is sweet and true!

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE WHITE HOUSE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Memento-hallowed of heroic Lost,
Nor time, nor rust hath power to despoil,
Nor hate besmirch thee with deflow'ring moil!
The pain of martyrs made thy priceless cost,
With outpoured blood of brave Confederate host,
And free-will offerings pure of corn and oil;
Thus thou art worthy countless lovers' toil;
Who suffered all for love now love thee most.
Reborn, rechristened, and by love new-made,
Thou art the dearer for what ruin wrought;
With thee let treasured memories be laid
For keeping, as to shrines our dead are brought;
Let Truth of history gem thy casket gold,
And thou stay ever new, yet ever old.

THE POWER OF AFFECTION; OR, VOTING IN ALABAMA

What dat you say? Haynh? vote for you? ain't nuvver seed you buffore;
I don' know what to call you by: my name? hit's uncle Sim.
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I aint gwine back on him.

Would *you exert* de fren' dat fed you, howsumduvver poor
He got his se'f, an' gin' you work, when work was mon'sous slim?
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile; I'se gwine to stay 'bout him.

When de creek was up an' drowned de corn, an' riz to dis here door,
Who gin' me 'lasses an' meal an' sich? Congress? no more'n dat limb.
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I'se boun' to stick roun' him.

De word's bin saunt fum up town dar, dis two, free days and more,
How we 'uns is to vote: (Yaas, sir, Pintlala'l make you swim;)
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I'se gwine to vote 'side him.

Convenshun dis! Convenshun dat! 'an black men on de floor!
I aint nuvver seed no *forty* yit; is't kase my eyes is dim?
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I'se gwine to shares wid him.

I'se voted ev'ry 'lection yit for Ekal rights; I'se tore
My insides out a holl'rin fur em; I'se yit *ole nigger* Sim;
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I'se gwine to bawl fur him.

Mehaly, she kin read de news (my wife, but you don' know 'er)
She says de Rads jis loves us nigs, like *gar fish loves* de brim;
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I'se gwine to use 'long him.

Dey's rid our votes to offis 'till our backs is skinned an' sore;
Dey's fooled *young* mules wid *collar straw*, dey *caint* fool uncle Sim;
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I aint gwine back on him.

GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE

We know not the very heart of the lute;
We only hear the beat of music's wings—
The garment's rustle as it shaping clings
About the bodied soul—whether low flute
Or trumpet's large world-full resounding bruit
That summons to enchant the state of kings;
We hear the organ's far-drawn murmurings,
But from the holiest Holy all is mute;
Maybe we host an angel unaware;
We cherish knowledge, tongues and prophecies,
Forgetful how these vanish into air
Whereof they frame their winning mysteries.
Love, love alone, in music, life, and art,
Remains the angelic friend-guest of the heart.

THE WESTERN GATE

Gold in the morn. Silver shine at noon.
Gold after noon! 'Tis twilight now;
Dusk wanes the day; old voices croon,
And pale the aureole on age's brow.
Fitful the flame upon the cottage fire
Burns like the heart of chill desire;
The limbs with ache like worn-out timbers creak,
And scarce the smoke may climb the chimney peak.
Dim sounds of uproar that the Present makes
Come through the window; Memory fonder shakes
Old sides to laughter and old hearts to tears;
All brave delights of youth give way to fears;

Grandchildren romp not with the glee of yore;
A sadness never felt before
Creeps in the mind; the hand clasps not as strong;
New songs sing not as that old song,
Clear with the truth
Of candid youth,
And sweet forsooth
As the limpid, twinkling sheen of the Romance well,
Or sweetheart-gospels lovers tell—
As truest chime of the marriage bell,
As loveliest child-bloom ever fell
From gardens where home-blisses grow
And joys of heaven with angels dwell
And Love's uncankered roses blow.
Cometh now life's afterglow;
O'er yonder sun the clouds drift slow
Like sleepy birds that seek the nest
On drowsy-moving wings almost at rest,
So smooth their flight into yon darkling West.
Gold in the morn. Silver shine at noon.
Gold after noon! New soft lights beam
Whereof the heart of youth may merely dream;
Pearl, amber, lucent sard are in yon gleam.
In circles ever moveth life around
Without decline; eve puts no term nor bound;
Age at old portals is await
For that new scene beyond the gate.
This little grain of life was sweet; how grand
The planetary round of God's new land!

SIDNEY LANIER

[1842—1881]

HENRY NELSON SNYDER

SIDNEY LANIER, the son of Robert Sampson and Mary Jane Anderson Lanier, was born at Macon, Georgia, on the third of February, 1842. Those who care for such things can, if they wish, make much of the fact that he seems to have come naturally by the dominant religious and artistic bent of his temperament and character, for both religion and art enter largely into his ancestry. His family first appear in England as French musicians of more than ordinary talent. This was in the reign of Elizabeth, and thereafter, as musicians and composers, certain Laniers held important positions at the courts of three other English sovereigns, Charles I, Charles II, and James II. Thus at least one passion of his life was in the blood of the poet. The American Laniers came to Virginia as French Huguenots. Thence some of them moved into North Carolina, there becoming members of the Methodist organization. His grandfather went to Georgia, settling at Macon. The poet's mother was of Scotch-Irish blood and was Presbyterian in faith and in rigid practice. This striking combination of ancestral forces—Huguenot, Methodist, Scotch-Irish, Presbyterian—seems to account for certain outstanding qualities in Lanier, the artist, the musician-poet, intensely spiritual in the ideals of his art and deeply religious in his interpretation of life and nature.

His boyhood was characterized chiefly by an absorbing passion for music, together with an exceptional skill as a performer on both the violin and the flute, and a voracious appetite for reading, particularly imaginative literature of the best type. At the age of eighteen he was far enough advanced to enter the sophomore class or Oglethorpe College at Milledgeville, Georgia, a small institution under the patronage of the Presbyterian Church. The future poet made the best of comparatively meager opportunities, and his college course revealed the bent of his nature and pointed the way he was afterward to go. He proved to be a student of exceptional ability, taking scholarship seriously; his lovableness of temperament and magnetic charm of manner attached to him the choicer spirits of the college in bonds of warmest friendship; music and literature, the best that had been thought and said, continued to be among the ab-

sorbing passions of his nature; and he came into personal contact with at least one great teacher, Dr. Woodrow, afterward president of the University of South Carolina, under whose inspiring leadership the young scholar-poet was looking forward to wider fields of study in some university of the Old World.

But such dreams were not to be realized. The young scholar, appointed tutor in his Alma Mater, answered the call of war and passed from the sheltered quiet of the study to the perilous edge of battle. As private soldier, scout, signal officer, blockade-runner, and prisoner at Point Lookout, he met the trying duties of a soldier with courage and loyalty, evincing in all his experiences that knightly quality of sheer manhood which makes one at times forget the poet and the musician and admire only the man.

He was dismissed from prison in 1865. But, from the exposure and privation he had undergone, incurable disease had already marked him for its own, and from one standpoint his life is but an inspiringly heroic struggle not to be overcome by it. In the midst of the bitterness and the social and political confusion of the reconstruction period, cheerfully and bravely he faced the mere question of how to live. At one time it was by teaching school near Macon and at Prattville, Alabama; again, it was by the commonplace work of a clerk in a hotel at Montgomery. But such things were his living, not his life; all the while he was studying and writing. German literature, Lucretius, and philosophy in particular engaged his interest. In 1867 he published his only novel, 'Tiger Lilies,' and in that year married Miss Mary Day, who proved to be an ideal poet's wife, the real woman of Lanier's exquisite poem, "My Springs." In 1870 he joined his father in the practice of law at Macon. All who knew him in this capacity bear witness to such efficiency and ability as promised a successful career.

But he was not to remain a lawyer. The search for health carried him to various places, and finally to San Antonio, Texas. Here he came into contact with a company of kindred artistic, music-loving spirits. Under the inspiration of his surroundings, he made up his mind to give himself wholly to music and poetry. With this conviction he went to Baltimore in the winter of the same year, securing there an engagement as first flutist in the then famous Peabody Orchestra. This employment not only gave him a means of support, but Baltimore itself furnished him a congenial, artistic and intellectual atmosphere into which Lanier entered with all the zest of his ardent nature. How complete this absorption was may be inferred from the concluding words of an ever-memorable letter to his father. "Does it not seem to you, as to me," he writes, "that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts

(music and poetry), having followed them so long and so humbly, and through so much bitterness?" This is the committal of one to a way of life to which he feels that he has been divinely called. In spite of his continued illness, he threw himself with a singular ardor and persistence into the investigation of various fields of knowledge, particularly of literature and science. It seems as if he realized that he had not lived before; and, with a kind of premonition that the day of his opportunity was to be all too short, he was trying in hot haste to appropriate it to the full ere it passed. One does not wonder that his best work in both prose and verse belongs to these few Baltimore years. In 1879 he was honored with the appointment of lecturer on English literature in the recently established Johns Hopkins University. He delivered two courses, one on "The Science of English Verse" and one on "The Development of the English Novel." The last series was delivered in the winter of 1880, when the poet was so weak from the ravages of disease that he had to sit during the delivery, holding out to the end by only a marvelous exercise of will. In the summer of 1881 he sought the healing airs of the western North Carolina mountains, but in vain. On the seventh of September, near Tryon, the long, heroic struggle with disease came to an end, and the earthly light of the finest spirit in Southern letters went out.

When one considers the difficulties in the way of the development and expression of Sidney Lanier's genius—the unpropitious conditions under which he began life, the interruption of his studies by the war, the struggle for support, and the unremitting fight against disease—the sheer amount, as well as the quality, of his merely intellectual achievement is little short of wonderful. He left, besides his poetry, ten volumes in all: 'Tiger Lilies,' a novel; a volume of letters; two volumes of essays, 'Music and Poetry' and 'Retrospects and Prospects'; two volumes of lectures; 'Shakespere and his Forerunners'; a book on Florida; three books for boys, 'The Boys' Froissart,' 'The Boys' Percy,' and 'The Boys' Mabinogion'; and two volumes of exceptionally suggestive criticism, the Johns Hopkins University lectures on 'The Science of English Verse' and 'The Development of the English Novel.'

All this represents a man's full quota of the world's work in the line he had chosen, and the fine thing about it is that so little of it was mere hack-work, or the product of a facile dilettantism in music and literature. The range of knowledge displayed, the essential originality of ideas, the conscientious effort to come at the truth of the matter in hand, the high seriousness of the writer, and the concrete vividness of his style, all tend to lift Lanier's prose writing out of the range of the commonplace, though its chief value is to be found, first, in its revelation of the fine yet strong personality of the man himself,

and, secondly, what is akin to this, of his lofty ideals of the qualities, the mission, and the service of the twin arts of music and poetry. No student of American literature can afford to overlook Lanier's prose as a revelation of one of the most attractive personalities in that literature and also as a record of the serious application of spiritual ideas to the fundamental principles of art.

When one turns to the poetry of Lanier, these again are the two things that one cannot escape. One is conscious through it all of the personality of the man in its high, unbending chivalry and in its persistent aspiration to attain the best. This is the source of the subtle, pervasive charm that wins the heart of every sympathetic reader, and it is no slight achievement, as far as the content of a poet's work is concerned, to be thus able to stir the nobility of other natures by the presence in his verse of his own essential nobility of temperament. Then, too, the reader of Lanier's poetry is bound to appreciate and be stimulated by the character of the ideas with which most of it is informed—the conception of the true poet's leadership in "Corn," the breadth of his vision and his duty to record the whole of life in "Beethoven," his solemn responsibilities in "Individuality," his mission to forward the spiritual progress of the race in "Clover," to fertilize the world with the beauty and power of truth in "The Bee," to spiritualize the ills of life into good in "Rose Morals," and, finally, to live the best in order to write the best in "Life and Song." Moreover, to life and its problems, social, political, industrial, intellectual, and religious, he applied certain characteristic fundamental ideas that are strong in their appeal. As a poet, he was essentially modern in thought, trying bravely to interpret the contradictions and confusions of the world about him in terms of a faith which steadily refused to eliminate from the affairs of men a beneficent God and a purpose wisely directed though hard to understand. Besides, the God of the Purpose was working out His plans somehow under the law of Love. Through this law, Science and Art are to be wedded and our political problems solved ("The Psalm of the West"); the hideous conception of Hell is to be banished from theological thought ("How Love Looked for Hell"); the unseemly quarrels of religious sects are to be transformed into peaceful unity ("Remonstrance"); industrial and commercial conditions and relationships will be made beautiful with all the fair things of life ("The Symphony"), and the world be won finally to Him who was the flawless incarnation of holiness and love ("The Crystal Christ").

So dominant are such ideas in Lanier's poetry that one feels himself communing, for the time, with an exceedingly winning preacher of spiritual truth, a kind of St. Francis of Assisi in modern garb and thought. But, however great the charm of such an experience,

and the moral tonic that comes with it, this does not settle the essentially poetic quality of Lanier's work, nor does it warrant one in affirming that he has made contributions to literature of permanent value—permanent because thought, feeling, image, and sound are wedded in the indissoluble unity of perfect beauty. The final question is, in brief, was he a true poet, and of what rank?

The settlement of such questions must be largely a matter of personal taste and judgment. Yet the sure, steady growth in the number of those who care for Lanier's poetry is significantly prophetic, and at least three of his poems have entered into the region where there is no dispute, the region where even the æsthetic sense of the higher critic and the instinctive approbation of the great common heart of the world are at one: "The Ballad of the Trees and the Master," "The Song of the Chattahoochee," and "The Revenge of Hamish." The exquisite grace and the moving appeal of the first two and the gripping power of the last one have already fixed them beyond cavil with the best of their kind.

Henry Nelson Snyder.

CORN

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* * * * * *

Look, out of line one tall corn-captain stands
Advanced beyond the foremost of his bands,
  And waves his blades upon the very edge
  And hottest thicket of the battling hedge.
Thou lustrous stalk, that ne'er mayst walk nor talk,
  Still shalt thou type the poet-soul sublime
  That leads the vanward of his timid time
  And sings up cowards with commanding rhyme—
Soul calm, like thee, yet fain, like thee, to grow
By double increment, above, below;
  Soul homely, as thou art, yet rich in grace like thee,
  Teaching the yeomen selfless chivalry
  That moves in gentle curves of courtesy;

Soul filled like thy long veins with sweetness tense,
By every godlike sense
Transmuted from the four wild elements.
  Drawn to high plans,
  Thou lift'st more stature than a mortal man's,
Yet ever piercest downward in the mould
And keepest hold
  Upon the reverend and steadfast earth
  That gave thee birth;
Yea, standest smiling in thy future grave,
Serene and brave,
  With unremitting breath
  Inhaling life from death,
Thine epitaph writ fair in fruitage eloquent,
Thyself thy monument.

As poets should,
Thou hast built up thy hardihood
With universal food,
  Drawn in select proportion fair
  From honest mould and vagabond air;
From darkness of the dreadful night,
And joyful light;
  From antique ashes, whose departed flame
  In thee has finer life and longer fame;
From wounds and balms,
From storms and calms,
  From potsherds and dry bones
  And ruin-stones.

Into thy vigorous substance thou hast wrought
Whate'er the hand of circumstance hath brought;
  Yea, into cool solacing green hast spun
  White radiance hot from out the sun.
So thou dost mutually leaven
Strength of earth with grace of heaven;
  So thou dost marry new and old
  Into a one of higher mould;
  So thou dost reconcile the hot and cold,

The dark and bright,
And many a heart-perplexing opposite,
And so,
Akin by blood to high and low,
Fitly thou playest out thy poet's part,
Richly expending thy much-bruised heart
In equal care to nourish lord in hall
Or beast in stall:
Thou took'st from all that thou mightst give to all.

O steadfast dweller on the selfsame spot
Where thou wast born, that still repinest not—
Type of the home-fond heart, the happy lot!—
Deeply thy mild content rebukes the land
Whose flimsy homes, built on the shifting sand
Of trade, for ever rise and fall
With alternation whimsical,
Enduring scarce a day,
Then swept away
By swift engulfments of incalculable tides
Whereon capricious Commerce rides.
Look, thou substantial spirit of content!
Across this little vale, thy continent,
To where, beyond the mouldering mill,
Yon old deserted Georgian hill
Bares to the sun his piteous aged crest
And seamy breast,
By restless-hearted children left to lie
Untended there beneath the heedless sky,
As barbarous folk expose their old to die.
Upon that generous-rounding side,
With gullies scarified
Where keen Neglect his lash hath plied,
Dwelt one I knew of old, who played at toil,
And gave to coquette Cotton soul and soil.
Scorning the slow reward of patient grain,
He sowed his heart with hopes of swifter gain,
Then sat him down and waited for the rain.

He sailed in borrowed ships of usury—
A foolish Jason on a treacherous sea,
Seeking the Fleece and finding misery.
  Lulled by smooth-rippling loans, in idle trance
  He lay, content that unthrift Circumstance
  Should plough for him the stony field of Chance.
Yea, gathering crops whose worth no man might tell,
He staked his life on games of Buy-and-Sell,
And turned each field into a gambler's hell.
  Aye, as each year began,
  My farmer to the neighboring city ran;
Passed with a mournful, anxious face
Into the banker's inner place;
Parleyed, excused, pleaded for longer grace;
  Railed at the drought, the worm, the rust, the grass;
  Protested ne'er again 'twould come to pass;
  With many an *oh* and *if* and *but alas*
Parried or swallowed searching questions rude,
And kissed the dust to soften Dives's mood.
At last, small loans by pledges great renewed,
  He issues smiling from the fatal door,
  And buys with lavish hand his yearly store
  Till his small borrowings will yield no more.
Aye, as each year declined,
With bitter heart and ever-brooding mind
He mourned his fate unkind.
  In dust, in rain, with might and main,
  He nursed his cotton, cursed his grain,
  Fretted for news that made him fret again,
Snatched at each telegram of Future Sale,
And thrilled with Bulls' or Bears' alternate wail—
In hope or fear alike for ever pale.
  And thus from year to year, through hope and fear,
  With many a curse and many a secret tear,
  Striving in vain his cloud of debt to clear,
    At last
He woke to find his foolish dreaming past,
  And all his best-of-life the easy prey

Of squandering scamps and quacks that lined his way
With vile array,
From rascal statesman down to petty knave;
Himself, at best, for all his bragging brave,
A gamester's catspaw and a banker's slave.
Then, worn and gray, and sick with deep unrest,
He fled away into the oblivious West,
Unmourned, unblest.

Old hill! old hill! thou gashed and hairy Lear
Whom the divine Cordelia of the year,
E'en pitying Spring, will vainly strive to cheer—
King, that no subject man nor beast may own,
Discrowned, undaughtered and alone—
Yet shall the great God turn thy fate,
And bring thee back into thy monarch state
And majesty immaculate.
Lo, through hot waverings of the August morn,
Thou givest from thy vasty sides forlorn
Visions of golden treasuries of corn—
Ripe largesse lingering for some bolder heart
That manfully shall take thy part,
And tend thee,
And defend thee,
With antique sinew and with modern art.

MY SPRINGS

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky
And mirror all of life and time,
—Serene and dainty pantomime.

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
—Thus heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always when the large Form of Love
Is hid by storms that rage above,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Love in his very verity.

Always when Faith with stifling stress
Of grief hath died in bitterness,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Faith that smiles immortally.

Always when Charity and Hope,
In darkness bounden, feebly grope,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Light that sets my captives free.

Always, when Art on perverse wing
Flies where I cannot hear him sing,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labor faints, and Glory fails,
And coy Reward in sighs exhales,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
—My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure
And gray and wise and honor-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath
Yet calmly unafraid of death;

Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor-folk's loves,
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plan,
And lady-loves for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace,

And diamonds, and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth,

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,
—I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

* * * * * *

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous marshes of Glynn.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH

It was three slim does and a ten-tined buck in the bracken lay;
And all of a sudden the sinister smell of a man,
Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and ran
Down the hill-side and sifted along through the bracken and passed that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she was the daintiest doe;
In the print of her velvet flank on the velvet fern
She reared, and rounded her ears in turn.
Then the buck leapt up, and his head as a king's to a crown did go

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as if Death had the form of a deer;
And the two slim does long lazily stretching arose,
For their day-dream slowlier came to a close,
Till they woke and were still, breath-bound with waiting and wonder and fear.

Then Alan the huntsman sprang over the hillock, the hounds shot by,
The does and the ten-tined buck made a marvellous bound,
The hounds swept after with never a sound,
But Alan loud winded his horn in sign that the quarry was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean of Lochbuy to the hunt had waxed wild,
And he cursed at old Alan till Alan fared off with the hounds
For to drive him the deer to the lower glen-grounds:
"I will kill a red deer," quote Maclean, "in the sight of the wife and the child."

So gayly he paced with the wife and the child to his chosen stand;
But he hurried tall Hamish the henchman ahead: "Go turn——"
Cried Maclean—"if the deer seek to cross to the burn,
Do thou turn them to me: nor fail, lest thy back be red as thy hand."

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half blown of his breath with the height of the hill,
Was white in the face when the ten-tined buck and the does
Drew leaping to burn-ward; huskily rose
His shouts, and his nether lip twitched, and his legs were o'er-weak for his will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and bounded away to the burn.
But Maclean never bating his watch tarried waiting below
Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go
All the space of an hour; then he went, and his face was greenish and stern,

And his eye sat back in the socket, and shrunken the eyeballs shone,
As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were shame to see.
"Now, now, grim henchman, what is't with thee?"
Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as a beacon the wind hath upblown.

"Three does and a ten-tined buck made out," spoke Hamish, full mild,
"And I ran for to turn, but my breath it was blown, and they passed;
I was weak, for ye called ere I broke me my fast."
Cried Maclean: "Now a ten-tined buck in the sight of the wife and the child

I had killed if the gluttonous kern had not wrought me a snail's own wrong!"
Then he sounded, and down came kinsmen and clansmen all.
"Ten blows, for ten tine, on his back let fall,
And reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite of thong!"

So Hamish made bare, and took him his strokes; at the last he smiled.
"Now I'll to the burn," quoth Maclean, "for it still may be,
If a slimmer-paunched henchman will hurry with me,
I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a gift to the wife and the child!"

Then the clansmen departed, by this path and that; and over the hill
Sped Maclean with an outward wrath for an inward shame;
And that place of the lashing full quiet became;
And the wife and the child stood sad; and bloody-backed Hamish sat still.

But look! Hamish has risen; quick about and about turns he.
"There is none betwixt me and the crag-top!" he screams under breath.
Then livid as Lazarus lately from death,
He snatches the child from the mother, and clambers the crag toward the sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is dumb, and her heart goes dead for a space,
Till the motherhood, mistress of death, shrieks, shrieks through the glen,
And that place of the lashing is live with men,
And Maclean, and the gillie that told him, dash up in a desperate race.

Not a breath's time for asking; an eye-glance reveals all the tale untold.
They follow mad Hamish afar up the crag toward the sea,
And the lady cries: "Clansmen, run for a fee!—
Yon castle and lands to the two first hands that shall hook him and hold

Fast Hamish back from the brink!"—and ever she flies up the steep,
And the clansmen pant, and they sweat, and they jostle and strain.
But, mother, 'tis vain; but, father, 'tis vain;
Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink, and dangles the child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that run, and they all stand still.
And the wife prays Hamish as if he were God, on her knees,
Crying: "Hamish! O Hamish! but please, but please
For to spare him!" and Hamish still dangles the child, with a wavering will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk scream, and a gibe, and a song,
Cries: "So, I will spare ye the child if, in sight of ye all,
Ten blows on Maclean's bare back shall fall,
And ye reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his tooth was red,
Breathed short for a space, said: "Nay, but it never shall be!
Let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea!"
But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us the child from the sea, if dead?"

Say yea!—Let them lash *me,* Hamish? "Nay!"—"Hamish, the lashing will heal;
But, oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn in his grave?
Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a knave?
Quick! Love! I will bare thee—so—kneel!" Then Maclean 'gan slowly to kneel

With never a word, till presently downward he jerked to the earth.
Then the henchman—he that smote Hamish—would tremble and lag;
"Strike, hard!" quoth Hamish, full stern, from the crag;
Then he struck him, and "One!" sang Hamish, and danced with the child in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he counted each stroke with a song.
When the last stroke fell, then he moved him a pace down the height,
And he held forth the child in the heartaching sight
Of the mother, and looked all pitiful grave, as repenting a wrong.

And there as the motherly arms stretched out with the thanksgiving prayer—
And there as the mother crept up with a fearful swift pace,
Till her finger nigh felt of the bairnie's face—
In a flash fierce Hamish turn round and lifted the child in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms from the horrible height
in the sea,
Shrill screeching, "Revenge!" in the wind-rush; and pallid
Maclean,
Age-feeble with anger and impotent pain,
Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked hold of dead
roots of a tree—

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his back drip—
dripped in the brine,
And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he flew,
And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,
And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun began to
shine.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MUSIC AND VERSE

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We have now reached a point where we can profitably inquire as to the precise differentiation between the two species of the art of sound—music and verse. We have found that the art of sound, in general, embraces phenomena of rhythm, of tune, and of tone-color. Many will be disposed to think that the second class of these phenomena just named—tune—is not found in verse, and that the absence of it should be one of the first differences to be noted as between music and verse. Tune is, however, quite as essential a constituent of verse as of music; and the disposition to believe otherwise is due only to the complete unconsciousness with which we come to use these tunes after the myriad repetitions of them which occur in all our daily intercourse by words. We will presently find, from numerous proofs and illustrations which are submitted in Part II., on "The Tunes of Verse," that our modern speech is made up quite as much of tunes as of words and that our ability to convey our thoughts depends upon the existence of a great number of curious melodies of speech which have somehow acquired form and significance. These "tunes" are not mere vague variations of pitch in successive words—which

would deserve the name of tune only in the most general sense of that term—but they are perfectly definite and organized melodies of the speaking-voice, composed of exact variations of pitch so well marked as to be instantly recognized by every ear. If they were *not* thus recognized, a large portion of the ideas which we now convey with ease would be wholly inexpressible. Reserving, then, all details upon this matter until their appropriate place under the head of "The Tunes of Verse," in Part II., above cited, it will be sufficient here if the reader is asked to realize them in a practical way by first attempting to utter any significant sentences of prose or verse in an absolutely unchanging voice from beginning to end. This will be found quite difficult, and when successfully executed produces an impression of strangeness which all the more clearly illustrates how habitually and how unconsciously the tunes of speech are used. If, having uttered the sentences in a rigidly unvarying tone, the reader will then utter them in the tunes which we feel—by some inward perceptions too subtle for treatment here—to be appropriate to them, it will easily be seen that definite successions of tones are being used —so definite that they are kept in mind for their appropriate occasions just as words are, and so regular in their organizations as to be in all respects worthy the name of "tunes," instead of the vague terms "intonation," or "inflection," which have so long concealed the real function of these wonderful melodies of the speaking-voice.

The art of verse, then, as well as the art of music—the two species of the genus art sound—includes all the three great classes of phenomena summed up under the terms rhythm, tune, and tone-color. We will presently find many problems solved by the full recognition of this fact that there is absolutely no difference between the sound-relations used in music and those used in verse.

If this be true—if the sound-relations of music and verse are the same—we are necessarily forced to look for the difference between the two arts in the nature of the *sounds* themselves with which they deal. Here, indeed, the difference lies. Expressed, as far as possible, in the popular terms, it is as follows:

> When those exact coördinations which the ear perceives as rhythm, tune, and tone-color, are suggested to the ear by a series of *musical sounds,* the result is . . . Music.
>
> When those exact coördinations which the ear perceives as rhythm, tune, and tone-color, are suggested to the ear by a series of *spoken words,* the result is . . . Verse.

But it is necessary to attain a very much more philosophical view of the relation between "musical sounds" and "words" than is generally implied in the popular use of those terms; for a slight examination will show that words are themselves musical sounds. They are the results of regular vibrations; they are as capable of the exactest coördination in respect of their intensity (loudness or softness) as any other sounds; they give pleasure to the ear by their fall: in short, without here attempting a definition of musical sounds, it must be said that from a scientific point of view there is no incident of them which is not also an incident of words.

For all purposes of verse, words are unquestionably musical sounds produced by a reed-instrument—the human voice. It must therefore be clearly understood by the reader that, in the above distinction between music and verse, what are called musical sounds are only one set out of the possible body of musical sounds; while what are called words are another set; that is, that "words" (in the sense of the above distinction) means simply one kind of musical sounds, and "musical sounds" means simply another kind. It is to be regretted that our language does not afford us more precise terms for these purposes. Music, although a very old art, has only recently been investigated by exact methods: the same may be said of poetry; and it is probably owing to this circumstance that we have no terms which embody precise relations between spoken words and musical tones. The terms "vocal" and "instrumental" are not satisfactory, because they hide one of the most important facts to be kept in view in all such investigations as the present, namely, the purely instrumental character of the speaking-voice and of its tones (words). "Vocal" here *is* "instrumental." Let the reader always conceive, first, a general body of musical tones; then let the speaking-voice be conceived as an instrument consisting of a tube (the mouth, nose, and throat) and a pair of reeds

(the vocal chords), which produce a certain set of these musical sounds. It is true that this certain set has received a special name, "words," because it has come to be used for a special purpose, namely, that of communicating ideas from man to man. It will assist the reader to a clearer conception of this matter, if the fact be called to mind that the selection of vocal sounds for the purpose of communicating ideas was not at all a necessary one. Other sets of musical sounds might have been selected for this purpose, those of whistles or flutes, for instance; or no sounds at all might have been used, and "words" might have been entirely eye-signs, as is actually the case with the deaf and dumb. In fine, when the term "words" is used as describing the peculiar set of sounds used in verse, the reader must understand it merely as a convenient method of singling out that specialized set of musical sounds made by the musical instrument called "the human speaking-voice."

A POET'S LETTER TO A FRIEND

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MACON, GA., April 13, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. HAYNE:—Watching, night and day, for two weeks past, by the bedside of a sick friend, I have had no spiritual energy to escape out of certain gloomy ideas which always possess me when I am in the immediate presence of physical ailment; and I did not care to write you that sort of letter which one is apt to send under such circumstances, since I gather from your letters that you have enough and to spare of these dismal down-weighings of the flesh's ponderous cancer upon suffering and thoughtful souls.

I am glad, therefore, that I waited until this divine day. If the year were an Orchestra, to-day would be the Flute-tone in it. A serene Hope, just on the very verge of realizing itself: a tender loneliness—what some German calls *Waldeinsamkeit,* wood-loneliness—the ineffable withdrawal-feeling that comes over one when he hides himself in among the trees, and knows himself shut in by their purity, as by a fragile yet impregnable wall, from the suspicions and the trade-regulations of men;

and an inward thrill, in the air, or in the sunshine, one knows not which, half like the thrill of the passion of love, and half like the thrill of the passion of friendship:—these, which make up the office of the flute-voice in those poems which the old masters wrote for the Orchestra, also prevail throughout to-day.

Do you like—as I do—on such a day to go out into the sunlight and *stop thinking*, lie fallow, like a field, and absorb those certain liberal potentialities which will in after days reappear, duly formulated, duly grown, duly perfected, as poems? I have a curiosity to know if to you, as to me, there come such as this day—a day exquisitely satisfying with all the fulnesses of the Spring, and filling you as full of nameless tremors as a girl on a wedding-morn; and yet, withal, a day which utterly denies you the gift of speech, which puts its finger on the lip of your inspiration, which inexorably enforces upon your soul a silence that you infinitely long to break, a day, in short, which takes absolute possession of you and says to you, in tones which command obedience, *to-day you must forego expression and all outcome, you must remain a fallow field, for the sun and wind to fertilize, nor shall any corn or flowers sprout into visible green and red until to-morrow*—mandates, further, that you have learned after a little experience not only not to fight against, but to love and revere as the wise communication of the Unseen Powers.

Have you seen Browning's 'The Ring and the Book'? I am confident that, at the birth of this man, among all the good fairies who showered him with magnificent endowments, one bad one—as in the old tale—crept in by stealth and gave him a constitutional twist i' the neck, whereby his windpipe became, and has ever since remained, a marvellous tortuous passage. Out of this glottis-labyrinth his words won't, and can't come straight. A hitch and a sharp crook in every sentence bring you up with a shock. But what a shock it is? Did you ever see a picture of a lasso, in the act of being flung? In a thousand coils and turns, inextricably crooked and involved and whirled, yet, if you mark the noose at the end, you see that it is directly in front of the bison's head, there, and is bound to catch him! That is the way Robert Browning catches you. The first sixty or seventy pages of

'The Ring and the Book' are altogether the most doleful reading, in point either of idea or of music, in the English language; and yet the monologue of Giuseppe Caponsacchi, that of Pompilia Comparini, and the two of Guido Franceschini, are unapproachable, in their kind, by any living or dead poet, *me judice*. Here Browning's jerkiness comes in with inevitable effect. You get lightning-glimpses—and, as one naturally expects from lightning, zig-zag glimpses—into the intense night of the passion of these souls. It is entirely wonderful and without precedent. The fitful play of Guido's lust, and scorn, and hate, and cowardice, closes with a masterstroke:

. . . Christ! Maria! God! . . .
Pompilia, will you let them murder me?

Pompilia, mark you, is dead, by Guido's own hand; deliberately stabbed, because he hated her purity, which all along he has reviled and mocked with the Devil's own malignant ingenuity of sarcasm.

You spoke of a project you wished to tell me. Let me hear it. Your plans are always of interest to me. Can I help you? I've not put pen to paper, in the literary way, in a long time. How I thirst to do so, how I long to sing a thousand various songs that oppress me, unsung—is inexpressible. Yet, the mere work that brings bread gives me no time. I know not, after all, if this is a sorrowful thing. Nobody likes my poems except two or three friends—who are themselves poets, and can supply themselves!

Strictly upon Scriptural principle, I've written you (as you see) almost entirely about myself. This is doing unto you as I would you should do unto me. Go, and do likewise. Write me about yourself.

Your friend,

Sidney Lanier.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PERSONALITY

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If you should be wandering meditatively along the bank of some tiny brook, a brook so narrow that you can leap across it without effort, so quiet in its singing that its loudest tinkle cannot be heard in the next field, carrying upon its bosom no craft that would draw more water than the curving leaf of a wild-rose floating down stream, too small in volume to dream of a mill-wheel and turning nothing more practical than maybe a piece of violet-petal in a little eddy off somewhere—if, I say, you should be strolling alongside such a brook and should see it suddenly expand, without the least intermediate stage, into a mighty river, turning a thousand great wheels for man's profit as it swept on to the sea, and offering broad highway and favorable currents to a thousand craft freighted with the most precious cargoes of human aspiration: you would behold the aptest physical semblance of that spiritual phenomenon which we witnessed at our last meeting, when in tracing the quiet and mentally-wayward course of demure Marian Evans among the suave pastorals of her native Warwickshire, we came suddenly upon the year 1857, when her first venture in fiction—"Scenes of Clerical Life"—appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* and magically enlarged the stream of her influence from the diameter of a small circle of literary people in London to the width of all England.

At this point it seems interesting now to pause a moment to look about and see exactly what network English fiction had done since its beginning, only about a century before, to note more particularly what were the precise gains to humanity which Thackeray and Dickens had poured in just at this time of 1857, and thus to differentiate a clear view of the actual contribution which George Eliot was now beginning to make to English life and thought.

It is not a pleasant task, however instructive, to leave off looking at a rose and cast one's contemplation down to the unsavory muck in which its roots are imbedded. This, however, is what one must do when one passes from the many-

petalled rose of George Eliot's fiction to the beginning of the English novel.

THE LEGEND OF ST. LEONOR

(A fragment from an unfinished lecture on "The Relations of Poetry and Science.")
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THE scientific man is merely the minister of poetry. He is cutting down the Western Woods of Time; presently poetry will come there and make a city and gardens. This is always so. The man of affairs works for the behoof and use of poetry. Scientific facts have never reached their proper function until they merge into new poetic relations established between man and man, between man and God, or between man and Nature.

I think I can show you that this has been precisely recognized by the hard practical sense of the common people in other times. I have called the man of science a pioneer who cuts down the Western Woods of the Universe, in order that presently Poetry may come to that spot and build habitations and pleasances good for man. Now I never think of the man of science without comparing him to one of those wonderful monks of the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Centuries who came over into the stern forests of Armorica, bearing religion with them, but depending, mark you, on the felling of the forest and the cultivation of the ground as initial steps in the conversion of the people. And hereby hangs the legend which I wish to relate.

Once upon a time St. Leonor, with sixty disciples, came to an inhospitable region at the mouth of the Rance in Armorica, and settled. Their food was of the rudest description, being only what they could obtain from the woods and waters. One day the good Bishop Leonor, while praying, happened to see a small bird carrying a grain of wheat in its beak. He immediately set a monk to watching the bird, with instructions to follow it when it flew away. The monk followed the bird, and was led to a place in the forest where he found several stalks of wheat growing. This was probably the last relic of some ancient Gallo-Roman farm. St. Leonor, on learning the

news, was overjoyed. "We must clear the forest and cultivate the ground," he exclaimed, and immediately put the sixty at work. Now the work was hard, and the sixty disciples groaned with tribulation as they toiled and sweated over the stubborn oaks and the briary underbrush. But when they came to plough, the labor seemed beyond all human endurance. I do not know how they ploughed; but it is fair to suspect that they had nothing better than forked branches of the gnarly oaks with sharpened points for ploughs, and as there is no mention of cattle in the legend, the presumption is fair that these good brothers hitched themselves to the plough and pulled. This presumption is strengthened by the circumstance that, in a short time, the sixty rebelled outright. They begged the Bishop to abandon agriculture and go away from that place. "*Pater,*" (naïvely says the Bollandist recounter of the legend)—"*Pater,*" cried the monks, "*oramus te ut de loco isto recedas.*"

But the stout old father would not recede. No; we must get into beneficial relations with this soil. Then the monks assembled together by night, and, having compared opinions, found it the sense of the meeting that they should leave the very next day, even at pain of the abandonment of the Bishop. So, next morning, when they were about to go, behold! a miracle stopped them: twelve magnificent stags marched proudly out of the forest and stood by the ploughs, as if inviting the yoke. The monks seized the opportunity. They harnessed the stags, and these diligently drew the ploughs all that day. When the day's work was done, and the stags were loosed from harness, they retired into the forest. But next morning the faithful wild creatures again made their appearance and submitted their royal necks to the yoke. Five weeks and three days did these animals labor for the brethren.

When the ground was thoroughly prepared, the Bishop pronounced his blessing upon the stags, and they passed quietly back into the recesses of the forest. Then the Bishop sowed his wheat, and that field was the father of a thousand other wheat-fields, and of a thousand other homes, with all the amenities and sweetnesses which are implied in that ravishing word.

Now, here is the point of this legend in this place. Of

course, the twelve stags did not appear from the forest and plough; and yet the story is true. The thing which actually happened was that the Bishop Leonor, by his intelligence, foresight, practical wisdom, and faithful perseverance, reclaimed a piece of stubborn and impracticable ground, and made it good, arable soil. (It is also probable that the story was immediately suggested by the re-taming of cattle which the ancient Gallo-Roman people had allowed to run wild. The bishops did this sometimes.) This was a practical enough thing; it is being done every day; it was just as prosaic as any commercial transaction. But, mark you, the people—for this legend is a pure product of the popular imagination of Brittany—the people who came after saw how the prosaic wheatfield of the Bishop had flowered into the poetical happiness of the rude and wild inhabitants who began to gather about his wheat patch, and to plant fields and build homes of their own; and, seeing that the prose had actually become thus poetic, the people (who love to tell things as they really are, and in their deeper relations) the people have related it in terms of poetry. The bird and the stags are terms of poetry. But, notice again, that these are not silly, poetic licenses; they are not merely a child's embellishments of a story; the bird and the stags are *not* real; but they *are* true. For what do they mean? They mean the powers of Nature. They mean, as here inserted, that if a man go forth, sure of his mission, fervently loving his fellow-men, working for their benefit; if he adhere to his mission through good and evil report; if he resist all endeavor to turn him from it, and faithfully stand to his purpose—presently he will succeed; for the powers of Nature will come forth out of the recesses of the universe and offer themselves as draught-animals to his plough. The popular legend is merely an affirmation in concrete forms of this principle; the people, who are all poets, know this truth. We moderns, indeed—we whose practical experiences beggar the wildest dreams of antiquity—have seen a wilder (beast) creature than a stag come out of the woods for a faithful man. We have seen steam come and plough the seas for Fulton; we have seen lightning come and plough the wastes of space for Franklin and Morse.

PAUL H. HAYNE'S POETRY

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CAN any poet—and we respectfully beg Mr. Hayne to think upon this view of the matter, being emboldened to do so by our regard for his devotion to letters and for his achievements in that behalf—can any poet, we say, shoot his soul's arrow to its best height, when at once bow and string and muscle and nerve are slackened in this vaporous and relaxing air, that comes up out of the old dreams of fates that were false and of passions that were not pure?

In convincing testimony that this question must be answered in the negative, any careful reader of 'Legends and Lyrics' will observe that it is precisely when Mr. Hayne escapes out of this influence that he is at his best. Compare for example Mr. Hayne's treatment of "The Wife of Brittany" with the unnamed sonnet on page 55, which we shall presently quote. "The Wife of Brittany" is a legend founded upon the plot of the "Frankeleine's Tale" of Chaucer. Now in Chaucer's time this was a practical poem; many men had not really settled in their minds whether it was right to break even a criminal oath, made in folly. But the plot is only conceivable as a thing of the past, it belongs to the curiosities of history; and although Mr. Hayne has told the story with a thousand tender imaginings, with many charming graces of versification, with rare strokes of pathos, and with a final flow of lucid and silvery melody, yet the poem as a whole never reaches the artistic height attained by the sonnet to the mocking-bird. In "The Wife of Brittany," and in all similar artistic ventures, Mr. Hayne will write under the disadvantage of feeling at the bottom of his heart that the passion of the poem is amateur passion, the terror of it amateur terror, and the whole business little more than a dainty titillation of the unreal. But in the sonnet how different! Here the yellow-jessamine, the bird, the vine-clumps, the odor, the bird-song, all are real; they doubtless exist in their actual, lovely entities around Mr. Hayne's home in the forest, and they have taken hold upon him

so fairly that he has turned them into a poem meriting his own description of the mocking-bird's song:

> A star of music in a fiery cloud.

Having thus spoken in the genuine hope of suggesting to Mr. Hayne's mind a train of thought which might be serviceable to his genius, we proceed to remark that in 'Legends and Lyric' we find no polemical discussion, no "science," nor "progress," no "Comtism," no rugged-termed philosophies, no devotionalism, no religiosity of any sort. Mindful only of grand phenomena which no one doubts—of fear, hope, love, patriotism, heaven, wife, child, mother, clouds, sunlight, flowers, water—these poems tinkle along like Coleridge's

> hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a gentle tune.

This last word indeed hints at what is one of the distinctive characteristics of all Mr. Hayne's poetry. It is essentially, thoroughly, and charmingly tuneful. In a time when popular poetry is either smug and pretty, or philosophically obscure and rhythmically rugged, this quality becomes almost unique. There is indeed nearly the same difference between poetry and culture-poetry that exists between music and counterpoint-music. Culture-poetry, like counterpoint-music, is scarcely ever satisfactory to the ear; it is not captivating with that indescribable music which can come out of the rudest heart, but which cannot come out of the most cultivated head. This feature alone would suffice to separate the book before us from the great mass of utterances which polished people who are not poets are daily pouring upon the air.

We should like to illustrate Mr. Hayne's faculty by quoting entire his "Fire-Pictures," a poem which in point of variety and delicacy of fancy is quite the best of this collection, and in point of pure music should be placed beside Edgar Poe's "The Bells." Of course, to one who has warmed his winters by nothing more glorious than coal; to one who has never sat in dreamful mood and watched the progress of a great hickory fire from the fitful fuliginous beginning thereof,

through the white brilliance of its prime and the red glory of its decline, unto the ashen-gray death of the same, this poem is unintelligible; but to one who has, its fancies and its music will come home with a thousand hearty influences. We regret that it is too long to quote here. It is a poem to be read aloud; a true *recitativo*. The energy of its movements, the melody of its metres, the changes of its rhythm, the variety of its fancies, the artistic advance to its climax, particularly the management of its close, where at one and the same time, by the devices of onomatopeia and of rhythmical imitation, are doubly interpreted the sob of a man and the flicker of a flame so perfectly that sob, flicker, word, rhythm, each appears to represent the other, and to be used convertibly with the other in such will-o'-wisp transfigurations as quite vanish in mere description—all these elements require for full enjoyment that the actual music of the poem should fall upon the ear.

Some of the changes of rhythm above referred to merit especial mention, and start some considerations which we regret the limits of this paper will not allow us to pursue. Suffice it here to remark that whenever an English-speaking person grows unusually solemn or intense he instinctively resorts to the iambic rhythm for expression. Note, for instance, how in number II, at the close the change from the trochees to the two iambi "aspire! aspire!" at once represents the intensity of the situation and the broken fitfulness of the struggling flame; or again, in that fine scene of number IV, where the iambi "dark-red like blood" give the reader a sudden wrench from the trochaic flow as if they plucked him by the sleeve to compel him to stop a second on the thought; or, again, most notable of all, in number VI, where from the words "a stir, a murmur deep" to the close of the picture the iambi present the agony and the glory of the martyr. With these three exceptions the entire poem is in troches, and is an admirable example of the music which can be made with those elements. Return to number IX of this poem, from

> Like a rivulet rippling deep,
> Through the meadow-lands of sleep,

to its close is, in point of pure trochaic music, of rare excellence. We desire, however, to call Mr. Hayne's attention to a

fault of tone which occurs in this picture, and in another of the poems of this book. Where the lines run:

> Though the lotos swings its stem
> With a lulling stir of *leaves*,
> Though the lady-lily *laves*
> Coy feet in crystal *waves*,
> And a silvery undertune
> From some mystic wind-song *grieves*,

"leaves" of course is intended to rhyme with "grieves," four lines down, and "laves" with "waves"; but "laves" is the next rhyme-tone to "leaves," and this proximity renders it obnoxious to two objections. One is, that it leaves the reader for a moment in doubt whether "laves" is really intended to rhyme with "leaves"—a doubt which interferes with the reader's enjoyment as long as it lasts. The other and stronger objection is, that the immediate juxtaposition of the slightly-varying rhyme-tones "leaves" and "laves" gives the ear the same displeasure which the eye suffers from two shades of the same color in a lady's dress—both tones seem faded. The faults of "Fire-Pictures" are faults which we detect in all Mr. Hayne's poetry; and as they are remediable, we call his attention to them with all the more vigor. They are of two classes. First, we observe a frequently-recurring *lapsus* of thought, in which Mr. Hayne falls into trite similes, worn collocations of words, and common-place sentiments. To have these hackneyed couples of words and ideas continually popping in upon us out of Mr. Hayne's beautiful things is to suffer the chagrin and the anguish of that hapless man who in the hot summer rushes afar from toil and trouble across the ocean into a distant land, and there in the heavenly weather, while idly wandering down some wild and lovely glen, given up to all tender meditations, suddenly, on pushing aside a great frond of fern, comes bump upon the smug, familiar faces of Smith, Jones, and Brown, whom he had left amid the hot grind of the street, and whose presence immediately transports him back to the sweaty moil of stocks, bacon, and dry-goods. Such expressions are: "changing like a wizard-thought," or, "like a charmed thought," or "like a Protean thought," and others in "Fire-Pictures." More notable still

in this respect is the poem "Renewed." The first four lines of this poem are so entirely common-place that they are quite sufficient to throw any reader off the scent and cause him to abandon the piece; yet the very next four are exceedingly beautiful, with all the clear and limpid music of Mr. Hayne's style, and with a bright change in the rhythm which is full of happy effects. Witness:

RENEWED

Welcome, rippling sunshine!
Welcome, joyous air!
Like a demon-shadow
Flies the gaunt Despair!
Heaven through heights of happy calm
Its heart of hearts uncloses,
To win earth's answering love, in balm,
Her blushing thanks, in roses!

The second fault to which we wish to call Mr. Hayne's attention is diffuseness, principally originating in a lavishness and looseness of adjectives. Whatever may be said of Edgar Poe's theory of the impossibility of a long poem, or that all long poems are merely series of short poems connected by something that is not poetry, it may at least with safety be asserted that in a time when trade has lengthened life by shortening leisure, the ideal of the lyric poem is a brief, sweet, intense, electric flashing of the lyric idea in upon the hurrying intelligence of men, so that the vivid truth may attack even an unwilling retina, and perpetuate itself thereupon even after the hasty eyelid has closed to shut out the sight. Now, either a free or an inexact use of adjectives is a departure from this ideal, not only because it impairs the strength of the articulate idea, but because it so far cumbers the whole poem as, if the fault extends throughout, to render it too long to be readable by many of those whom all true poets desire to reach. Notable instances of Mr. Hayne's dereliction in this regard may be found in his frequent and often inexact employment of the words "cordial," "weird," and "fairy" in these poems. One can easily trace the manner in which this vice escapes the poet's attention. Busied with some central idea, and hurried by the passion of creating, he will not hesitate for a descriptive

in some minor phrase, but dashes down the first term that occurs, if it will but answer tolerably, so that presently, from habit, a certain favored few adjectives come to understand, as it were, that this duty is expected of them, and get trained to stand by and help whenever the poet's mind is fatigued or hurried.

Perhaps the nearest approaches to the ideal of lyric poetry in this book are the invocation to the wife with which it commences—as it were, grace before meat—and the poem called "A Summer Mood," based on a line from Thomas Heyward: "Now, by my faith, a gruesome mood for summer." From the latter we quote a line out of the third verse, and the last three verses:

> The sunshine mocks the tears it may not dry,
> * * * * * *
>
> The field-birds seem to twit us as they pass,
> With their small blisses, piped so clear and loud:
> The cricket triumphs o'er us in the grass;
> And the lark glancing beam-like up the cloud,
>
> Sings us to scorn with his keen rhapsodies:
> Small things and great unconscious tauntings bring
> To edge our cares, whilst we, the proud and wise,
> Envy the insect's joy, the birdling's wing!
>
> And thus for evermore, till time shall cease,
> Man's soul and Nature's—each a separate sphere—
> Revolves, the one in discord, one in peace,
> And who shall make the solemn mystery clear?

The stanza of this poem in which "the field-birds twit us as they pass, with their small blisses," is a genuine snatch caught from out the sedges of a Southern field, where we doubt not Mr. Hayne has often strolled or lain, companioned only by the small crooked-flighted sparrow, whose whistle, so keen that it amounts to a hiss, seems to have suggested the very sibillations of the s's so frequently occurring. In "In Utroque Fidelis" is beautifully blended a tone of tranquil description with that of a passionate love-song. A lover about to be off to the wars has stolen at midnight to snatch a fare-

well glance at the home of his beloved. The following four verses show something of the art of the poem:

I waft a sigh from this fond soul to thine,
A little sigh, yet honey-laden, dear,
With fairy freightage of such hopes divine
As fain would flutter gently at thine ear,
And entering find their way
Down to the heart so veiled from me by day.

In dreams, in dreams, perchance thou art not coy;
And one keen hope more bold than all the rest
May touch thy spirit with a tremulous joy,
And stir an answering softness in thy breast.
O sleep, O blest eclipse!
What murmured word is faltering at her lips?

* * * * * *

Still, breathless still! No voice in earth or air:
I only know my delicate darling lies,
A twilight lustre glimmering in her hair,
And dews of peace within her languid eyes:
Yea, only know that I
Am called from love and dreams perhaps to die,

Die when the heavens are thick with scarlet rain,
And every time-throb's fated: even there
Her face would shine through mists of mortal pain,
And sweeten death like some incarnate prayer.
Hark! 'Tis the trumpet's swell!
O love, O dreams, farewell, farewell, farewell!

In the particular of tranquil description, however, some good work occurs in the "Ode to Sleep." Witness the following extracts, which form the beginning and the end of the poem:

Beyond the sunset and the amber sea,
To the lone depths of ether, cold and bare,
Thy influence, soul of all tranquillity,
Hallows the earth and awes the reverent air.

* * * * * *

Then woo me here amid these flowery charms;
Breathe on my eyelids, press thine odorous lips
Close to mine own, enfold me in thine arms,
And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse;

And while from waning depth to depth I fall,
Down-lapsing to the utmost depths of all,
Till wan forgetfulness, obscurely stealing,
Creeps like an incantation on the soul—
And o'er the slow ebb of my conscious life
Dies the thin flush of the last conscious feeling—
And, like abortive thunder, the dull roll
Of sullen passions ebbs far, far away—
O Angel! loose the chords which cling to strife,
Sever the gossamer bondage of my breath,
And let me pass, gently as winds in May,
From the dim realm which owns thy shadowy sway,
To thy diviner sleep, O sacred Death!

We would like to praise "Glaucus" for the fine spirit-of-green-leaves, which makes the poem so dainty and shady and cool. We would like, too, to discuss with Mr. Hayne whether the climacteric point in the tale of "The Wife of Brittany"—which is the moment when the Wife meets Aurelian for the purpose of performing her dreadful promise—does not need a more dramatic accentuation to relieve it from the danger of anti-climax to which this wonderfully smooth narrative is liable at that point. We could wish further to commend the admirably harmonized tone of "Prexaspes," where the words seem at once hot, wan, cruel, and wicked; and the elegant rendering of "Æthra," which is quite the most artistically told tale in the book; and the reverent piety which shines in the final offering to the poet's mother; and many other things. But this paper has already reached its limit. We may be permitted in closing it to observe that already, since the publication of 'Legends and Lyrics,' other poems of Mr. Hayne's have appeared, as for example the two "Forest Pictures" in the *Atlantic Monthly,* which exhibit a growing strength and more vigorous realism in his poetic faculty; and we venture to express the hope that his pen may yet embody the pretty fancy of his poem called

THE NEST

At the poet's life-core lying,
  Is a sheltered and sacred nest,
Where, as yet unfledged for flying,
  His callow fancies rest—

Fancies and thoughts and feelings
  Which the mother Psyche breeds,
And passions whose dim revealings
  But torture their hungry needs.

Yet there cometh a summer splendor
  When the golden brood wax strong,
And, with voices grand or tender,
  They rise to the heaven of song.

HENRY LAURENS

[1724—1792]

D. D WALLACE

HENRY LAURENS was born in Charleston, South Carolina, February 24, 1724, and died at Mepkin Plantation, twenty-nine miles up Cooper River above the city, December 8, 1792. The father, John Laurens, of French Huguenot descent, came to Charleston from New York in 1715 or 1716. He was a man of great decision, sternness, and energy. Left dependent upon his own exertions, he learned the saddler's trade, and as the proprietor of a large business left his children a fair patrimony. Henry Laurens so improved his advantages as to become one of the wealthiest merchants in the province.

Laurens' schooling was limited; but he became such a reader as to be esteemed a man of culture. He was given careful training in business. At about the age of sixteen he was placed in the counting-house of the London merchant, James Crokatt, at one time agent of the Colony of South Carolina. Declining a partnership with Crokatt, he returned to South Carolina in 1747, landing a few days after his father's death. He immediately opened a factorage and commission business, but soon returned to London on a renewed offer from Crokatt, only to be disappointed at finding himself excluded by a misunderstanding. His revulsion was strong, and he came out of it no longer a young Englishman, wavering between Charleston and London, but thenceforth, though sincerely loyal to the British Empire, an American, indissolubly attached to his native soil.

Returning to Charleston, Laurens commenced a long career of remarkable success as a factor, commission merchant and independent trader. Dealing in slaves and in liquors went hand in hand with other lines in those days, and we find Laurens becoming one of the most trusted consignees for the English merchants engaged in the "African trade." The social distinction and gainfulness of land-owning led Laurens to become a large planter, and he died possessed of about 20,000 acres and one hundred thousand dollars' worth of slaves.

On June 25, 1750, Laurens married Eleanor Ball, a most devoted

wife, who bore him ten children* and, in 1770, gave up her own life at the birth of the last. His affections were very strong, and he was prostrated for months at his loss.

Laurens was elected a member of the Commons House of Assembly in 1756 or 1757, and reëlected almost continuously until the Revolution, though sometimes opposed by the "Mechanics" and Radicals. In 1761 he was appointed Lieutenant-colonel of the South Carolina Regiment sent to the Cherokee War. In 1764 he declined an appointment to the Council. Laurens, by his instincts and training, was a steady, conservative man. This led him, though opposed to the oppressive acts of England, to condemn all violence in retaliation. Thus he condemned the Stamp Act and sought by constitutional means its repeal; but he defied with such courage the mob that invaded his house as to win their cheers.

In 1767, 1768, and 1769, several of Laurens' ships were seized by the Collector of Customs at Charleston. Egerton Leigh, the Judge of Vice-admiralty, Attorney-general, Surveyor-general, Councilor and private attorney all in one, acquitted all but one of the vessels, but condemned a vessel whose case was substantially the same as that of those acquitted. The Judge was led into an embarrassing position by his double relation of private attorney for the Collector and judge of his acts. Laurens published in 1769 so scathing a criticism as to put Leigh into such a dilemma that he was forced to resign his judgeship. He received commendations on every side, and we may agree with McCrady that the affair played its part in preparing South Carolina for the Revolution.

Though presiding over turbulent meetings, and approving of non-importation, Laurens took no part in the violence of the pre-Revolutionary disturbances before 1775. In the fiercest struggle ever waged between the King and the people's representatives in South Carolina, on their appropriating on their sole authority £1,500 sterling to support constitutional liberty in the cause of John Wilkes, Laurens was an unbending champion of the right of the people to dispose of their taxes absolutely as they pleased, and declared that he would forfeit his estate and earn his bread by the labor of his hands rather than submit to the King's instructions.

As the Revolution approached, he ranged himself with those who desired, if possible, to remain under the flag of their birth and ancestry, but who, as Englishmen have done since England was a country, would die, if need be, rather than surrender their liberty.

*Of Laurens's ten children only John, Martha, Henry, and Eleanor lived to maturity. John was killed in battle in 1782; Martha married David Ramsey; Eleanor, Charles Pinckney; and Henry, who married John Rutledge's daughter Eliza, alone transmitted the family name.

Shortly after the death of his wife, Laurens, in 1771, sailed for England to superintend the education of his three sons. His efforts to found a college in South Carolina had been unavailing, and it was with regret that he committed his boys to the temptations of London. His Huguenot nature revolted at London society, and he kept his two oldest sons in Geneva and the youngest in a country school for over a year. He used his acquaintanceship with members of Parliament to turn them from their conduct toward America, and was one of the thirty Americans (sixteen of whom were South Carolinians) to sign the protest against the Boston Port Bill. Foreseeing the inevitable conflict, he sailed for Charleston, where he arrived December 11, 1774.

Laurens was immediately elected a member of the first Provincial Congress of January, 1775, and in June was made chief executive in the position of President of the Council of Safety, a position which he held until the adoption of a constitution, March 26, 1776. In declining (October, 1775) in his brusque manner to open private letters, Laurens so offended J. F. Grinké as to draw a challenge. Laurens, who always said he would never take an antagonist's life, refused to fire, and Grinké's pistol snapped.

In 1776 Laurens was sent to Congress. His experience there, though valuable to his country, was unpleasant to himself. Laurens was a man of unimpeachable integrity and strict standards of propriety. His long business experience and natural acuteness made him quick to detect dishonest conduct, and further, he was given to suspecting it on grounds of probability only, and against it he cried aloud and spared not. "To be an honest statesman," he laments, "produces a man some troubles." Moreover, he felt great disgust at the torpor which so soon replaced the enthusiasm of 1776. His ideas of the proper dignity of Congress were very high, his opinion of it during most of his membership (1776-'79) very low.

Laurens took high ground as to terms of peace with England. He favored substantially the bounds which we eventually obtained, and insisted as an ultimatum upon the fishing rights on the British coasts to the north as fully as enjoyed before the war. This gained him the hostility of some Southern Congressmen and embroiled him in a violent dispute with the North Carolina delegates and his colleague Drayton, with the last of whom he had already had unpleasant passes.

November 1, 1777, Laurens was elected President of Congress, and served until his resignation, December 9, 1778. Believing in a term of only one year, he offered his resignation in October, 1778, but, under the leadership of Samuel Adams, it was unanimously declined. Laurens was one of the leading spirits in suspending the

embarkation of Burgoyne's army. His letters show that he was thoroughly convinced of the necessity of the step because of treachery on the part of the British; and there were circumstances which at the time made such appear to be the case.

His resignation of the Presidency was caused by his disgust at the lenient dealing of Congress with Silas Deane, who had behaved with great laxity, if nothing worse, while representing the United States in France. Laurens strongly suspected Deane of dishonorably enriching himself. In conclusion, said Laurens: "As I cannot, consistently with my own honor and with the utility of my country, considering the manner in which business is conducted here, remain longer in this chair, I now resign."

Laurens continued in Congress, and on November 1, 1779, was commissioned to borrow $10,000,000 in Holland. His departure was delayed, and when he sailed August 13, 1780, it was to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce. On the third of September he was captured and sent to London, where he was confined for fifteen months in the Tower on suspicion of high treason. The treatment accorded him by the ministry throughout his captivity leaves no doubt that their object was to break his spirit or seduce his honor; and, after leading him into the real treason of repudiating the American cause, use the example of such an eminent citizen of the struggling Republic to destroy the spirit and hopes of the Americans. But the plucky Huguenot, though captured, could not be conquered.

Among the annoyances to which he was subjected, in addition to being compelled to support himself, was a demand that he pay the wages of his two guards. He replied: "If I were possessed of as many guineas as would fill this room, I would not pay the wardens, whom I never employed, and whose attendance I shall be glad to dispense with. Attempts, sir, to tax men without their own consent have involved this kingdom in a bloody seven years' war. I thought she had long since promised to abandon the project."

He petitioned Parliament for permission to see his young son and for release by exchange. In so doing he rehearsed his affection and moderate conduct toward England before the Revolution. These papers are not heroic; but they are not in any sense a "submission," as they have often been called. He remained defiant in every attempt to shake his attachment to America, and kept up through his friends and the "republican" press of London a systematic campaign to bring the ministry and public to recognize the hopelessness of reducing the United States. Adams could truly say: "Neither the air of England, nor the seductive address of her inhabitants, nor the terrors of the Tower, have made any change in him."

After his release, Laurens proceeded to Paris as one of the peace

commissioners. Adams writes: "Mr. Laurens has been here and has behaved with great caution, firmness, and wisdom. He arrived so late as only to attend the two last days of the conference, the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of November. But the short time he was with us he was of great service to the cause. He has done great service to America in England, where his conversation has been such as the purest and firmest American could wish it, and has made many converts. He has gone again to Bath, and his journey will do as much good to his country as to his health."

The death of his brother in southern France imposed upon Laurens the care of his sister-in-law and her affairs, and delayed his return to America until 1784. He passed his remaining years as a progressive, experimenting, extremely humane South Carolina planter. His time was divided between his house in the city and his plantation. Many sorrows had borne hard upon him, and now his gout vexed him cruelly. His fellow-citizens attempted time and again to force office upon him; but he refused even to serve after being elected to the Convention of 1787. Though not in politics, it is plain he would have been a Federalist, if for no other reason than his admiration of Washington.

Laurens's private character was in every way admirable. In an age of laxity, his conduct was marked by the rectitude of the Huguenot. He exhibited in many ways the influence of his French Protestant ancestry. Yet he was no ascetic, but rather showed what Englishmen know as the softer side of Puritanism.

His indulgence to his slaves was extraordinary, and he provided for their religious instruction. "Be kind to Berom under his affliction," he writes to an overseer, "and give the women and children flannel clothing, and blankets to all who need them." He discharged harsh overseers, no matter how profitable. About 1763 he withdrew from the slave trade because of the cruelties he witnessed after he sold the negroes and before they were put on plantations. On August 14, 1776, he writes that he has long abhorred slavery and will emancipate his one hundred thousand dollars' worth of slaves; but so many interests besides his own were involved that this intention was never fulfilled.

Laurens was a quiet Episcopalian and very active in religious and charitable work. Yet he was broadly tolerant, and even as a boy revolted at the passage in the Prayer Book which condemned to hell all who do not accept the Athanasian Creed. His letters abound in Scripture quotations, and even in affliction he bursts out, like Job, with triumphant faith and praise. A favorite practice was to trace the origin of passages in literature to their Biblical originals.

Yet this good man was not infrequently quick and uncharitable

in his judgments, and sometimes revealed a dash of acid in his nature. In anger he would hurl coarse epithets at an antagonist, and later plead and pray with the same repentant enemy. His mind worked with the precision of a machine. Concise as Calhoun, his letters are most lucid, clear-cut, direct, and unambiguous. He was a man of strong emotions, and when these were aroused in a philippic against unworthy public servants or in passages of affection to his children, he rises into the realm of literature. Generally, his charm disappears when he takes up his pen to compose for the public. His writings are confined to his thousands of letters, many of them of great length, the narrative of his captivity, three or four pamphlets, some newspaper articles, and a few scrappy minutes of debates.

His daughter, Martha, in a case of smallpox, had been pronounced dead and was laid beside a window to await burial; but life was discovered and she was saved. This incident so impressed him with the horror of being interred alive that Laurens concluded his will with the solemn injunction that his body should be burned; and a few yards from his house at Mepkin on the Cooper River this was done, while his children stood by and the servants quaked in terror at the weird spectacle.

D. D. Wallace.

LETTER TO JOHN LAURENS

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, 14th August, 1776.

I TOLD you in my last that I was going to Georgia. I began my journey the 1st of May and at Wright's, Savannah, Broton Island, and New Hope, found crops of rice amounting to about thirteen hundred barrels, which I caused to be removed to places less exposed to the threatened depredations of picaroons from St. Augustine, in such places that great value still remains. I have lately learned that each plantation is again well covered—the best crop, they say, that ever was borne at Broton Island—but what of that? The whole will either be destroyed, stolen, or lie with the farmer to perish by time and vermin—no small sacrifice at the shrine of liberty, and yet very small compared with that which I am willing to make; not only crops, but land, life, and all must

follow in preference to sacrificing liberty to mammon. In such sentiments I found the people of Georgia with few exceptions, but none more hearty than our Highland friends, the McIntoshes. Lachlan is colonel of a battalion upon continental establishment; two of his sons, Lach and William, are subs; his brother William commands a troop of rangers in pay of the colony, or, as I should say, the State. Joe Habersham is major, and John a captain in the battalion; in a word, the country is military.

My negroes there, all to a man, are strongly attached to me —so are all of mine in this country; hitherto not one of them has attempted to desert; on the contrary, those that are more exposed hold themselves always ready to fly from the enemy in case of a sudden descent. Many hundreds of that colour have been stolen and decoyed by the servants of King George the Third. Captains of British ships of war and noble lords have busied themselves in such inglorious pilferage, to the disgrace of their master and disgrace of their cause. These negroes were first enslaved by the English; acts of parliament have established the slave trade in favour of the home-residing English, and almost totally prohibited the Americans from reaping any share of it. Men-of-war, forts, castles, governors, companies and committees are employed and authorized by the English parliament to protect, regulate and extend the slave trade. Negroes are brought by Englishmen and sold as slaves to Americans. Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, &c., &c., live upon the slave trade. The British parliament now employ their men-of-war to steal those negroes from the Americans to whom they had sold them, pretending to set the poor wretches free, but basely trepan and sell them into tenfold worse slavery in the West Indies, where probably they will become the property of Englishmen again, and of some who sit in parliament. What meanness! what complicated wickedness appears in this scene! O England, how changed! how fallen!

You know, my dear son, I abhor slavery. I was born in a country where slavery had been established by British Kings and parliaments, as well as by the laws of that country ages before my existence. I found the Christian religion and slavery growing under the same authority and cultivation. I

nevertheless disliked it. In former days there was no combating the prejudices of men supported by interest; the day I hope is approaching when, from principles of gratitude as well as justice, every man will strive to be foremost in showing his readiness to comply with the golden rule. Not less than twenty thousand pounds sterling would all my negroes produce if sold at public auction to-morrow. I am not the man who enslaved them; they are indebted to Englishmen for that favour; nevertheless I am devising means for manumitting many of them, and for cutting off the entail of slavery. Great powers oppose me—the laws and customs of my country, my own and the avarice of my countrymen. What will my children say if I deprive them of so much estate? These are difficulties, but not insuperable. I will do as much as I can in my time, and leave the rest to a better hand.

I am not one of those who arrogate the peculiar care of Providence in each fortunate event, nor one of those who dare trust in Providence for defence and security of their own liberty while they enslave and wish to continue in slavery thousands who are as well entitled to freedom as themselves. I perceive the work before me is great. I shall appear to many as a promoter not only of strange, but of dangerous doctrines; it will therefore be necessary to proceed with caution. You are apparently deeply interested in this affair, but as I have no doubts concerning your concurrence and approbation, I most sincerely wish for your advice and assistance, and hope to receive both in good time.

* * * * * *

After the attack upon Sullivan's Island, seconded by ravages and murders by the Cherokee Indians on our western frontier, who probably acted in concerted plan with the ships and troops, I believe there were few men here who had not lost all inclination for renewing our former connexion with your king and his ministers; however that might have been, the great point is now settled. On the 2d instant a courier arrived from Philadelphia, and brought a declaration of the 4th of July, by the representatives of the thirteen united colonies in congress met, that from thenceforward those colonies should be "Free and Independent States." You have no doubt seen the paper, or will in a few days see the copy often re-

peated at full length; therefore I need not mark the particular contents. This declaration was proclaimed in Charleston with great solemnity on Monday, the 5th inst., attended by a procession of president, councils, generals, members of assembly, officers civil and military, &c., &c., amidst loud acclamations of thousands who always huzza when a proclamation is read. To many, who from the rashness, impolicy and cruelty of the British administration, had foreseen this event, the scene was serious, important and awful. Even at this moment I feel a tear of affection for the good old country and for the people in it, whom in general I dearly love. There I saw the sword of state which I had before seen four several times unsheathed in declarations of war against France and Spain by the Georges, now unsheathed and borne in a declaration of war against George the Third. I say even at this moment my heart is full of the lively sensations of a dutiful son, thrust by the hand of violence out of a father's house into the wide world. What I have often with truth averred in London and Westminster, I dare still aver; not a sober man, and scarcely a single man in America wished for a separation from Great Britain. Your king, too, I feel for; he has been greatly deceived and abused.

* * * * * *

I am now by the will of God brought into a new world, and God only knows what sort of a world it will be; what may be your particular opinion of this change I know not. You have done well to avoid writing on politics. Remember you are of full age, entitled to judge for yourself; pin not your faith upon my sleeve but act the part which an honest heart after mature deliberation shall dictate, and your services on the side which you may take, because you think it the right side, will be more valuable.

I need not tell you whatever may be your determinations, to avoid all party disputes, and to act inoffensively and circumspectly in the state where you are. I cannot rejoice in the downfall of an old friend, of a parent from whose nurturing breasts I have drawn my support and strength; every evil which befalls old England grieves me. Would to God she had listened in time to the cries of her children, and had checked the insidious slanders of those who call themselves the king's

servants and the king's friends, especially such of them as had been transported to America in the character of civil officers. If my own interests, if my own rights alone had been concerned, I would most freely have given the whole to the demands and disposal of her ministers in preference to a separation; but the rights of posterity were involved in the question. I happened to stand as one of their representatives, and dared not betray my trust.

* * * * * *

May God protect and guide you all, and may he still give peace and mutual friendship to the divided family of Britain, and promote the happiness, equally of the ancient root and of the transplanted branches. If you do not come, enquire for opportunities in Holland and in France, and write as oft as you can, and Harry too.

Adieu, my dear, dear son.

HENRY LAURENS.

IN THE TOWER OF LONDON

ABOUT 11 o'clock at night I was sent under a strong guard, up three pair of stairs in Scotland Yard, into a very small chamber. Two king's messengers were placed for the whole night at one door, and a subaltern's guard of soldiers at the other. As I was, and had been for some days, so ill as to be incapable of getting into or out of a carriage, or up or down stairs, without help, I looked upon all this parade to be calculated for intimidation. My spirits were good, and I smiled inwardly. The next morning, 6th October, from Scotland Yard, I was conducted again under guard to the secretary's office, White Hall, where were present Lord Hillsborough, Lord Stormont, Lord George Germain, Mr. Chamberlain, Solicitor of the Treasury, Mr. Knox, Under-Secretary, Mr. Justice Addington, and others. I was first asked, by Lord Stormont, "If my name was Henry Laurens." "Certainly, my Lord, that is my name." Captain Keppel was asked, "If that was Mr. Laurens?" He answered in the affirmative.

His Lordship then said: "Mr. Laurens, we have a paper here" (holding the paper up), "purporting to be a commis-

sion from Congress to you, to borrow money in Europe for the use of Congress. It is signed Samuel Huntingdon, President, and attested by Charles Thomson, Secretary. We have already proved the handwriting of Charles Thomson." I replied: "My Lords, your Lordships are in possession of the paper, and will make such use of it as your Lordships shall judge proper." I had not destroyed this paper, as it would serve to establish the rank and character in which I was employed by the United States. Another question was asked me, which I did not rightly understand. I replied: "My Lords, I am determined to answer no questions, but with the strictest truth; wherefore, I trust, your Lordships will ask me no questions which might ensnare me, and which I cannot with safety and propriety answer." No farther questions were demanded. I was told by Lord Stormont, I was to be committed to the Tower of London on "suspicion of high treason." I asked, "If I had not a right to a copy of the commitment?" Lord Stormont, after a pause, said: "He hesitated on the word right," and the copy was not granted. Mr. Chamberlain then very kindly said to me: "Mr. Laurens, you are to be sent to the Tower of London, not to prison; you must have no idea of a prison." I bowed thanks to the gentlemen, and thought of the new hotel, which had been recommended by my friends in Newfoundland. A commitment was made out by Mr. Justice Addington, and a warrant by their Lordships to the Lieutenant of the Tower, to receive and confine me.

From White Hall, I was conducted in a close hackney coach, under the charge of Colonel Williamson, a polite, genteel officer, and two of the illest-looking fellows I had ever seen. The coach was ordered to proceed by the most private ways to the Tower. It had been rumored that a rescue would be attempted. At the Tower the Colonel delivered me to Major Gore, the residing Governor, who, as I was afterward well informed, had previously concerted a plan for mortifying me. He ordered rooms for me in the most conspicuous part of the Tower (the parade). The people of the house, particularly the mistress, entreated the Governor not to burthen them with a prisoner. He replied, "It is necessary. I am determined to expose him." This was, however, a lucky determination for me. The people were respectful and kindly attentive to me,

from the beginning of my confinement to the end; and I contrived, after being told of the Governor's humane declaration, so to garnish my windows by honeysuckles, and a grape-vine running under them, as to conceal myself entirely from the sight of starers, and at the same time to have myself a full view of them. Governor Gore conducted me to my apartments at a warder's house. As I was entering the house I heard some of the people say: "Poor old gentleman, bowed down with infirmities. He is come to lay his bones here." My reflection was, "I shall not leave a bone with you."

I was very sick, but my spirits were good, and my mind foreboding good from the event of being a prisoner in London. Their Lordships' orders were, "To confine me a close prisoner; to be locked up every night; to be in the custody of two wardens, who were not to suffer me to be out of their sight *one moment,* day or night; to allow me no liberty of speaking to any person, nor to permit any person to speak to me; to deprive me of the use of pen and ink; to suffer no letter to be brought to me, nor any to go from me," etc. As an apology, I presume, for their first rigor, the wardens gave me their orders to peruse.

* * * * * *

And now I found myself a close prisoner, indeed; shut up in two small rooms, which together made about twenty feet square; a warder my constant companion; and a fixed bayonet under my window; not a friend to converse with, and no prospect of a correspondence.

Next morning, 7th October, Gov. Gore came into my room, with a workman, and fixed iron bars to my windows; altogether unnecessary. The various guards were enough to secure my person. It was done, as I was informed, either to shake my mind or to mortify me. It had neither effect. I only thought of Mr. Chamberlain's consolation. I asked Mr. Gore, "What provision was to be made for my support?" He replied "He had no directions." I said, "I can very well provide for myself, but I must be allowed means for obtaining money." He gave no answer.

In a word, I discovered I was to pay rent for my little rooms, find my own meat and drink, bedding, coals, candles, etc. This drew from me an observation to the gentleman

jailor (the officer who locks up a prisoner every night), who would immediately report it to the Governor: "Whenever I caught a bird in America I found a cage and victuals for it."

What surprised me most was, although the Secretaries of State had seen the ill state of my health and must also have heard of my continuing ill by reports, daily made to them, they never ordered, or caused to be provided for me, any medical assistance. The people around me thought, for a considerable time, my life in imminent danger. I was of a different opinion. When the Governor had retired from his iron bars, neither my servant nor baggage being yet arrived, I asked the warder, "If he could lend me a book for amusement." He gravely asked: "Will your honor be pleased to have 'Drelincourt upon Death?" I quickly turned to his wife, who was passing from making up my bed: "Pray, Madam, can you recommend an honest goldsmith, who will put a new head to my cane; you see this old head is much worn?" "Yes, sir, I can." The people understood me, and nothing more was said of "Drelincourt."

The 8th, Governor Gore, hypocritically kind, came and told me I had leave to walk about the Tower (he had received the order from General Vernon); but advised, I would only walk the parade before the door; "if you go farther," said he, "there will be such a rabble after you." I treated his kindness with contempt, and refused to walk. The parade is the very place where he had predetermined to expose me. The order of General Vernon, received by him from the Secretaries of State, was, "that I should be permitted to walk the Tower grounds." Mr. Gore attempted to supersede both. The Governor grew uneasy, and asked the wardens why I had not walked? They answered that I was lame with the gout. Sunday, 12th November, hobbled out; a warder with a sword in his hand, at my back; the warder informed me Governor Gore had ordered that I should walk only on the parade; I returned immediately to my little prison. The 16th, the Governor, more uneasy, jealous and fearful of General Vernon, sent me notice I might walk the broad pavement (115 yards) before the great armory, and within the armory, all arbitrary on his part; but the walk within the building was very agreeable, it would afford sufficient exercise, and viewing the quantity and variety of military stores,

&c., &c., was amusing. I visited the place almost every day till the third December, when going there, Lord George Gordon (who) was also a prisoner in the Tower, unluckily met, and asked me to walk with him. I declined it, and returned instantly to my apartment. The Governor, being informed of this by one of his spies, although the warder explained and proved to him I was in no respect a transgressor, caught hold of the occasion, and locked me up. I remained, thus closely confined by his arbitrary will, forty-seven days; if any, the fault was in Lord George, but the brutal Governor dared not lock him up. . . . .

Sunday, 18th, General Vernon, having been fully informed by a friend in the Tower of the Governor's arbitrary locking me up from the third December, called and very kindly enquired, if I took my walks abroad as usual. I replied in the negative, and candidly explained what had passed between the Governor and myself. He was exceedingly displeased and said aloud—the people below stairs heard him—"I'll take care to give orders that you may walk when you please and where you please!" He gave orders, not to the Governor, but to Mr. Kinghorn, an inferior officer. The 22d February, walked abroad, first time since third December. The Governor very angry, and much mortified, I must expect the effect of his ill nature in some other way; but I despise him. Monday, 26th February, Mr. Oswald having solicited the Secretaries of State for my enlargement upon parole, and offered to pledge "his whole fortune as surety for my good conduct," sent me the following message, in addition to the above by Mr. Kinghorn, the gentleman jailor: "Their Lordships say, if you will point out anything for the benefit of Great Britain, in the present dispute with the Colonies, you shall be enlarged." The first part of the message overwhelmed me with feelings of gratitude, the latter filled me with indignation. I snatched up my pencil, and upon a sudden impulse wrote a note to Mr. Oswald as follows, and sent it by the same Mr. Kinghorn:

"I perceive, my dear friend, from the message you have sent me by Mr. Kinghorn, that if I were a rascal, I might presently get out of the Tower—I am not. You have pledged your word and fortune for my integrity. I will never dishonor you nor myself. Yes, I could point out, but is this the

place? If I had nothing in view but my own interest or convenience, promises and pointings out would be very prompt; but this is not a proper place. I could point out a doctrine, known to every old woman in the kingdom, 'A spoonful of honey will catch more flies, than a ton of vinegar.' What I formerly predicted to you, came to pass. I can foresee, now, what will come to pass, *happen to me what may*. I fear no possible consequences. I must have patience and submit to the will of God, I do not change with the times. My conduct has been consistent, and shall be so."

The 7th March, Mr. Oswald visited, and was left alone with me. It immediately occurred he had some extraordinary subject from White Hall for conversation, and so it appeared. Mr. Oswald began by saying, "I converse with you this morning not particularly as your friend, but as a friend to Great Britain." I thanked him for his candor; he proceeded: "I have certain propositions to make for obtaining your liberty, which I advise you should take time to consider. I showed the note you lately sent me to Lord Germain, who was at first very angry. He exclaimed, 'Rascals! Rascals!—we want no rascals! Honey! honey! vinegar! They have had too much honey, and too little vinegar! They shall have less honey and more vinegar for the future!' " I said to Mr. Oswald, I should be glad to taste a little of his lordship's vinegar; his lordship's honey had been very unpleasant; but Mr. Oswald said, "That note was written without a moment's deliberation, intended only for myself, and not for the eye of a minister." Mr. Oswald smiled, and said, "It has done you no harm." I then replied, "I am as ready to give an answer to any proposition which you have to make to me at this moment as I shall be in any given time. An honest man requires no time to give an answer where his honor is concerned. If the Secretaries of State will enlarge me upon parole, as it seems they can enlarge me if they please, I will strictly conform to my engagement to do nothing, directly or indirectly, to the hurt of this kingdom. I will return to America, or remain in any part of England which may be assigned, and render myself, when demanded." Mr. Oswald answered, "No, you must stay in London, among your friends. The ministers will often have occasion to send for, and consult you; but observe, I say all

this as from myself, not by particular direction or authority; but I know it will be so. You can write two or three lines to the ministers, and barely say, you are sorry for what is past. A pardon will be granted. Every man has been wrong, at some time or other of his life, and should not be ashamed to acknowledge it." I now understood Mr. Oswald, and could easily perceive my worthy friend was more than half ashamed of his mission. Without hesitation, I replied, "Sir, I will never subscribe to my own infamy, and to the dishonor of my children." Mr. Oswald then talked of long and painful confinement, which I should suffer, and repeated "possible consequences." "Permit me to repeat, Sir," said I, "I am afraid of no consequences but such as would flow from dishonorable acts." Mr. Oswald desired, "I would take time, weigh the matter properly in my mind, and let him hear from me." I concluded by assuring him, "he never would hear from me in terms of compliance; if I could be so base, I was sure I should incur his contempt." Mr. Oswald took leave with such expressions of regard and such a squeeze of the hand, as induced me to believe he was not displeased with my determination. In the course of this conversation, I asked, "Why ministers were so desirous of having me about their persons." Mr. Oswald said, "They thought I had great influence in America." I answered, "I once had some influence in my own country; but it would be in me the highest degree of arrogance to pretend to have a general influence in America. I know of but one man, of whom this can be said; I mean General Washington. I will suppose for a moment, the General should come over to your ministers. What would be the effect? He would instantly lose all his influence, and be called a rascal." Mr. Duché dreamed that he had an influence even over the General. What was the consequence of his apostasy? Was the course of American proceedings interrupted? By no means. He was execrated, and the Americans went forward.

September 23rd.—For some time past I have been frequently and strongly tempted to make my escape from the Tower, assured, "It was the advice and desire of all my friends, the thing might be easily effected, the face of American affairs was extremely gloomy. That I might have eighteen

hours' start before I was missed; time enough to reach Margate and Ostend; that it was believed there would be no pursuit," etc., etc. I had always said: "I hate the name of a runaway." At length I put a stop to farther applications by saying, "I will not attempt an escape. The gates were opened for me to enter; they shall be opened for me to go out of the Tower. God Almighty sent me here for some purpose. I am determined to see the end of it." Where the project of an escape originated is uncertain; but I am fully convinced it was not the scheme of the person who spoke to me upon the subject. The ruin of that person and family would have been the consequence of my escape, unless there had been some previous assurance of indemnification.

JOHN LAWSON

[—1712]

D. H. HILL

JOHN LAWSON, the second writer on North Carolina, was a type of the scholar and man of the world so common in the early days of American colonization. In his love of adventure, in his indifference to hardship and danger, in his fondness for seeing with his own eyes, he was the embodiment of the spirit which made homes in the wilds of America and founded commonwealths on the wrecks of Indian wigwams.

Lawson's coming to North Carolina was determined by a chance remark of an accidental companion. With his mind filled with thoughts of a career beyond the ocean, he went "to see the solemnity of the Grand Jubilee at Rome," in the year 1700. There he fell in with a traveler. "He assured me," says Lawson, "that Carolina was the best country I could go to; and that there lay a ship in the Thames in which I might have my passage."

Instantly the young Englishman was off. The ship in the Thames was caught, and, "after a pinching voyage," landed him in New York. At the end of a fortnight spent in studying the government, situation, and trade of that city, he "put out from Sandy Hook and in fourteen days after arrived at Charlestown, the metropolis of South Carolina."

On December 28, 1700, he started for North Carolina. Six Englishmen accompanied him. The hardships of the "half-moon journey of a thousand miles" were extreme, and men of softer mould would have turned back to await the spring or would have sunk under the fatigue and exposure. "Tart gales," freezing temperature, flooded streams disquieted the bodies but did not ruffle the spirits of this company in its canoe journey around the coast and up the Santee River to the French settlements. Thence the travelers proceeded on foot. Even the French dwellers on the Santee, inured as they were to frontier life, wondered at Lawson's company "undertaking such a Voyage, thro' a Country inhabited by none but savages, and them of so different Nations and Tongues."

Although Lawson was always cheery and uncomplaining, such fragments as these from his narrative show the perils of the routes: "Wet bedding and freezing Air had so qualified our Bodies that we were nigh Frozen to Death"—"Came to a great swamp where we

were forced to strip ourselves to go over it."—"We passed over a prodigious wide deep swamp, being forced to strip stark naked (in January) and much ado to save ourselves from drowning in this Fatigue"—"One of our companions tired, not being able to travel any farther, so we went forward, leaving the poor dejected traveler with Tears in his Eyes to return to Charles-Town over so much bad way"—"Set out early, breaking the ice we met withal in the Stony Runs, which were many"—"Only parched corn to subsist on for one hundred miles."

After leaving the French settlements, Lawson's route, as traced by Ethnologist James Mooney, was up the eastern side of the Santee, Wateree, and Catawba rivers. Then the travelers struck a trading path leading by or near the present towns of Charlotte, Salisbury, Greensboro, Hillsboro, Falls of Neuse, Goldsboro, and Greenville. Finally the footsore adventurers, after a trip of about seven weeks, reached the "Pamticough River in North Carolina, where being well received by the inhabitants and pleased with the goodness of the country" they all "resolved to continue."

Of the early life of the young Englishman, who was accorded a gracious welcome by the Carolinians, we know next to nothing. From his affixing the word " gentleman " to his name on the title-page of his history we infer that he was of gentle birth. From the following facts we conclude that he was an educated man: first, from his historic style; second, from his promotion to the office of surveyor-general, an office at that time of importance and of dignity; third, from a remark in his preface; namely, that "most of the travellers who go to this vast continent are persons of the meaner sort and generally of a very slender education and (hence) are incapable of giving any reasonable account of it." This remark, of course, implies that his qualifications were different.

Of the people who received Lawson into their homes we of course get our best account from his pages. He says: "The Planters are kind and hospitable to all that come to visit them; there being very few house-keepers but what live nobly, and give away more provisions to Coasters and Guests who come to them than they expend among their own families." Some of the men were "very industrious," but he adds, " I dare hardly give 'em the character in General. The easy way of living in that Plentiful Country makes a great many Planters very negligent." The women were more laborious than the men and Lawson evidently thought them rather model home-makers. Their looks, too, matched their culinary accomplishments, for he comments: . . . . "They are often very fair and generally as Well-Featured as you shall find anywhere, and have very brisk charming eyes." Children of both sexes were "very docile" and "learned anything

with ease and method." They were carefully reared and the admonitions of parents made "great impression on their children."

Lawson was soon busied in the life of the colony. First as deputy and then as surveyor-general the activity of his compass and chain brought on his head the wrath of the Indians, for their feeble intellects could not disassociate the surveyor from the loss of their land. From Pollock's Letter Book ('Colonial Records,' I, 723-725) we should infer that Lawson was a diligent and zealous officer.

During the Cary-Glover episode Lawson's position "craved wary walking." Pollock was anxious for Lawson as an officer and as a man of influence to recognize the Cary government ('Colonial Records,' I, 726); but while Lawson "both on the Lords Proprietors' account and on his own" favored "putting the government on a proper foundation" he seems to have remained aloof from the quarrel. It appears from Pollock's letter to Lawson ('Colonial Records,' I, 727) that the surveyor was on friendly terms with Porter and Moseley, but there is no record of his being identified with either faction.

In 1705 Lawson joined Joel Martin in applying for and receiving articles of incorporation for the town of Bath, the oldest town in North Carolina, and for some years the center of its social life.

When the unfortunate De Graffenried was preparing to settle his colony of Swiss and Palatines in Carolina, Lawson, who was then on a visit to London, was appointed a director of the company. He and some of the other directors appeared in person before the Royal Committee and were "confirmed in their authority." Lawson seems to have returned in 1710-'11 with the first colony, and located the newcomers on a tongue of land between the News (Neuse) and Trent rivers, called Chattawka, where afterward was founded the small city of New Bern. De Graffenried complains that Lawson settled the colony on his personal lands and at the "hottest and most unhealthy place." Moreover, he adds: "What furthermore was very dishonest in the Surveyor is the fact that we had paid him a very heavy price for that piece of tongue of land, not knowing that he had no title to it and that the place was still inhabited by Indians. He sold it to us as free of all incumbrance and attested that there were no Indians on it." However, as De Graffenried wrote his narrative to clear his own skirts, we must take his statement subject only to further proof.

As surveyor-general Lawson was in 1709 appointed a joint commissioner with Edward Moseley to act for North Carolina in settling the disputed boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia. However, at the time of the meeting of the commissioners Lawson was engaged in settling the De Graffenried colonists. He, therefore, appointed his deputy, Colonel William Maule, to serve in his place.

Owing to disputes between the commissioners from the two States nothing was accomplished, and the line remained a source of trouble until 1728.

In the fall of 1711, just before the unexpected and terrible uprising of the Indians, Lawson invited De Graffenried to accompany him on a trip up the Neuse River. The surveyor desired to determine the navigability of the river and also to find a route for a better highway to Virginia. De Graffenried at first demurred, but on Lawson's laughing at his fear of Indians, agreed to make the journey. The two, with their negro attendants, were captured by the Indians and hurried to Catechna, the home-town of King Hencock. The Indians were jubilant over their important capture. The "Assembly of the Great," however, first acquitted the two prisoners, but after the coming of some other "war men," and after a quarrel between Lawson and one of the chiefs, both Lawson and De Graffenried were sentenced to death. De Graffenried induced the savages to spare his life, but Lawson was executed. The manner of his death is uncertain. Whether, as one report went, he was hanged, or whether, as another says, his throat was cut with his own razor, or whether, as Christopher Gale wrote, "the savages stuck him full of fine small splinters of torchwood, like hog's bristles, and so set them gradually on fire," we shall never know; for, as De Graffenried writes, "The Indians kept that execution very secret."

Lawson's history was first published in London in 1709. It is not improbable that the Lords Proprietors of Carolina aided in its publication, for at that time they voted "Twenty pounds to Mr. Lawson for Maps of North Carolina and South Carolina." ('Colonial Records,' I, 717). Other editions, including at least two German editions, followed in 1711, 1712, 1714, 1718, and 1722. The State of North Carolina ordered a reprint in 1860, and in 1903 the Charlotte *Observer* published an edition under the editorial supervision of Colonel F. A. Olds. Copies of the earlier editions are now rare. Dr. S. B. Weeks notes that about 1820 a copy of the edition of 1718 was bid in by the State Library for sixty dollars, and that at the Brinley sale in 1880 a "splendid copy" of the 1709 edition brought two hundred and fifty dollars.

Lawson divided his history into three parts: "Journal of a thousand miles of travel"; "A description of North Carolina," and "An account of the Indians of North Carolina." Since the book pictures life in North Carolina as an intelligent and apparently honest outsider saw it, it is of course invaluable as a contemporary document. The reader can but regret that much of the space given to an inaccurate natural history has not preserved for us a fuller account of the social, industrial, political, and economic life of the people.

But the book ranks well with contemporary histories and is far superior to many better known volumes. Its pictures of the Indians, among whom the author ate, slept, and moved as freely as a native, are beyond question among the most striking and the most accurate of their generation.

Lawson's vocabulary is free and unconventional. His sentences are generally clear and often forceful. He has always the good observer's faculty of seizing and utilizing essential characteristics. Most of the books of that day complacently disregarded unity and proportion. Lawson is no exception. He never apologizes for the introduction of irrelevant matter and is as much interested in an Indian's way of stalking a deer as in his way of burying his dead or his doctrine of a future life. But withal the history has the one vital quality of style—interest; and seemingly the one essential quality of history—truth.

D. H. Hill

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THE INDIANS OF NORTH CAROLINA

From 'History of North Carolina.'

The Indians of North Carolina are a well-shaped, clean-made People, of different Statures, as the Europeans are, yet chiefly inclined to be tall. They are a very straight People, and never bend forwards or stoop in the shoulders, unless overpowered by Old Age. Their limbs are exceedingly well-shaped. As for their Legs and Feet they are generally the handsomest in the World. Their Bodies are a little Flat, which is occasioned by their being Laced hard down to a Board in their Infancy. This is all the Cradle they have, which I shall describe at large elsewhere; their Eyes are black or of a Dark Hazel; The White is marbled with red Streaks, which is ever common to these people, unless when sprung from a white

Father or Mother. Their Colour is of a Tawny, which would not be so dark, did they not dawb themselves with Bear's Oil and a Colour like burnt Cork. This is begun in their Infancy and is continued for a long time, which fills the Pores, and enables them better to endure the Extremity of the Weather. They are never bald on their Heads, although never so old, which I believe proceeds from their Heads being always uncovered, and the Greasing their Hair (so often as they do) with Bear's Fat, which is a great Nourisher of the Hair, and causes it to grow very fast. Amongst the Bear's Oil, (when they intend to be fine) they mix a certain red powder that comes from a Scarlet Root, which they get in the hilly country, near the foot of the great ridge of Mountains, and it is no where else to be found. They have this Scarlet Root in great esteem, and sell it for a great Price, one to another. The reason of its Value is, because they not only go a long way for it, but are in great danger of the Sinnagars or Iroquois, who are mortal Enemies to all our Indians, and very often take them Captives, to kill them before they return from their Voyage. The Tuskeruros and other Indians have often brought this seed from the Mountains, but it would never grow in our Land. With this and Bear's Grease they anoint their Heads and Temples, which is esteemed as ornamental, as sweet Powder to our Hair. Besides this Root has the Virtue of Killing Lice and suffers none to abide or breed in their Heads. For want of this Root they sometimes use Pecoon-Root, which is of a Crimson Colour, but it is apt to dye the Hair of an ugly Hue.

Their Eyes are commonly full and manly, and their Gate sedate and majestic. They never walk backward and forward as we do, nor contemplate on the Affairs of Loss and Gain; the affairs which daily perplex us. They are dextrous and steady both as to their Hands and Feet, to Admiration. They will walk over deep Brooks, and Creeks on the smallest Poles, and that without any Fear or Concern. Nay an Indian will walk on the ridge of a Barn or House and look down the Gable-end and spit upon the Ground, as unconcerned as if he were walking on Terra Firma. In Running, Leaping or any such other exercise, their legs seldom miscarry and give them a fall; and as for letting anything fall out of their hands, I

never yet knew one Example. They are no Inventors of any Arts or Trades worthy of mention; the reason of which I take to be that they are not possessed with that Care and Thoughtfullness how to provide for the Necessaries of Life as the Europeans are; yet they will learn anything very soon. I have known an Indian stock Guns better than most of our Joiners, although he never saw one stocked before, and besides his Working-Tool was only a sorry knife. I have also known several of them that were slaves to the English, learn Handicraft Trades very handily and speedily. I never saw a Dwarf among them nor one that was Hump-backed. Their teeth are yellow with Smoking Tobacco, which both Men and Women are much addicted to. They tell us, that they had Tobacco amongst them, before the European made any discovery on that Continent. It differs in the Leaf from the sweet-scented, and Oroonoko, which are the Plants we raise and cultivate in America. Theirs differs likewise much in the Smell, when green, from our Tobacco before cured. They do not use the same way to cure it as we do; and therefore the Difference must be very considerable in Taste; for all Men (that know Tobacco) must allow, that it is the Ordering thereof which gives a Hogoo to that Weed, rather than any natural relish it possesses when green. Although they are great Smokers, yet they are never seen to take it in Snuff or chew it.

They have no hairs on their faces (except some few,) and those but little. They are continually plucking it away from their Faces, by the Roots. . . . Although we reckon these a very smooth People, and free from Hair; yet I once saw a middle-aged Man, that was hairy all down his back, the Hairs being above an inch long. As there are found very few or scarce any, Deformed or Cripples, amongst them, so neither did I ever see but one Blind Man, and then they would give me no account how his Blindness came. They had a Use for him, which was to lead him with a Girl, Woman, or Boy, by a string; so they put what burden they pleased upon his back and made him very serviceable upon all such occasions. No people have better Eyes, or see better in the Night or Day, than the Indians. Some allege, that the smoke of the Pitch-Pine, which they chiefly burn, doth both preserve and strengthen the Eyes, as perhaps it may do, because that Smoke never

offends the Eyes, tho' you hold your Face over a Great Fire thereof. This is occasioned by the volatile Part of the Turpentine which rises with the Smoke, and is of a friendly, balsamick Nature; for the Ashes of the Pine Tree afford no fix'd salt in them. They let their Nails grow very long, which, they reckon, is the Use nails are design'd for, and laugh at the Europeans for paring theirs, which they say, disarms them of that which Nature design'd for them.

They are not of so robust and strong bodies, as to lift great Burdens and endure Labour and Slavish work, as the Europeans are, yet some that are Slaves prove very good and laborious; but of themselves, they never work as the English do, taking care for no further than what is absolutely necessary to support life. In Travelling and Hunting they are very indefatigable; because that carries a Pleasure along with the Profit. I have known some of them very strong; and as for Running and Leaping they are extraordinary Fellows, and will dance for several Nights together with the greatest Briskness imaginable, their Wind never failing them.

Their Dances are of Different Natures and for every sort of Dance they have a tune which is allotted for that Dance; as, if it be a War-Dance they will have a War-Like Tune, wherein they express with all the passion and vehemence imaginable what they intend to do with their Enemies; how they will kill, roast, scalp, beat and make Captive, such and such numbers of them, and how many they have destroy'd before. All these Songs are made New for every Feast, nor is one and the same song sung at two several Festivals. Some one of the Nation (which have the best Gift of expressing their Design) is appointed by the King, and War-Captains, to make these Songs.

Others are made for Feasts of another Nature; as, when several Towns, of different Nations have made Peace with one another; then the Song suits both Nations and relates, how the Bad Spirit makes them go to War, and Destroy one another; but it shall never be so again, but that their Sons and Daughters shall marry together, and the two Nations love one another and become as one People.

They have a third sort of Feasts and Dances, which are always when the Harvest of corn is ended, and in the Spring.

The one to return thanks to the Good Spirit for the Fruits of the Earth, the other to beg the same blessing for the succeeding Year. And, to encourage the Young Men to labour stoutly, in Planting their Maiz and Pulse, they set a sort of an idol in the field, which is dressed up exactly like an Indian, having all the Indian habits, besides abundance of Wampum, and their Money, made of Shells, that hang about his Neck. The Image none of the young men dare approach; for the Old Ones will not suffer them to come near him, but tell them that he is some famous Indian Warrior, that died a great while ago, and now is come amongst them to see if they work well, which, if they do, he will go to the good Spirit and speak to Him to send them Plenty of Corn and make all the young Men expert hunters and Mighty Warriors. All this While, the King and Old Men sit around the Image, and seemingly pay a profound Respect to the same. One great Help to these Indians in carrying on these Cheats, and inducing the Youths to do what they please is the uninterrupted silence which is ever kept and observed, with all the Respect and Veneration imaginable.

At these Feasts, which are set out with all the magnificence their fare allows of, the Masquerades begin at night and not Before. There is commonly a Fire made in the Middle of the House which is the largest in the Town, and is very often the Dwelling of their King, or War-Captain, where sit two men on the Ground, upon a Mat; one with a rattle made of a Gourd, with some Beans in it; the other with a Drum made of an Earthen Pot, covered with a dressed Deer Skin, and one Stick in his Hand to beat thereon, and so they bothe begin the Song appointed. At the same time one Drums and the other Rattles, which is all the artificial Music of their own Making I ever saw among them. To these two Instruments they sing, which carries no Air with it, but is a sort of unsavory Jargon; yet their Cadences and raising of their Voices are formed with that Equality and Exactness, that (to us Europeans) it seems admirable how they should continue their Songs, without once missing to agree, each with the other's Note and Tune.

As for the Dancing, were there Masters of the Profession amongst them, as there are with us, they would dearly earn their money; for these Creatures take the most Pains with it

that Men are able to endure. I have seen thirty odd together a-dancing until every one dropp'd down with Sweat, as if Water had been poured down their Backs. They use those hard Labours to make them able to endure Fatigue, and improve their Wind, which indeed is very long and durable, it being a hard matter, in any exercise to dispossess them of it.

At these Feasts they meet from all the Towns within Fifty or Sixty Miles around, where they buy and sell several Commodities, as we do at Fairs and Markets. Besides, they game very much, and often strip themselves of all they would have in the World, and what is more, I have known several of them sell themselves away, so that they have remained the Winner's Servants, till their Relations or themselves could raise the money to redeem them; and when this happens the Loser is never dejected or melancholy at the loss, but laughs and seems no less contented than if he had won. They never differ at Gaming, nor did I ever see a Dispute about the Legality thereof, so much as rise amongst them.

The chiefest Game is a sort of Arithmetic, which is managed by a Parcel of small split Reeds, the thickness of a small Bent; these are made very nicely, so that they part and are tractable in their Hands. They are fifty-one in number, their length about seven inches; when they play they throw part of them to their Antagonist; the art is to discover, upon sight, how many you have, and what you throw to him that plays with you. Some are so expert with their numbers that they will tell ten times together what they threw out of their Hands. Although the whole Play is carried on with the quickest Motion it's possible to use, yet some are so expert at this game as to win great Indian Estates by this Play. A good set of these reeds, fit to play withal, are valued and sold for a dressed Doe Skin.

They have several other Plays and Games, as with the Kernels or Stones of Persimmons, which are in effect the same as our Dice, because Winning or Losing depend on which side appears uppermost, and how they happen to fall together.

Another game is managed with a Batoon and a Ball, and resembles our Trap-ball; besides several Nations have several Games and Pastimes which are not used by others.

These Savages live in Wigwams, or Cabins built of Bark,

which are made round like an Oven to prevent any danger by hard Gales of Wind. They make the Fire in the middle of the House, and have a Hole at the top of the Roof, right above the Fire, to let out the smoke. These Dwellings are as Hot as Stoves, where the Indians sleep and Sweat all night. The Floors thereof are never paved nor swept, so that they have always loose earth on them. They are often troubled with a multitude of Fleas, especially near the Places where they dress their Deer-skins, because that Hair harbours them, yet I have never felt any ill, unsavory Smell in their Cabins, whereas, should we live in our Houses as they do, we should be poisoned with our own Nastiness; which confirms these Indians to be, as they really are, some of the sweetest People in the world.

The Bark they make their Cabins withal is generally Cypress, or red or white Cedar, and sometimes when they are a great way from any of these Woods, they make use of Pine Bark, which is the Worser sort. In building these fabricks they get very long Poles of Pine, Cedar, Hickory or any other Wood that will bend; these are the thickness of the small of a Man's Leg, at the thickest end of which they generally strip off the bark, and warm them well in the fire, which makes them tough and fit to bend; afterwards they stick the thickest ends of them in the ground, above two yards asunder, in a circular form, the distance they design the Cabin to be (which is not always round but sometimes oval); then they bend the tops and bring them together and bind their ends with bark of trees, that is proper for that use, as Elm is, or sometimes the Moss that grows on the Trees, and is a yard or two long and never Rots; then they brace them with other poles, so that they are very warm and tight, and will keep firm against all the Weathers that blow. They have other sorts of Cabins without Windows, which are for their Granaries, Skins, and Merchandizes; and others that are covered overhead and the rest left open for air. These have Reed Hurdles like Tables, to lie and sit on in summer, and serve for pleasant Banqueting Houses in the Hot Season of the Year. The Cabins they dwell in have Benches all around, except where the door stands. On these lay Beast-Skins and Mats made of Rushes, whereon they sleep and loll. In one of these several Families commonly live, though all related to one another.

As to the Indian's Food, it is of several sorts, which are as follows:

Venison, and Fawns in the Bag, cut out of the Doe's Belly; Fish of all sorts, the Lamprey-Eel excepted, and the Sturgeon our Salt-Water Indians will not touch; Bear and Beaver; Panther; Pole-Cat; Wild-Cat; Possum; Raccoon; Hares and Squirrels roasted with their Guts in; Snakes, all Indians will not eat them, tho' some do; all wild Fruits that are Palatable, some of which they dry and keep against Winter, as all sorts of Fruits, and Peaches which they dry, and make Quiddonies, and Cakes, that are pleasant, and a little tartish; young Wasps when they are white in the Combs before they can fly, this is esteemed a dainty; All Sorts of Tortoise and Terebins; Shell-Fish and Stingray or Scate, dryed; Gourds; Melons; Cucumbers; Squashes; Pulse of all sorts; Rockahomine Meal, which is their Maiz, parched and pounded into powder; Fowl of all sorts, that are eatable; Ground-Nuts or Wild Potatoes; Acorns and Acorn Oil; Wild-Bulls; Beef; Mutton, Pork, etc., from the English; Indian Corn, or Maiz, made into several sorts of Bread; Ears of Corn roasted in the Summer or preserved against the Winter.

The Victuals is Common, throughout the whole Kindred Relations, and often to the whole Town; especially, when they are in Hunting-Quarters, then they all fare alike, whichsoever of them kills the Game. They are very kind and charitable to one another, but more especially to those of their own Nation; for if any one of them has suffered any Loss by Fire or otherwise, they order the grieved persons to make a Feast, and invite them all thereto, which, on the day appointed, they come to, and after every Man's mess of Victuals is dealt to him, one of their Speakers or grave old Men, makes an Harangue, and acquaints the Company That that Man's House has been burnt, wherein all his Goods were destroyed; That he and his Family very narrowly escaped; That he is every Man's friend in that Company; and, That it is all their Duties to help him, as he would do to any of them, had like Misfortune befallen them. After this Oration is over, every Man, according to his quality, throws him down upon the Ground some Present, which is commonly Beads, Ronoak, Peak, Skins or Furs, and which very often amounts to treble the amount

he has suffered. The same assistance they give to any Man that wants to build a Cabin, or make a Canoe. They say it is our Duty thus to do; for there are several Works that one Man cannot effect, therefore, we must give him our help, otherwise our Society will fall, and we shall be deprived of those urgent Necessities which life requires. They have no Fences to part one another's Lots in their Corn-Fields; but every Man knows his own, and it scarce ever happens that they rob one another of so much as an Ear of Corn, which if any is found to do, he is sentenced by the Elders to work, and plant for him that was robbed, till he is recompensed for all the damage he has suffered in his Corn-Field; and this is punctually performed, and the Thief held in Disgrace that steals from any of his Country-Folks. It often happens that a Woman is destitute of her Husband, and has a great many Children to maintain; such a Person they always help, and make their young men plant, reap and do everything for her that she is not capable of doing for herself; yet they do not allow anyone to be idle; but to employ themselves in some Work or other.

They never fight with one another, unless Drunk, nor do you ever hear any scolding amongst them. They say the Europeans are always wrangling and uneasy, and wonder that they do not go out of this World, since they are so uneasy and discontented in it. All their Misfortunes and Losses end in Laughter; for if their Cabins take fire, and all their Goods are burnt therein, (indeed all will strive to prevent further Damage whilst there is any possibility) yet such a misfortune ends in a hearty Fit of laughter, unless some of their Kinsfolk and Friends have lost their Lives; but then the Case is altered and they become very pensive, and go into deep Mourning, which is continued for a considerable time; sometimes longer or shorter, just according to the Dignity of the Person, and the Number of Relations he had near to him.

When an Indian is dead the greater person he is the more expensive is his Funeral. The first thing which is done is, to place the nearest Relations near the Corps, who mourn and weep very much, having their hair hung down their Shoulders, in a very forlorn manner. After the dead Person has laid a day and a Night in one of their Hurdies or Canes, commonly

in some out-House made for that purpose, those that officiate about the Funeral go into Town, and the first young Men they Meet withal that have Blankets or Match Coats on, whom they think fit for their Turn, they strip them from their Backs, who suffer them to do so without any Resistance. In these they wrap the dead Bodies, and convey them with two or three Mats which the Indians make of Rushes or Cane; and last of all they have a long web of woven Reeds, or hollow Canes, which is the Coffin of the Indians, and is brought around several times and is tied fast at both ends, which indeed looks very decent and well. Then the Corps is brought out of the House into the Orchard of Peach-Trees, where another Hurdle is made to receive it, about which comes all the Relations and Nations that the dead person belonged to, besides several from other Nations in Alliance with them; all which sit down on the Ground, upon Mats spread there for that purpose; where the Doctor or Conjurer appears, and after some time, makes a sort of O-yes, at which all are very silent. Then he begins to give an account who the dead person was, and how stout a man he approved himself; how many Enemies and Captives he had killed and taken; how strong, tall, and nimble he was; that he was a great Hunter, a lover of his Country, and possessed of a great many beautiful wives and children, esteemed the greatest of Blessings among these Savages, in which they have a true Notion. Thus this Orator runs on, highly extolling the dead Man, for his Valour, Conduct, Strength, Riches, and Good Humour; and enumerating his Guns, Slaves and almost everything he was possess'd of, when living. After which he addresses himself to the People of that Town or Nation, and bids them Supply the Dead Man's Place, by following his steps, who he assures them, is gone into the Country of Souls (which they think lies a great way off, in this World, which the Sun visits, in his ordinary Course) and that he will have the enjoyment of handsome young Women, great Store of Deer to hunt, never Meet with Hunger, Cold or Fatigue, but everything to answer his Expectation and Desire. This is the Heaven they propose to themselves; but on the contrary, for those Indians that are lazy, thievish amongst themselves, bad Hunters and no Warriours, nor of much use to the Nation, to such they allot in the next World,

Hunger, Cold, Troubles, Ugly old Women for their Companions, with snakes and all sorts of Nasty Victuals to feed on. Thus is marked out their Heaven and Hell. After all this Harangue, he diverts the People with some of their Traditions, as when there was a violent hot Summer or a very hard Winter; when any notable Distempers raged amongst them; when they were at War with such and such Nations; how victorious they were, and what were the Names of their War-Captains. To prove the times more exactly, he produces the Records of the Country, which are a Parcel of Reeds of different lengths, with several distinct marks known to none but themselves; but which they seem to guess, very exactly, at Accidents that happened many years ago; nay two or three Ages or more. The reason I have to believe what they tell me, on this Account, is because I have been at the meetings of several Indian Nations; and they agree in relating the same Circumstances, as to Time, very exactly; as, for example they say, there was so hard a winter in Carolina 105 years ago, that the great Sound was frozen over and the Wild geese came into the Woods to eat Acorns and they were so tame (I suppose through Want) that they were killed abundantly in the Woods by knocking them on the Head with Sticks.

But, to return to the dead Man. When this Long Tale is ended by him that spoke first; perhaps a second begins another long Story; so a third and fourth if there be so many Doctors present; which all tell one and the same thing. At last the Corps is brought away from the Hurdies to the Grave, by four young Men, attended by the Relations, the King, Old Men and all the Nation. When they come to the Sepulchre, which is about six foot deep, and eight foot long, having at each end, (that is, at the Head and Foot) a Light-Wood or Pitch-Pine Fork driven close down the sides of the Grave, firmly into the Ground; (these two forks are to contain a Ridge-Pole, as you shall understand presently) before they lay the Corps into the Grave they cover the bottom two or three times over with Bark of Trees, then they let down the Corps (with two Belts, that the Indians carry their Burdens withal) very leisurely upon the said Barks; then they lay over a Pole of the Same Wood, in the two Forks, and having a great many Pieces

of Pitch-Pine logs, about two foot and a half long, they stick them in the sides of the Grave down each end, and near the top thereof, where the other Ends lie on the Ridge-Pole, so that they are declining like the roof of a House. These being very thick-placed they cover them (many times double) with Bark; then they throw the Earth thereon, that came out of the Grave, and beat it down very firm, by this means the Dead Body lies in a vault, nothing touching him; so that when I saw this way of burial, I was mightily pleased with it, esteeming it very pleasant and decent, as having seen a great many Christians buried without the tenth part of that Ceremony and Decency. Now when the Flesh is rotten and Moulder'd from the Bones they take up the Carcass and clean the Bones, and join them together; afterwards, they dress them up in pure white dressed Deer-Skins, and lay them amongst their Grandees and Kings in the Quiogozon, which is their royal Tomb or Burial-Place of their Kings and War-Captains. This is a very large Magnificent Cabin, (according to their Building) which is raised at the Publick Charge of the Nation, and maintained in a great deal of form and Neatness. About seven foot high is a Floor or Loft made, on which lie all their Princes and great Men, that have died for several hundred years, all attired in the dress I have before told you of. No person is to have his bones lie here and be thus dressed, unless he gives a round sum of their Money to the Rulers, for Admittance. If they remove never so far, to live in a Foreign Country, they never fail to take all these dead Bones with them, tho' the Tediousness of their short daily Marches keeps them never so long on their Journey. They reverence and adore this Quiogozon, with all the Veneration and Respect that is possible for such a People to discharge, and had rather lose all than have any Violence or Injury offer'd thereto. These Savages differ some small matter in their Burials; some burying right upwards, and otherwise, as you are acquainted withal from my Journal from South to North Carolina. Yet they all agree in their Mourning, which is to appear every night at the Sepulchre, and howl and weep in a very dismal manner, having their Faces dawb'd over with Light-Wood Soot, (which is the same as Lamp-Black) and Bear's Oil. This renders them as black as it is possible to make themselves, so that theirs very much resem-

bles the Faces of Executed Men boil'd in Tar. If the Dead Person was a Grandee, to carry on the Funeral Ceremonies, they hire people to cry and lament over the Dead Body. Of this sort, there are several that practice this for a livelihood, and are very expert at shedding Abundance of Tears, and howling like Wolves and so discharging their office with abundance of Hypocrisy and Art. The Women are never Accompanied with these Ceremonies after Death; and to what World they allot that sex I never understood, unless to wait on their dead Husbands; but they have more wit than some of the Eastern Nations; who sacrifice themselves to accompany their Husbands into the next World. It is the Dead Man's relations, by Blood, as his Uncles, Brothers, Sisters, Cousins, Sons and Daughters, that mourn in good earnest; the Wives thinking their Duty is discharged, and that they are become free, when their Husband is dead; so, as fast as they can, look out for another, to supply his Place.

As for the Indian Women, which now happen in my Way; when young, and at Maturity, they are as fine-shap'd Creatures (take them generally) as any in the Universe. They are of a tawny Complexion, their Eyes very brisk and amorous; their Smiles afford the finest Composure a face can possess; their Hands are of the finest make, with small long Fingers, and as soft as their Cheeks; and their Whole bodies of a smooth Nature. They are not so uncouth or unlikely, as we suppose them. . . . When any young Indian has a mind for such a Girl to his Wife, he, or some one for him, goes to the Young Woman's Parents, if living; if not to her nearest Relations; where they make offers of the Match betwixt the Couple. The Relations reply, they will consider of it, which serves for a sufficient Answer, till there be a second meeting about the Marriage which is generally brought into Debate before all the Relations (that are Old People) on both Sides; and sometimes the King with all his great Men to give their Opinions therein, if it be agreed on, and the young Woman approves thereof (for these Savages never give their children in Marriage without their own consent) the man pays so much for his Wife; and the Handsomer she is, the greater Price she bears. Now, it often happens that the Man has not so much of their Money ready as he is to pay for his Wife; but if

they know him to be a good Hunter, and that he can raise the Sum, agreed for, in some few Moons, or any little time, they agree, she shall go along with him as betroth'd. Yet the Women are quite contrary, and those Indian Girls that have convers'd with the English and other Europeans never care for the conversation of their Countrymen afterwards. The Indian men are not so vigorous and impatient in their Love as we are. They never marry so near as a first Cousin; and although there is nothing more coveted amongst them than to marry a Woman of their own Nation, yet when the Nation consists of a very few People (as nowadays it often happens, so that they are all of them related to one another) then they look out for Husbands and Wives amongst strangers. An Indian is allowed to marry two Sisters, or his Brother's Wife. The Marriages of these Indians are no farther binding than the Man and Woman agree together. Either of them has Liberty to leave the other upon any frivolous excuse they can make, yet whoever takes the Woman that was another Man's before, and bought by him, as they all are, must certainly pay to her former Husband, whatsoever he gave for her. Nay, if she be a Widow and her Husband died in debt, whoever takes her to Wife, pays all her Husband's Obligations, tho' never so many; yet the Woman is not required to pay anything (unless she is willing) that was owing from her Husband, so long as she keeps single. You may see Men selling their Wives as Men do horses in a Fair, a Man being allow'd not only to change as often as he pleases, but likewise to have as Many Wives as he is able to Maintain. I have very often seen very Old Indian Men (that have been Grandees in their Own Nation) have three or four very likely young Indian Wives, which I have much wondered at. They are never to boast of their Intrigues with the Women. This proceeds not on the score of Reputation, for there is no such thing known amongst them; yet they retain and possess a Modesty which requires those passions never to be Divulged. . . . The Indians say, that the Woman is a weak creature, and easily drawn away by the Man's Persuasions; for which reason they lay no blame upon her, but the Man (who ought to be the master of his Passion) for persuading her to it.

They are of a very hale Constitution, their breaths are as

sweet as the air they breathe in, yet their love is never of that Force and Continuance that any of them ever runs Mad or makes away with themselves on that score. They never love beyond retrieving their first indifferences and when slighted are as ready to untie the knot at one end as you are at the other. Yet I knew an European man who after living with one of these Indian Women married a Christian, and when he went to visit his Indian Mistress she made answer that she then had forgot she ever knew him, so fell a crying and went out of the Cabin (away from him) in great disorder.

JOSEPH LECONTE

[1823—1901]

H. C. WHITE

JOSEPH LE CONTE was born on the plantation of "Woodsmanton," Liberty County, Georgia, February 26, 1823, and died in the Yosemite Valley, California, July 6, 1901, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

The LeConte family is of Huguenot extraction. Guillaume LeConte, a native and citizen of Rouen, emigrated in 1685, in the troublous times succeeding the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and, after serving as an officer in the army of William of Orange in Holland and England, settled at New Rochelle, not far from New York City, in 1695. A grandson, Louis, born in Shrewsbury, New Jersey, August 4, 1782, removed to Georgia in 1810, assuming the management of large landed estates belonging to the family in Liberty and Bryan Counties. There he married, in 1812, Ann Quarterman, a descendant of the colony of Dorchester Puritans which had settled in Liberty County in 1750. The issue of this marriage was four sons and three daughters; the fifth child and youngest son is the subject of this sketch.

Joseph LeConte's mother was an orthodox Puritan, rigorous as to morality and the observances of her sect, but of highly artistic temperament, passionately fond of music and painting, and proficient in both. She died when he was but three years of age; he remembered her but slightly, but was her debtor for a large inheritance of artistic instincts which were no small factor in deciding his career and determining the quality of his achievements. His father, a graduate of Columbia (1799), was a cultured, scholarly gentleman with an extremely forceful personality. An excellent classical scholar and fine mathematician, he was, besides, an ardent lover of science and a keen observer of natural phenomena. Possessed of wealth; administering the affairs of a large plantation in the patriarchal manner of slavery days; owner of extensive fields and forests, streams, and swamps, remote from congested populations and teeming with the wild, luxuriant life of a semi-tropical region, he had abundant leisure and opportunity to gratify his own scholarly tastes and love of nature and to impart them to his children. An excellent library was supplied with the standard books and periodicals of the day, and a chemical laboratory was established in the attic of the dwelling-

house, which was surrounded by a "botanical garden," famous throughout the South for the extent, variety, and beauty of its products and its intelligent arrangement for purposes of study. The woods and swamps abounded in game; the streams in fish; and the mild Southern climate afforded an indulgence throughout the year in the healthful plantation sports of riding and swimming, hunting and fishing. Amid these surroundings, ideal for development of the sound mind in sound body, an accomplished and affectionate father was chief tutor to the young LeContes and director and companion in their sports.

Of systematic, elementary schooling Joseph had but little. He attended, occasionally and irregularly, the "old-field schools" of the neighborhood. Among his teachers—and the only one, it seems, who impressed him seriously—was Alexander H. Stephens, the famous Georgia statesman. Prepared for college by his father, he entered the University of Georgia in January, 1838, and was graduated, A.B., in August, 1841. After an extended and interesting visit, with other members of the family, to Washington, New York, and Boston, the two following years were spent mainly on the plantation, with a few months given to the nominal study of medicine under Dr. Charles West of Macon, and an elder brother, Dr. John LeConte, in Savannah. In the autumn of 1843 he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York and was graduated M.D., in May, 1845. The summer vacation of 1844 had been spent in a long and interesting journey with a cousin through the region of the Great Lakes, returning by the then thinly-settled States of the Northwest, an experience which had a marked influence upon his future career.

Returning to the leisurely life of the plantation, on January 14, 1846, he married Miss Caroline Elizabeth Nisbet, of Macon, to which city he removed two years later, in January, 1848, and began the practice of medicine. The life of the general practitioner was extremely distasteful to him; the call of the scholar and investigator was in the blood; so, in August, 1850, he abandoned the profession and entered Agassiz's laboratory at Harvard as a special student and was graduated B.S. from the Sheffield Scientific School in June, 1851. His association with Agassiz was extremely intimate, and in January, 1851, he accompanied him on a famous zoölogical expedition to the reefs of Florida. Returning to Georgia, in November, 1851, he was appointed professor of natural science in Oglethorpe University at Midway, Georgia. In December, 1852, his Alma Mater, the University of Georgia, called him to the chair of geology and natural history, which he held until December, 1856, resigning to accept the professorship of chemistry and geology in

the South Carolina College at Columbia, South Carolina, which post he held until the disbandment of the college by stress of war in June, 1862. During the war he engaged in technical chemical work for the Confederacy in connection with the manufacture of medical and ordnance supplies. At the close of the war the college was reorganized as the University of South Carolina, and LeConte resumed his chair until the atrocities of the Reconstruction made further connection with the institution intolerable. In August, 1869, therefore, he accepted the professorship of geology and natural history in the newly-established University of California, which post he held until his death.

In appearance LeConte was of medium height, rather slender, but sturdy and well-favored. Devoted to out-door sports, he excelled particularly in swimming. On a visit to Tallulah Falls in North Georgia, in 1845, he made a daily practice of bathing in the dangerous Hawthorn Pool, shunned by the ordinary expert, and, at the age of seventy-seven he was still daring and proficient in the art. He was kindly and amiable in disposition; keenly appreciative of humor; sensitive in matters of honor and affection. His domestic relations were of the happiest character throughout his life and his friends were many and sincere. He was always most popular among the students and the best beloved professor in the several faculties of which he formed a part. His life ran smoothly from start to finish, unbroken by calamity save the inevitable deaths of near and dear relatives and the horrors—of which he witnessed a full share—visited upon his people by the great war.

With the combined inheritance of Puritan and Huguenot, in matters of religion he was, in early life, as he himself expresses it, "orthodox of the orthodox." "Later, as thought germinated and grew apace, I adopted a liberal interpretation of orthodoxy; then gradually I became unorthodox; then in deep sympathy with the most liberal movement of Christian thought; and finally to some extent a leader in that movement." His father, although "in the truest sense religious," was no church member, but attended regularly, with his wife, the Puritan-Congregationalist Church at Midway, of which she was a devout member. While a student at Athens, LeConte, at the age of seventeen, united himself with the Presbyterian Church—the "nearest in faith" in the community to that attended by his parents. He was never active, however, in church work, although deeply religious; and throughout his life he cared "little for denominational differences." A rare combination of breadth and tolerance of spirit with strong religious conviction is manifested in the tone of all his philosophical writings and adds greatly to their power and charm.

The circumstances of LeConte's life were such that he gave an unusual number of years to preparation for his ultimate serious work. In early manhood his career and choice of a profession were long undecided. The esthetic and artistic impulses inherited from his mother inclined him strongly to some form of literary pursuit as a field for expression of the idealistic thought to which he felt himself moved. For a brief moment he contemplated entering the ministry as affording opportunity to become a great preacher. Literature as a pursuit was then practically unknown in the South; publication of literary efforts was rare, and facilities for publication were even more scant than now. Had he lived in New England he might have become an imaginative writer of great merit or perhaps a fair poet. On the other hand, he shared his father's enthusiasm for scientific research, to which, indeed, the imaginative faculty is essential, and this was stimulated by the education of his boyhood at his father's hands on the great, wild plantation, with its constant close communion with Nature, its botanical garden, and its chemical laboratory. Tentatively he adopted the profession of medicine, with no taste or love for the actual practice of the healing art; but as furnishing at the time the fittest opportunity for scientific investigation. He first really found himself when, at twenty-seven, he came under the influence of Agassiz and caught inspiration and direction from intimate association with that wonderful genius and teacher. Thenceforth his line of intellectual endeavor was clearly marked out, and was followed brilliantly and without deviation to the end.

Geology—in many respects the greatest of the natural sciences, making application, on a cosmic scale, of all the others, and embracing the study and interpretation of the grand phenomena concerned with the formation and development of the earth—afforded an appropriate and congenial field for the exercise of his peculiar and great intellectual powers. To this branch of science, therefore, stimulated by the advice and example of Agassiz, he devoted himself with ardor and enthusiasm as student, investigator, and teacher. His creative work began while he was still connected with the colleges of the South. It reached full fruition, however, only after his transfer to California, where a lesser burden of routine duties gave greater leisure for investigative work, and the magnificent mountains and valleys of the geologically-young Pacific Coast afforded rare opportunity for first-hand observation of the phenomena in which he was particularly interested. It was during his residence in California that his chief scientific work was done and his most important publications were made. A typical product of the "ante-bellum" South, LeConte rang true to his birth and breeding. Thinking high thoughts, musing upon things beautiful, frequently reaching,

along original lines, the most profound of philosophical conceptions interchange of intellectual product by the men of the South was mainly through personal conversation or correspondence or the oratory of special occasion, and little provision was made or desire entertained for permanent preservation. This lofty modesty—the outgrowth, doubtless, of the fine sensitiveness of Southern character which was, in some measure, the glory and, in large measure, the misfortune of Southern letters—LeConte shared to the full. Many of his earlier papers, on a variety of topics, were prepared for local clubs or occasional addresses and few were given more permanent form than the written page. As his manuscripts met destruction during the war, the loss was complete. Subsequently he reproduced many of his earlier ideas in later publications, but there can be no doubt that much of the peculiar flavor of the earlier forms was lost.

Primarily, LeConte was a man of science. He investigated in many fields and contributed largely to the publications of many scientific bodies. The variety and extent of his papers are exhibited by the bibliography appended to this sketch. Of the technical value of his scientific work this is perhaps not the appropriate place to speak in detail. It may be stated briefly, however, that his original contributions to a correct theory of Vision are regarded among physicists as especially noteworthy, and that his fame as a geologist rests chiefly upon his original and brilliant exposition of the genesis of mountains.

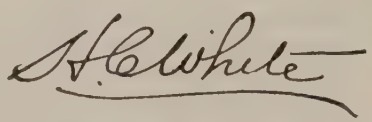
But he was philosopher no less than science-specialist. He pondered deeply upon the relations of his interpretations of nature to human interests, and was ever mindful that the soul of Man was chiefest creation of the universe, believing firmly that all lesser phenomena might be construed to understanding of its purpose. His philosophical reflections are as admirable in their way as his contributions to the truths of science are valuable.

He was, withal, a charming writer, and in his popular treatment of scientific and philosophical subjects he exhibits a literary style which easily ranks him among the producers of good and abiding literature. Truly eloquent as a lecturer by reason of the clearness, the conscientious accuracy and the simplicity in language of his expression, as a writer he is lucid, direct, forceful, and convincing. His great imaginative powers he held strictly to the "scientific use," but they are manifested abundantly, nevertheless, in all the productions of his pen. The results of keen observation, close analysis, and strict logical reasoning are clothed in artistic forms which add literary excellence in expression to the scientific value or the philosophic acceptability of the conclusions which he presents. His

papers on technical scientific subjects may be read with delight by untechnical readers; his great text-book on the 'Elements of Geology' is virtually self-teaching by reason of the charm and simplicity of its style; and his admirable little book on 'Evolution in its Relation to Christian Thought' has probably been more widely read and has received a larger measure of general appreciation than any other single contribution to the profoundly interesting subject with which it deals.

During his life LeConte was the recipient, at home and abroad, of many honors and scholarly appreciations of his work. He became a member of the Georgia Medical Society in 1849; member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1850, Councillor and General Secretary in 1861 and President in 1891; first vice-president of the American Committee and presiding officer of the International Geological Congress in 1891; member of the California Academy of Science in 1870; of the National Academy of Science in 1875; of the American Geological Society in 1882, and its president in 1895; of the National Educational Association in 1892; of the American Institute of Mining Engineers in 1894; was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by Princeton University on the occasion of the sesquicentennial celebration in 1896; and was a member of numerous minor scientific, literary, and philosophical societies.

He died in a manner and amid surroundings befitting his life and work, at an advanced age; in full possession of his faculties; suddenly and without pain; surrounded by affectionate members of his family and devoted, admiring friends; in the open, among the mountains he dearly loved and intimately knew; on a camping trip in the grand Valley of the Yosemite.



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(Excellent material for gaining a correct estimate of the man, prepared by him shortly before his death and published a few months thereafter.)

PERSONALITY OF DEITY

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I WISH you to understand, once for all, that I stand on the same platform as every one of you; that I do not appear before you as one having authority to teach you upon these high subjects: I do not come having a commission in my hand, except such a commission as every one holds to exert all his influence on the side of truth and virtue. I simply present here the thoughts of one who has thought intensely, if not profoundly, and felt still more intensely, upon subjects which must stir the heart of every one in this audience—subjects of such vital importance that, in comparison, all others sink into insignificance; the thoughts of one who has all his life sought with passionate ardor the truth revealed in the one book, but who clings no less passionately to the hopes revealed in the other.

Perhaps some of you think that this very position puts me in a condition of *prejudice;* that a condition of intellectual indifferency is absolutely necessary for sound and fair judgment. I know many think so. On the contrary, I assert that intense interest and love of the truths revealed in both books is the only condition of a rational view of their mutual relations.

Not many Sundays ago I heard an eloquent minister, standing in this place, say, "It is impossible to know a man *unless you first love him.*" There is a profound truth in this remark. You cannot be a wise philanthropist unless you deeply sympathize with human nature, unless you love your fellow-men. You cannot understand the character of children unless you deeply sympathize with them and love them. You cannot understand your friend unless you first love him. Indifferency shuts the door of the mind as well as of the heart. Hate not only shuts but double-locks it, and throws away the key. Only Love can open it. Now, what is true of persons is no less true of subjects. It is impossible to judge fairly of any theory, of any philosophy, of any subject, unless you are deeply interested, unless you deeply sympathize with and love its spirit. This is true even in the lower departments of

thought, but more and more true as the subjects become more complex. As we rise higher and higher we find it more and more necessary to bring the affections to the work, until, in the highest of all, in religious subjects, the language of Scripture is literally true, *we understand with the heart more than with the head.* I repeat, then, that it is impossible to judge fairly and appreciate thoroughly the mutual relations of these two revelations unless we deeply sympathize with and love the truths contained in both.

After this introduction, defining my position, I announce as the subject of this my first lecture, as well as of one or two following, the "*Personality of Deity as revealed in Nature.*"

Theism, or a belief in God or in gods, or in a super-natural agency of some kind controlling the phenomena around us, is the fundamental basis and condition of all religion, and is therefore universal, necessary, and intuitive. I will not, therefore, attempt to bring forward any proof of that which lies back of all proof, and is already more certain than anything can be made by any process of reasoning. The ground of this belief lies in the very nature of man; it is the very foundation and ground-work of reason. It is this and this only which gives significance to Nature; without it, neither religion, nor science, nor indeed human life, would be possible. For, observe what is the characteristic of man in his relation to external Nature. To the brute the phenomena of Nature are nothing but sensuous phenomena: but man, just in proportion as he uses his human faculties, instinctively ascends from the phenomena to their cause. This is inevitable by a law of our nature, but the process of ascent is different for the cultured and uncultured races. The uncultured man, when a phenomenon occurs, the cause of which is not immediately perceived, passes by one step from the sensuous phenomenon to the first cause; while the cultured and especially the scientific man passes from the sensuous phenomenon through a chain of secondary causes to the first cause. This region of second causes, and this only, is the domain of science.

Science may, in fact, be defined as the *study of the modes of operation of the first cause.*

It is evident, therefore, that the recognition of second

causes cannot preclude the idea of the existence of God. If, in tracing the chain of causes upward, we stop at any cause, or force, or principle, that force or principle becomes for us God, since it is the efficient agent controlling the phenomena of the universe. Thus, Theism is necessary, intuitive, and therefore, universal. We cannot get rid of it if we would. Push it out, as many do, at the front-door, and it comes in again, perhaps unrecognized, at the back-door. Turn it out in its *nobler forms* as revealed in Scripture, and it comes in again in its *ignoble forms,* it may be as magnetism, electricity, or gravity, or some other supposed efficient agent controlling Nature. In some form, noble or ignoble, it will become a guest in the human heart. I therefore repeat, *Theism neither requires nor admits of proof.*

But in these latter times there is a strong tendency for Theism to take the form of *Pantheism,* and thereby religious belief is robbed of all its power over the human heart. It becomes necessary, therefore, for me to attempt to show, not the existence, indeed, but the *personality of Deity.* If I were lecturing to an unlettered audience, this would not be necessary, for the mind naturally conceives of God as a person. But, among a certain class of cultivated minds, and especially among scientific men, there is a growing sentiment, sometimes openly expressed, sometimes only vaguely felt, that what we call God is only a universal, all pervading principle animating Nature—a general principle of evolution—an unconscious, impersonal life-force under which the whole cosmos slowly develops. Now, this form of Theism may possibly satisfy the demands of a purely speculative philosophy, but cannot satisfy the cravings of the human heart. For practical religion—for a religion which connects itself with morality, and influences human life, which shall make us better men and women, which shall be the agent of human progress—we must have more than this, we must have a personal Deity; not indeed a material form, but a personal Will and Intelligence, a Father of our spirits, one to whom we come in our ignorance and darkness for guidance and light, in our weakness for help, in our hungerings after spiritual food for daily bread; into whose image by daily communion we may be more and more transfigured;

by steadfast upward gazing into whose face we may be drawn higher and higher.

Now, it is precisely such a personal Being, which as you all know is revealed in Scripture, underlying in fact every line of its language; it is such a personal Deity which, as I am convinced, is revealed in Nature also, and underlies all her language.

The argument for the personality of Deity is derived from the evidences of intelligent contrivance and design in Nature; or the adjustment of parts for a definite and an intelligible purpose. It is usually called "*the argument from design.*" The force of this argument is felt at once intuitively by all minds, and its effect is irresistible and overwhelming to every plain, honest mind, unplagued by metaphysical subtleties. Even in minds thus troubled the effect is still intuitive and irresistible in all cases except in a work of Nature, that is, of God.

But some will say, "The very object of science is to destroy popular intuitions." There cannot be a greater mistake. There are two great functions of science. One is the discovery of *new* truth; the other and far the more characteristic is to give clear and perfect form to *old* truth—to give rational form to the vague intuitions of the popular mind—to winnow out the chaff from the grain, separate the dross from the gold. This it does by means of its admirable methods. As is the eye among the sense-organs, so is science among the means of acquiring knowledge: as the vague perceptions of the external world received through the other senses are changed into clear, distinct, definite knowledge only through the delicately-adjusted mechanism of the eye; even so the vague intuitions of the popular mind and even of philosophic genius take clear, distinct, and permanent form only through the exquisitely-delicate methods and processes of science. This, I repeat, is the more characteristic function of science. The discovery of new truth does not seem to come by any characteristic method. When a great truth is discovered by scientific genius, it seems to come suddenly, like a revelation. It seems to be by the same faculty of intuition which is common to all minds, but which in its highest forms we call *genius*. But the characteristic work of science is the subsequent verification of that truth, and the putting it into clear, exact, permanent shape. In other

words, intuition quarries the blocks—huge, shapeless masses unfit for building-purposes; science hews and shapes them in proper forms and fits them into the edifice. This is the characteristic work of science—this constructive mason-work, by which knowledge is gradually built up into a beautiful edifice.

Now, in these latter times, there has been so much of this stone-cutting, the clink of the scientific hammer and chisel so deafens our ears, that the function of the quarrier is in danger of being underrated, if not entirely overlooked. Few appreciate how many of the greatest blocks of truth have been quarried by popular and philosophic intuitions. Let us, then, learn to respect popular intuitions. The intuitions of the human heart and the human mind, when strong and universal, are always true, although the form of truth may be vague and crude. The function of science is not to destroy these, but to shape them.

Thus much I have thought it necessary to say concerning the nature of the argument from design, because it has been the fashion to speak of it with contempt as "the carpenter's theory of the universe."

But you will ask me: "Do you then, reject the doctrine of evolution? Do you accept the creation of species *directly* and without secondary agencies and processes?" I answer, No! Science knows nothing of phenomena which do not take place by secondary causes and processes. She does not deny such occurrence, for true Science is not dogmatic; and she knows full well that, tracing up phenomena from cause to cause, we must reach somewhere the most direct agency of a First Cause. But a phenomenon referred to direct agency of the First Cause is immediately put beyond the domain of Science. The domain of Science is secondary causes and processes—is all that lies between the phenomenon, the object of *sense*, and the First Cause, the object of *faith*. Science passes from sensible phenomena to immediate causes, from these to other higher causes; and thus by a continuous chain she rises higher and still higher until she approaches the Great First Cause, until she stands before the very throne of God Himself. But there she doffs her robes, she lays down her sceptre, and veils her face.

It is evident, therefore, that, however species were intro-

duced, whether suddenly or gradually, it is the duty of science ever to strive to understand the means and processes by which species originated. This is her only domain; she would belie her character and her mission if she did not.

Now, of the various conceivable secondary causes and processes, by means of some of which we must believe species originated, by far the most probable is certainly that of *evolution* from other species. This, be it observed, is by no means proved; but if species originated by secondary causes at all (and no other view is scientific), surely this is far the most probable. But, admitting evolution is probable, there still remain the questions of the cause and the mode of evolution.

First, as to the *cause* of the origin of new forms, whether it be (*a*) the pressure of *external conditions* modifying organic structure and the modification transmitted by inheritance, and the same process continued from generation to generation, as supposed by some; or whether it be (*b*) *improvement of organs by use* and the improvement transmitted by inheritance to be again improved upon, and so on, as others suppose; or whether it be (*c*) by *divergent variation of offspring and survival of the fittest* in the sharp struggle for life, as supposed by Darwin; or whether, admitting all these as factors of change, there be not (*d*) a fourth *unknown factor* far more important than all; these are questions yet to be solved by science. My own very strong conviction, however (and I think many others are coming to the same conclusion), is that no theory of evolution yet proposed explains the origin of species, that the factors mentioned above (*a, b, c*) may produce *varieties,* but not species, much less genera, orders, and classes; that the great factor of change and the real cause of evolution are still unknown. Evolution may be the universal formal law of the universe of Time, but the cause of this law is yet undiscovered. The Time universe may have its Keplers, but its Newton has not yet arrived.

Again, as to the mode of origin of new species. Is it by *uniform rate of change* and by gradations so insensible that, if we only had all the links, there would be no such thing as species at all, or is it by more or less *paroxysmal change?* This question is yet undecided; nevertheless, as I have already said,

all the real evidence which we have is in favor of paroxysmal change. It may be meagre, but it is all we have.

Most naturalists seem to think that sudden change is inconsistent with the evolution. It may, indeed, be inconsistent with any theory now before the scientific world; but this only shows that we have not yet a true theory of evolution. But others say the constancy of Nature's laws necessitates change by insensible gradations. "Nature," they say, "never goes by leaps." On the contrary, although laws and forces are constant, phenomena almost always change by leaps. Meteorological phenomena, such as storms and lightning—geological phenomena, such as earthquakes and volcanoes, are paroxysmal. Even embryonic development, the very type of all evolution, is paroxysmal always in some of its steps and in many animals in several of its steps. Is it, then, inconceivable or contrary to the known analogies of Nature that the evolution of the organic kingdom should also have its periods of paroxysmal change? On the contrary, it seems to me far more probable that in the evolution of the organic kingdom, as in the evolution of the earth, in the evolution of society, in the evolution of the egg, in fact, as in all evolution, there have been periods of comparative quiet and periods of rapid change. How rapid these changes have been can only be determined by further observations. All I wish to insist on is, that the mind should not be closed against sudden or paroxysmal change by any idea that such change is inconsistent with evolution by secondary causes.

Let me insist, however, that it can make no difference, so far as the argument for design is concerned, whether there be evolution or not; or whether in case of evolution, the evolutionary change be paroxysmal or uniform. The existence of contrivance is one thing, the mode by which the contrivance is effected is quite another thing. The sudden appearance of species, with all their admirable contrivances complete, might be a relief to our finite minds—might strengthen the wavering faith of some, but cannot affect the real argument in any way.

Thus, then, you will observe that skepticism takes its first refuge in the past eternity of existing contrivances, or else, in the case of organisms, in the eternity of the species. Driven

from this by geology, it takes its next refuge in the eternity of the organic kingdom. Driven again from this, it takes its next refuge in the eternity of the cosmos. Driven from this also, as it has been, it takes its last refuge beyond the domain of Science, in the eternity of matter and material forces. Thus in every case it seeks refuge in our ignorance—it flies ever before the light of Science, and finds safety and rest only beyond her domain.

WHAT IS EVOLUTION?

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We have shown continuously progressive change in organic forms during the whole geologic history of the earth, similar in a general way to that observed in embryonic development. We wish now to show that the *laws of change* are similar in the two cases. What, then, are the laws of succession of forms in geologic times? I have been accustomed to formulate them thus: The law of differentiation; The law of progress of the whole; The law of cyclical movement. We will take up these and explain them successively, and then, afterwards, show that they are also the laws of embryonic development, and therefore the laws of evolution.

It is a most significant fact, to which attention was first strongly directed by Louis Agassiz, that the earliest representatives of any group, whether class, order, or family, were not what we would now call typical representatives of that group; but, on the contrary, they were, in a wonderful degree, connecting links; that is, that along with their distinctive classic, ordinal, or family characters they possessed also other characters which connected them closely with other classes, orders, or families, now widely distinct, without connecting links or intermediate forms. For example: The earliest vertebrates were fishes, but not typical fishes. On the contrary, they were fishes so closely connected by many characters with amphibian reptiles, that we hardly know whether to call some of them reptilian fishes, or fish-like reptiles. From these, as from a common vertebrate stem, were afterwards separated, by slow changes from generation to generation, in two direc-

tions, the typical fishes and the true reptiles. So, also, to take another example, the first birds were far different from typical birds as we now know them. They were, on the contrary, birds so reptilian in character, that there is still some doubt whether bird characters or reptilian characters predominate in the mixture, and therefore whether they ought to be called reptilian birds or bird-like reptiles. From this common stem, the more specialized modern reptiles branched off in one direction and typical birds in another, and intermediate forms became extinct; until *now,* the two classes stand widely apart, without apparent genetic connection. This subject will be more fully treated hereafter, and other examples given. These two will be sufficient now to make the idea clear.

Such early forms combining the characters of two or more groups, now widely separated, were called by Agassiz *connecting types, combining types, synthetic types,* and sometimes *prophetic* types; by Dana, *comprehensive* types; and by Huxley, *generalized* types. They are most usually known now as *generalized* types, and their widely-separated outcomes *specialized* types. Thus, in general, we may say that the widely-separated groups of the present day, when traced back in geological times, approach one another more and more until they finally unite to form common stems, and these in their turn unite to form a common trunk. From such a common trunk, by successive branching and rebranching, each branch taking a different direction, and all growing wider and wider apart (differentiation), have been gradually generated all the diversified forms which we see at the present day. The last leafy ramifications—flower-bearing and fruit-bearing—of this tree of life, are the fauna and flora of the present epoch. The law might be called a law of ramification, of *specialization* of the parts, and diversification of the whole.

Many imagine that progress is the one law of evolution in fact, that evolution and progress are coextensive and convertible terms. They imagine that in evolution the movement must be upward and onward in all parts; that degeneration is the opposite of evolution. This is far from the truth. There is doubtless, in evolution, progress to higher and higher planes; but not along every line, nor in every part; for this would be contrary to the law of differentiation. It is only progress of

the whole organic kingdom in its entirety. We can best make this clear by an illustration. A growing tree branches and again branches *in all directions,* some branches going upward, some sidewise, and some downward—anywhere, everywhere, for light and air; but the whole tree grows ever taller in its higher branches, larger in the circumference of its outstretching arms, and more diversified in structure. Even so the tree of life, by the law of differentiation, branches and rebranches continually in all directions—some branches going upward to higher planes (progress), some pushing horizontally, neither rising nor sinking, but only going farther from the generalized origin (specialization); some going downward (degeneration), anywhere, everywhere, for an unoccupied place in the economy of Nature; but the whole tree grows ever higher in its highest parts, grander in its proportions, and more complexly diversified in its structure.

It may be well to pause here a moment to show how this mistaken identification of evolution with progress alone, without modification by the more fundamental laws of differentiation, has given rise to misconceptions in the popular and even scientific mind. The biologist is continually met with the question: "Do you mean to say that any one of the invertebrates, such, for instance, as a spider, may eventually in the course of successive generations, become a vertebrate, or that a dog or a monkey is on the highway to become a man?" By no means. There is but one straight and narrow way to the highest in evolution as in all else, and few there be that have found it—in fact, probably two or three only at every step. The animals mentioned above have diverged from that way. In their ancestral history, they have missed the golden opportunity, if they ever had it. It is easy to go on in the way they have chosen, but impossible to get back on the ascending trunk-line. To compare again with the growing tree, only one straight trunk-line leads upward to the terminal bud. A branch once separated must grow its own way if it grow at all.

Of the same nature is the mistake of some extreme evolutionists, such as Dr. Bastian and Professor Hæckel, and nearly all anti-evolutionists, viz., that of imagining that the truth of evolution and that of spontaneous generation must stand or fall together. On the contrary, *if* life did *once arise*

spontaneously from any lower forces, physical or chemical, by natural *process, the conditions necessary for so extraordinary a change could hardly be expected to occur but once in the history of the earth.* They are, therefore, *now,* not only unreproducible, but unimaginable. Such golden opportunities do not recur. Evolution goes only onward. Therefore, the impossibility of the derivation of life from non-life *now,* is no more an argument against such a derivation *once,* than is the hopelessness of a worm ever becoming a vertebrate *now,* an argument against the derivative origin of vertebrates. Doubtless if life were now extinguished from the face of the earth, it could not again be rekindled by any natural process known to us; but the same is probably true of every step of evolution. If any class—for example, mammals—were now destroyed, it could not be re-formed from any other class now living. It would be necessary to go back to the time and conditions of the separation of this class from the reptilian stem. Therefore, the falseness of the doctrine of abiogenesis, so far from being any argument against evolution, is exactly what a true conception of evolution and knowledge of its laws would lead us to expect.

The movement of evolution has ever been onward and upward, it is true, but not at uniform rate in the whole, and especially in the parts. On the contrary, it has plainly moved in successive cycles. The tide of evolution rose ever higher and higher, without ebb, but it nevertheless came in successive waves, each higher than the preceding and overborne by the succeeding. These successive cycles are the dynasties or reigns of Agassiz, and of Dana; the reign of mollusks, the reign of fishes, of reptiles, of mammals, and finally of *man.* During the early Palæozoic times (Cambrian and Silurian) there were no vertebrates. But never in the history of the earth were mollusks of greater size, number and variety of form than then. They were truly the rulers of these early seas. In the absence of competition of still higher animals, they had things all their own way, and therefore grew into a great monopoly of power. In the later Palæozoic (Devonian) fishes were introduced. They increased rapidly in size, number, and variety; and being of higher organization they quickly usurped the empire of the seas, while the mollusca dwindled in size and

importance, and sought safety in a less conspicuous position.

In the Mesozoic times, reptiles, introduced a little earlier finding congenial conditions and an unoccupied place above, rapidly increased in number, variety, and size, until sea and land seem to have swarmed with them. Never before or since have reptiles existed in such numbers, in such variety or form, or assumed such huge proportions; nor have they ever since been so highly organized as then. They quickly became rulers in every realm of Nature—rulers of the sea, swimming reptiles; rulers of the land, walking reptiles; and rulers of the air, flying reptiles. In the unequal contest, fishes therefore sought safety in subordination. Meanwhile mammals were introduced in the Mesozoic, but small in size, low in type (marsupials), and by no means able to contest the empire with the great reptiles. But in the Cenozoic (Tertiary), the conditions apparently becoming favorable for their development, they rapidly increased in number, size, variety, and grade of organization, and quickly overpowered the great reptiles, which almost immediately sank into the subordinate position in which we now find them, and thus found comparative safety. Finally, in the Quaternary, appeared man, contending doubtfully for a while with the great mammals but soon (in Psychozoic) acquiring mastery through superior intelligence. The huge and dangerous mammals were destroyed and are still being destroyed; the useful animals and plants were preserved and made subservient to his wants; and all things on the face of the earth are being readjusted to the requirements of his rule. In all cases it will be observed that the rulers were such because, by reason of strength, organization, and intelligence, they were fittest to rule. There is always room at the top. To illustrate again by a growing tree: This successive culmination of higher and higher classes may be compared to the flowering and fruiting of successively higher and higher branches. Each uppermost branch, under the genial heat and light of direct sunshine, received in abundance by reason of position, grew rapidly, flowered, and fruited; but quickly dwindled when overshadowed by still higher branches, which, in their turn, monopolized for a time the precious sunshine.

But observe, furthermore: when each ruling class declined in importance, it did not perish, but continued in a subordi-

nate position. Thus, the whole organic kingdom became not only higher and higher in its highest forms, but also more and more complex in its structure and in the interaction of its correlated parts. . . . . .

In reproduction the new individual appears: As a germ-cell—a single microscopic living cell. Then, by growth and multiplication of cells, it becomes an egg. This may be characterized as an aggregate of *similar* cells, and therefore is not yet differentiated into tissues and organs. In other words, it is not yet visibly organized; for organization may be defined as the possession of different parts, performing different functions, and all coöperating for one given end, viz., the life and well-being of the organism. Then commences the really characteristic process of development, viz., *differentiation* or diversification. The cells are at first all alike in form and function, for all are globular in form, and each performs all the functions necessary for life. From this common point now commences development in *different directions,* which may be compared to a branching and rebranching, with more and more complex results, according as the animal is higher in the scale of organization and advances toward a state of maturity. First, the cell-aggregate (egg) separates into three distinct layers of cells, called ecto-blast, endo-blast, and meso-blast. These by further differentiation form the three fundamental groups of organs and functions, viz., the *nervous system,* the *nutritive system,* and the *blood system*: the first presiding over the exchange of *force* or influence, by action and reaction with the environment, and between the different parts of the organism; the second presiding over the exchange of *matter* with the environment, by absorption and elimination; the third presiding over exchanges of matter between different parts of the organism. The first system of functions and organs may be compared to a system of telegraphy, foreign and domestic; the second to foreign commerce; the third to an internal carrying-trade. Following out any one of these groups in higher animals, say the nervous system, it quickly differentiates again into two sub-systems, viz., cerebro-spinal and ganglionic, each having its own distinctive functions which we cannot stop to explain. Then the cerebro-spinal again differentiates into voluntary and reflex systems. All of these have

meanwhile separated into sensory and motor centers and fibers. Then, taking only the sensory fibers these again are differentiated into five special senses, each having a wholly different function. Then, finally, taking any one of these, say the *sense of touch* or feeling, this again is differentiated into many kinds of fibers, each responding to a different impression, some to heat, others to cold, still others to pressure, etc. We have taken the nervous system; but the same differentiation and redifferentiation takes place in all other systems, and is carried to higher and higher points according to the position in the scale of the animal which is to be formed. . . . .

As already stated, all will admit a grand resemblance between the stages of embryonic development and those of the development of the organic kingdom. This was first brought out clearly by Louis Agassiz, and is, in fact, the greatest result of his life-work. All admit, also, that the embryonic development is a natural process. Is the development of the organic kingdom also a natural process? All biologists of the present day contend that it is; all the old-school naturalists, with Agassiz at their head, and all anti-evolutionists of every school, contend that it is not. We take Agassiz as the type of this school, because he has most fully elaborated and most distinctly formulated this view. As formulated by him, it has stood in the minds of many as an alternative and substitute for evolution.

According to the evolutionists, all organic forms, whether species, genera, families, orders, classes, etc., are variable, and, if external conditions favor, these variations accumulate in one direction and gradually produce new forms, the intermediate links being usually destroyed or dying out. According to Agassiz, the higher groups, such as genera, families, orders, etc., are indeed variable by the introduction of new species, but species are the ultimate elements of classification, and, like the ultimate elements of chemistry, are unchangeable; and, therefore, the speculations of the evolutionist concerning the transmutation of species are as vain as were the speculations of the alchemist concerning the transmutation of metals—that the origin of man, for example, from any lower species is as impossible as the origin of gold from any baser metal. Both sides admit frequent change of species during geological history, but one regards the change as a

change by gradual *transmutation* of one species *into* another through successive generations and by *natural* process, the other as change by *substitution* of one species *for* another by direct supernatural *creative act.* Both admit the gradual development of the organic kingdom as a whole through stages similar to those of embryonic development; but the one regards the whole process as natural, and therefore strictly comparable to embryonic development, the other as requiring frequent special interference of creative energy, and therefore comparable rather to the development of a building under the hand and according to the preconceived plan of an architect—a plan in this case conceived in eternity and carried out consistently through infinite time. It is seen that the essential point of difference is this: The one asserts the variability of species (if conditions favor, and time enough is given) without limit; the other asserts the permanency of specific forms, or their variability only within narrow limits. The one asserts the origin of species by "*descent with modifications,*" the other, the origin of species by "*special act of creation.*" The one asserts the law of continuity (that is, that each stage is the natural outcome of the immediately preceding stage) in this, as in every other department of Nature; the other asserts that the law of continuity (that is, of cause and effect) does not hold in this department; that the links of the chain of changes are discontinuous, the connection between them being intellectual, not physical.

ORIGIN AND STRUCTURE OF MOUNTAINS

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MOUNTAINS are the glory of our earth, the culminating points of scenic beauty and grandeur. They are so because they are also the culminating points, the theatres of the greatest activity, of all geological agencies. The study of mountain-chains, therefore, must ever be of absorbing interest, not only to the painter and the poet, but also to the geologist. A thorough knowledge of their structure, origin, and mode of formation, would undoubtedly furnish a key to the solution of many problems which now puzzle us; but their structure is as yet little known, and their origin still less so.

The general cause of mountain-chains (as in fact of all igneous phenomena) is the "reaction of the earth's hot interior upon its cooler crust." Mountain-chains seem to be produced by the secular cooling, and therefore contraction, of the earth, *greater in the interior than the exterior;* in consequence of which, the face of the old earth is become wrinkled. Or, to express it a little more fully, by the greater interior contraction, the exterior crust is subjected to enormous lateral pressure, which crushes it together, and swells it upward along certain lines, the strata, by the pressure, being at the same time thrown into more or less complex foldings. These lines of upswelled and folded strata are mountain-chains. The first grand forms thus produced are afterwards chiseled down and sculptured to their present diversified condition by means of aqueous agency. Thus much it was necessary to say of the origin of chains, in order to make the account of their structure intelligible. The theory of their origin will be given more fully hereafter.

A mountain-*chain* consists of a great plateau or bulge of the earth's surface, often hundreds of miles wide and thousands of miles long. This plateau or bulge, which is the *chain,* is usually more or less distinctly divided by great longitudinal valleys into parallel *ranges;* and these ranges are again often separated into *ridges* by smaller longitudinal valleys; and these ridges, again serrated along their crests, or divided into *peaks,* by transverse valleys.

Thus the Appalachian *chain* is a great plateau or bulge, 100 miles wide, 1,000 miles long, and 3,000 feet high. It is divided into three *ranges,* the Blue, the Alleghany, and the Cumberland, separated by great valleys, such as the Valley of Virginia and the Valley of East Tennessee. These ranges are again in some places quite distinctly divided into parallel *ridges,* which are serrated into *peaks.* The American Cordilleras consist of an enormous bulge running continuously through the whole of South and North America, nearly ten thousand miles long, and from five hundred to one thousand miles wide. This great *chain* is divided into parallel *ranges.*

In North America, there are at least three of these very conspicuous, the Rocky Mountain, the Sierra Nevada, and the Coast Range, separated by the Great Salt Lake Valley and the Valley of Central California, respectively. Each of these ranges is separated more or less perfectly into ridges and peaks, as already explained. These terms, *chain, range,* and *ridge,* are often used interchangeably. I have attempted to give a more definite meaning.

Chains are evidently always produced solely by the bulging of the crust by lateral pressure. *Ranges* are usually produced in a similar manner, that is, by greater crushing together, and therefore greater bulging along parallel lines, within the wider bulge; this is the mode of formation of the ranges of the North American Cordilleras. In such cases, they have been probably *consecutively* formed. The ranges of the Appalachian chain, however, have been formed almost entirely by erosion. The ridges and intervening longitudinal valleys are *usually,* and the *peaks,* with their intervening transverse valleys, are *always,* produced by erosion.

Such is the simplest ideal of the form of a mountain-chain; but in most cases this ideal is far from realized. In many cases the chain is a great plateau, composed of an inextricable tangle of ridges and valleys of erosion, running in all directions. In all cases, however, the erosion has been immense. Mountain-chains are the great theatres of erosion, as they are of igneous action. As a general fact, all that we see, when we stand on a mountain-chain—every peak and valley, every ridge and canon, all that constitutes scenery—is wholly due to erosion.

The enormous foldings of strata which must always occur in the formation of a mountain-chain by lateral thrust would of necessity often produce fractures at right angles to the thrust, or parallel to the folds, that is, to the range. The walls of such fissures would often slip *by readjustment* by the force of gravity, or else, in cases of great mashing together, *might be pushed one over the other by the sheer force of the horizontal thrust.* The former case would give rise to those slips in which the hanging wall has dropped down, which are by far the most common slips in gently-folded strata. The latter would give rise to those cases often found in strongly folded strata, as in the Appalachian, in which the hanging wall has been pushed upward, and slidden over the foot-wall. The *sudden rupture* of the earth's crust under accumulating horizontal forces, or the sudden slipping of the broken strata, sufficiently accounts for the phenomena of earthquakes.

It will be observed that, according to our view, beneath every thick mass of sediments there is a layer of aqueo-igneously softened matter. This it is which determines the line of yielding, and therefore the place of the mountain-chain. Perhaps this aqueo-igneous softening may be sufficient to account for some cases of semi-fused lavas and hot volcanic muds; although the intense heat of ordinary fused lavas cannot be thus accounted for. But as soon as the yielding commences, *mechanical energy*, by means of the friction of the crushed strata, *is converted into heat.* Mr. Mallet believes that the heat thus produced is sufficient to fuse the rocks. Beneath every chain, therefore, there must be, or has been, *a mass of fused matter.* Now, in the progressive crushing together of the mountain-strata, it follows inevitably that this fused matter is squeezed *into* fissures of the folded strata, forming dikes, or *squeezed out* through such fissures, and outpoured upon the surface as *great sheets of lava.* Thus the association of these lava-floods with mountain-chains is also completely accounted for; and it is simply impossible to account for them in any other way, unless, indeed, by Fisher's view of superheated steam issuing from the fissures.

No doubt the study of causes now in operation forms the only true foundation of a scientific geology. Nevertheless, the assimilation of agencies in previous geological epochs to

those now in operation may be carried too far. For instance, there is a strong tendency among the best geologists to make volcanoes or crater-eruptions (the only form of eruption now going on) the type of all igneous eruptions in all times. But the attentive study of the mode of occurrence of eruptive rocks will show that by far the larger quantity have come through fissures, as explained above, and not through craters.

No one who has examined the eruptive rocks of the Pacific coast can for a moment believe that these immense floods of lava have issued from craters. The lava-flood of the Sierra and Cascade ranges is certainly among the most extraordinary in the world. Commencing in Middle California as separate lava-*streams* (which, however, cannot be traced in any case to craters), in Northern California it becomes an almost continuous *sheet,* several hundred feet thick; and in Oregon an overwhelming *flood,* at least two thousand feet thick. In apparently undiminished thickness it then stretches through Washington Territory to the borders of British Columbia. An area eight hundred miles long and one hundred miles wide is apparently covered with a universal lava-flood, which, in the thickest part, where it is cut through by the Columbia River, is certainly not less than three thousand feet thick. Over this enormous area there are scattered about a dozen extinct volcanoes—mere pimples on its face. It is incredible that all this flood should have issued from these craters There is no proportion between the cause and the effect. We therefore unhesitatingly adopt the view of Richthofen, that these immense floods of lava, so often associated with mountain-chains and often forming, as in this case, the great mass of the chain itself, have issued, not from *craters,* but from *fissures;* and that volcanoes or crater-eruptions are secondary phenomena, arising from the access of water to the hot interior portions of great fissure-eruptions. Thus, as monticules are parasites on volcanoes, so are volcanoes parasites on fissure-eruptions, and fissure-eruptions themselves parasites on an interior fluid mass. This interior fluid mass, however, according to Richthofen, is the supposed *universal liquid interior;* while, according to our view, it is *the sub-mountain reservoir, locally formed,* as above explained.

By this theory it is necessary to suppose that there have

been, in the history of the earth, *periods of comparative quiet,* during which the forces of change were gathering strength; *and periods of revolutionary change*—periods of gradually-increasing horizontal pressure, and periods of yielding and consequent mountain-formation. These latter would also be periods of great fissure-eruptions, and would be followed during the period of comparative quiet by volcanoes gradually decreasing in activity. The last of these great fissure-eruption periods in the United States occurred in the later Tertiary. Since then we have been in a crater-eruption period, which has been steadily decreasing in activity, until only geysers and hot springs remain to tell us of the still hot interior masses of the great fissure-erupted lavas. The periods of revolution separate the great eras and ages of geological history, and are marked by *unconformity, because the sea-margin sediments,* upon which the sediments of the next period are necessarily deposited, are *crumpled up;* and also by change of species, because changes of physical geography determine changes of climate, and therefore enforced migration of species.

The theory here presented accounts for all the principal facts associated in mountain-chains. This is the true test of its general truth. It explains satisfactorily the following facts: 1. The most usual position of mountain-chains on the borders of continents. 2. When there are several ranges belonging to one system, these have been formed successively coast-ward. 3. Mountain-chains are masses of immensely thick sediments. 4. The strata of which mountain-chains are composed, are strongly folded, and, where the materials are suitable, are affected with slaty cleavage; both the fold and the cleavage being usually parallel to the chain. 5. The strata of mountain-chains are usually affected with metamorphism, which is great in proportion to the height of the chain and the complexity of the foldings. 6. Great fissure-eruptions and volcanoes are usually associated with mountain-chains. 7. Many other minor phenomena, such as fissures, slips, and earthquakes, it equally accounts for.

The Reverend O. Fisher and Captain Dutton have objected to the above view, that at the calculable rate at which the earth is now cooling, the amount of contraction is wholly inadequate

to produce the supposed effect. But even if this be true, the objection does not touch the *fact* of contraction which is certain, but only the *cause* of contraction, that is, by cooling. Other causes of contraction are conceivable, for example, loss of interior vapors and gases, according to Fisher's theory of volcanoes.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

[1807—1870]

GEORGE H. DENNY

ROBERT EDWARD LEE, the son of General Henry ("Light-Horse Harry") Lee, was born at "Stratford," Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy in June, 1829; married, at Arlington, Mary Custis, June 30, 1831; was promoted captain of engineers, 1839; was appointed chief engineer (Mexican War) on General Scott's staff, and wounded at Chapultepec, 1847; was inaugurated superintendent of the United States Military Academy, 1852; was nominated Lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, 1855; was offered command of the Federal Army, resigned commission in that army, and was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, 1861; was promoted to succeed Joseph E. Johnston as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, 1862; invaded Pennsylvania (battle of Gettysburg), 1863; conducted Virginia campaign, 1864; surrendered his army at Appomattox, April 9, 1865; was installed President of Washington College (Washington and Lee University), October 2, 1865; died, at Lexington, October 12, 1870.

Such, in barest outline, is a chronological statement of the more significant events in the career of General Lee. To attempt here and now a fuller statement of the multitude of important facts connected with such a career would be superfluous. The story of the public life of General Lee is familiar to the English-speaking race. His genius for war has given him rank among the foremost soldiers of all ages and of all nations. His capacity for organization, his grasp of affairs, his powers of leadership, his mastery in administration, are today everywhere known and recognized.

We shall attempt merely an informal review of some of the more remarkable personal characteristics of the man, and a still more informal review of some of the qualities of his literary style. The fact is, General Lee's typical writings were never intended for the public eye. They find their chief charm in their dignified informality. A fair appraisal of the value of his writings, therefore, will have reference to their qualities of style, rather than to the style itself, it being always borne in mind that General Lee was not writing with a view

to, or from the standpoint of, literary effect. But let us first speak a word concerning the qualities of the man.

A conspicuous characteristic of General Lee, which deserves a larger emphasis than it has hitherto received, was his remarkable gift in the mastery of details. This quality he exhibited, of course, in planning his military campaigns. It was likewise exhibited in his work as college president. He had that kind of genius which Goethe defines as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." He was in constant touch with everybody, no matter how humble, and with everything, no matter how minute. Nothing seemed ever to escape his notice. His letters at times almost startle the reader by their detailed statement of facts and incidents.

A quality in the character of General Lee, far more generally recognized, was his rare personal influence with men, young and full-grown. He understood men. He did not need to use the whip of compulsion in dealing with them. His masterful personality was of itself enough to draw men to him. His appeal was always addressed to the reason and to the conscience of men, never to their emotions. He had faith in men. If he happened to come across one counterfeit dollar, he did not straightway, for that reason, lose faith in all money. He never indulged in flattery, but no one was quicker than he in giving to the other man what he justly deserved. He notably exhibited this virtue when the message announcing the mortal agony of Stonewall Jackson was conveyed to him: "Jackson has lost his left arm," he exclaimed, "but I have lost my *right* arm."

Another characteristic of General Lee was the great and overpowering devotion to duty that swayed him. Much has been said concerning his consecration of purpose. Consecration, however, was not to him a penal servitude. It was freedom to realize a great purpose, an unselfish ideal. Much has also been said concerning his concentration of purpose. Concentration, however, was not, in his view, a mere waste-heap for the sacrifice of physical, mental, or moral energy. It was freedom to devote himself to essentials, to look at life with clear and steady eyes, and to do a great, majestic work.

Undoubtedly, the most valued quality in the character of General Lee, in the popular view, was that quality which expressed itself in the remarkable private virtues of the man. His life taught many lessons that men need to learn. First of all, it taught the lesson of simplicity. He took refuge in the primary sources of life. He used to sit in his house and "rest his eyes on the rolling fields of grass and grain, bounded by the ever-changing mountains." He found a tonic strength in campus and playground. He would wander out to the hill-tops to enjoy the sweet confidence of nature and its silent peace. He would write to his daughter: "Preserve your simple tastes and

manners. . . . You will bear in mind that it will not be becoming in a Virginia girl now to be fine and fashionable, and that gentility, as well as self-respect, requires moderation in dress and gaiety."

General Lee's life further taught the futility of vain regret; that human virtue is superior to human calamity. "The mill will never grind with the water that is past." If his life were shadowed by the memory of an individual injury that could not be repaired, his policy was to name all mankind as the legatee to receive the benefit of the restitution that must be made. If he felt regret for any adversary he had slain, his remedy was to place the entire country on his pension list. He never put on exhibition the catacombs of his life. He never passed his cup of sorrow to others. If he had regrets and sorrows, instead of forming a syndicate, he organized a trust, retaining for himself every share of the stock.

General Lee's life also taught the value and the dignity of submission to authority, of tolerance, and of charity. To the board of trustees of Washington College, on coming to Lexington, he said: "It is particularly incumbent upon those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority." He was not the man to stir the ashes of a spent quarrel. He was the champion of reason rather than of passion. He pleaded for "silence and patience" as the true antidote to "excitement and passion." He knew that hate could thrive only on ignorance. If anyone attempted to smirch his name, he was big enough to cover the attempt with the cloak of charity.

There are many other qualities in the character of General Lee that deserve a fuller statement. We might speak concerning his promptness in all things, with the one exception, that he never performed an act to-day which would make to-morrow ashamed; concerning his perseverance, except in doing a wrong thing; concerning his calmness, except in the presence of deceit. But history has exhausted these phases of his character. We do wish to refer to two characteristics which he exemplified in a conspicuously notable way. The first is the wonderful modesty of the man, and the second, the strength and the catholicity of his religious faith. Notoriety and applause were not only distasteful, but even painful to him. The Napoleonic cloak of egotism was never wrapped about the great figure of General Lee. Nor must we omit to say concerning him that, in every relation of life, he set the example of a man who was devoutly religious. If he was interested in literature and science, he was also interested in religion. If he was not afraid to open his eyes in the presence of nature, he was also not ashamed to close them in the presence of God. He was liberal and catholic in his creed. "He was

devout as Stonewall Jackson, with an added note of sweetness and light."

This cursory review of the character of General Lee is given here with no purpose of undertaking to exalt the man. That would be an altogether superfluous task. It is given solely for the reason that we would emphasize the fact that the character of the *man* is the best index to the character of his *writings*.

General Lee's letters, official papers, military orders, and the biography of his father, printed as an introduction to the latter's 'Memoirs of the War of '76,' constitute the literary material by which he is chiefly known as a writer. His reports as college president, while less widely known, also constitute valuable literary material. He was not merely a great college president in matters of internal administration and detail. He was also a great educational prophet. Forty years ago he was recommending to the trustees of Washington College policies of expansion that have only in recent years been adopted by the foremost universities of the country. Unfortunately, no institution in the South has had the income necessary to adopt them.

There is no finer definition of truth than that which was accepted by General Lee: "Truth is the shortest distance between a fact and the expression of it." We cite this definition because it furnishes an exact and discriminating description of General Lee's general style of expression. The dominant characteristic of his style is its simplicity and its directness. He always said exactly what he meant. This quality of simple, direct, straightforward statement is characteristic of all his writings, from his celebrated offhand description of "Traveller" to his most important and dignified official papers.

General Lee's writings were characterized by the utmost moderation in the use of words and the utmost propriety in the choice of expressions. He rarely employed the superlative degree of comparison. He was scrupulously careful in the use and in the selection of adjectives and adverbs. The writer has before him an original document written by an admirer of General Lee and submitted to him for criticism and correction. Throughout the entire document we find General Lee eliminating superfluous language, moderating apparent exaggerations of statement, turning phrases from a personal to a general character, tempering the form and style of expression, and always adding simplicity and force to the original. Throughout General Lee's writings, including his intimate letters, many of them written under difficulties and frequently in haste, with no thought that any one of them would ever become public property, we find the same temperate use of language, and the same regard for accurate and moderate statement. No man has ever written letters that surpass those of

General Lee, when measured by this standard. There is nowhere a suggestion of over-statement, of exaggeration, or of a lack of moderation in the use of language.

General Lee's writings were characterized by their frankness, their modesty, and their naturalness. When an admirer proposed to write a sketch of his life, he knew how to enter a protest that was at once unaffected in its modesty and candid in its sentiment. "It is a hazardous undertaking," said he, "to publish the life of anyone while living, and there are but few who would desire to read a true history of themselves. Independently of the few national events with which mine has been connected, it presents little to interest the reader, nor do I know where to refer you for the necessary materials." When the trustees of Washington College were urging him to accept the presidency of that institution, he knew how to make this frank and modest answer: "The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but I fear more strength than I now possess. . . . I have thought it probable that my occupancy of the position of president might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility; and I should, therefore, cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance."

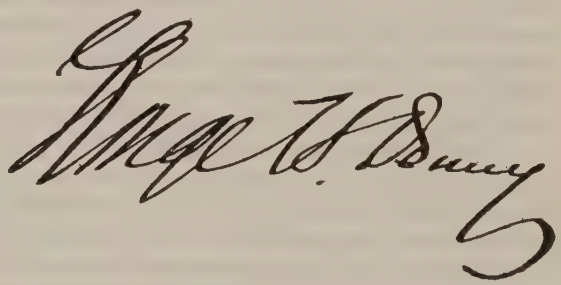
General Lee's writings, especially his letters to the members of his family, were characterized by a quiet, playful, and insistent humor. It is rarely a fair procedure to attempt to illustrate this quality of a writer's work by citing passages out of their relation to the time, the place, and the circumstances under which they were written. This is one of the particulars in which humor differs from wit. The most casual reader, however, will be impressed by the sincere, unaffected, and delicate humor of General Lee. The letters of Cicero are, in this particular, somewhat analagous, though the humor of General Lee was never suggestive, as is unfortunately the case in some of the letters of Cicero, of an indelicate reference, or of an ambiguous construction. There is in the Lee letters nothing exaggerated or distorted for effect. There is no forced, artificial effort to "make fun." Everything is natural, authentic, and genuine.

General Lee's writings were marked by a rare force and dignity of expression. This is especially true in his official papers. There are few finer documents than his letter to General Scott, resigning his commission in the Federal Army, his celebrated "Address to the People of Maryland," or his farewell address to his old soldiers, issued on the day following the capitulation of his army.

General Lee's writings were marked by clearness of thought and precision of expression. They are models of clear and correct form. His letters to Generals Early, Longstreet, and others, written after

the war, are fine specimens of his wonderfully lucid thought and wonderfully accurate method of expression. The following passage from a letter to General Pendleton, written just before the surrender, is typical: "I have never believed that we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good, in the long run, our independence, unless foreign powers, directly or indirectly, assisted us."

Finally, General Lee's writings were marked by a high moral and religious tone, his expressions at times passing into ethical maxims. There are few nobler passages in literature than several which are incorporated in his celebrated "Chambersburg order": "The duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. . . . We make war only upon armed men, and cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain." There can be no finer expressions of sentiment than these of General Lee in a letter to his son, Custis: "Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. . . . Never do a wrong to make a friend or to keep one. . . . Duty is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things. You cannot do more; you should never do less."



RESIGNATION FROM UNITED STATES ARMY

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, April 20, 1861.

GENERAL:—Since my interview with you, on the 18th instant, I have felt that I ought not longer retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, general, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

Save in defence of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me, most truly yours, R. E. LEE.

Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott,
Commanding United States Army.

LETTER TO G. W. CUSTIS LEE

. . . YOU must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot: you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so, is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with

any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say, nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as "the dark day"—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and, as the members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and, therefore, moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER TO HIS WIFE

December 25, 1861.

I CANNOT let this day of grateful rejoicing pass without some communion with you. I am thankful for the many among the past that I have passed with you, and the remembrance of them fills me with pleasure. As to our old home, if not destroyed it will be difficult ever to be recognized. Even if the enemy had wished to preserve it, it would almost have been impossible. With the number of troops encamped around it, the change of officers, the want of fuel, shelter, etc., and all the dire necessities of war, it is vain to think of its being in a habitable condition. I fear, too, the books, furniture, and relics

of Mount Vernon will be gone. It is better to make up our minds to a general loss. They cannot take away the remembrances of the spot, and the memories of those that to us rendered it sacred. That will remain to us as long as life will last and that we can preserve. In the absence of a home I wish I could purchase Stratford. It is the only other place I could go to now acceptable to us, that would inspire me with pleasure and local love. You and the girls could remain there in quiet. It is a poor place, but we could make enough corn-bread and bacon for our support, and the girls could weave us clothes. You must not build your hopes on peace on account of the United States going to war with England. The rulers are not entirely mad, and if they find England is in earnest, and that war or restitution of the captives* must be the consequence, they will adopt the latter. We must make up our minds to fight our battles and win our independence alone. No one will help us.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia, Near Fredericktown,

September 8, 1862.

To the People of Maryland:

It is right that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as that purpose concerns yourselves.

The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties.

They have seen, with profound indignation, their sister State deprived of every right, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province. Under the pretence of supporting the Constitution but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned upon no charge, and contrary to all forms of law. The faithful and

*Mason and Slidell.

manly protest against this outrage, made by the venerable and illustrious Marylanders—to whom in better days no citizen appealed for right in vain—was treated with scorn and contempt. The government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your Legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of the press and of speech have been suppressed; words have been declared offences by an arbitrary desire of the Federal Executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by military commission for what they may dare to speak.

Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore independence and sovereignty to your State.

In obedience to this wish, our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you, with the power of its arms, in regaining the rights of which you have been despoiled. This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission so far as you are concerned. No constraint upon your free will is intended—no intimidation will be allowed. Within the limits of this army, at least, Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you, and will protect all of every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny, freely, and without constraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and, while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will.

R. E. Lee, *General Commanding.*

CHAMBERSBURG ORDER

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA., June 27, 1863.

THE commanding general has observed with much satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude, or better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness, on the part of some, that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own.

The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and, through it, our whole people than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages on the innocent and defenceless, and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators, and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, without offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

The commanding general, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain, with most scrupulous care, from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

FINAL ADDRESS TO OLD SOLDIERS

Headquarters Army Northern Virginia,
April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. Lee, *General.*

ACCEPTING COLLEGE PRESIDENCY

Powhatan County, August 24, 1865.

Gentlemen:—I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the 5th inst., informing me of my election by the board of trustees to the presidency of Washington College, from a desire to give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the trustees or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but I fear more strength than I now possess, for I do not feel able to

undergo the labour of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction. I could not, therefore, undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution. There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and is, I think, worthy of the consideration of the board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the President of the United States of the 29th of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of president might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility; and I should, therefore, cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance. I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or general government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the cause of animadversion upon the college. Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services in the position tendered to me by the board will be advantageous to the college and country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it; otherwise I must most respectfully decline the office. Begging you to express to the trustees of the college my heartfelt gratitude for the honour conferred upon me, and requesting you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated their decision, I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

LETTER TO H. C. SAUNDERS

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LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, August 22, 1866.

Mr. HERBERT C. SAUNDERS,
3 Bolton Gardens,
South Kensington, London, England.

MY DEAR MR. SAUNDERS:—I received to-day your letter of the 31st ult. What I stated to you in conversation, during the visit which you did me the honour to pay me in November last, was entirely for your own information, and was in no way intended for publication. My only object was to gratify the interest which you apparently evinced on the several topics which were introduced, and to point to facts which you might investigate, if you so desired, in your own way. I have an objection to the publication of my private conversations, which are never intended but for those to whom they are addressed. I cannot, therefore, without an entire disregard of the rule which I have followed in other cases, and in violation of my own sense of propriety, assent to what you propose. I hope, therefore, you will excuse me. What you may think proper to publish I hope will be the result of your own observations and convictions, and not on my authority. In the hasty perusal which I have been obliged to give the manuscript enclosed to me, I perceive many inaccuracies, resulting as much, perhaps, from my imperfect narration as from misapprehension on your part. Though fully appreciating your kind wish to correct certain erroneous statements as regards myself, I prefer remaining silent to doing anything that might excite angry discussion at this time, when strong efforts are being made by conservative men, North and South, to sustain President Johnson in his policy, which, I think, offers the only means of healing the lamentable division of the country, and which the result of the late convention at Philadelphia gives great promise of doing. Thanking you for the opportunity afforded me of expressing my opinion before executing your purpose, I am, etc.,

R. E. LEE.

LETTER TO GOVERNOR LETCHER

NEAR CARTERSVILLE, VIRGINIA, August 28, 1865.

HON. JOHN LETCHER, Lexington, Va.

MY DEAR SIR:—I was much pleased to hear of your return to your home and to learn by your letter of the 2d of the kindness and consideration with which you were treated during your arrest, and of the sympathy extended to you by your former congressional associates and friends in Washington. The conciliatory manner in which President Johnson spoke of the South must have been particularly agreeable to one who has the interests of its people so much at heart as yourself. I wish that spirit could become more general. It would go far to promote confidence and to calm feelings which have too long existed. The questions which for years were in dispute between the State and General Governments, and which unhappily were not decided by the dictates of reason, but referred to the decision of war, having been decided against us, it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result, and of candor to recognize the fact.

The interests of the State are therefore the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity will rise or fall with the welfare of the country. The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They should remain if possible in the country; promote harmony and good feeling; qualify themselves to vote, and elect to the State and general legislatures wise and patriotic men, who will devote their abilities to the interests of the country and the healing of all dissensions. I have invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and have endeavoured to practice it myself. I am much obliged to you for the interest you have expressed in my acceptance of the presidency of Washington College. If I believed I could be of advantage to the youth of the country, I should not hesitate. I have stated to the committee of trustees the objections which exist in my opinion to my filling the position, and will yield to their judgment. Please present me to Mrs. Letcher and your children, and believe me

Most truly yours, R. E. LEE.

LETTER TO CAPTAIN TATNALL

Near Cartersville, Virginia, 7th September, 1865.

Captain Josiah Tatnall, Savannah, Ga.

Sir:—I have received your letter of the 23d ult., and in reply will state the course I have pursued under circumstances similar to your own, and will leave you to judge of its propriety. Like yourself I have since the cessation of hostilities advised all with whom I have conversed on the subject who come within the terms of the President's proclamation to take the oath of allegiance and accept in good faith the amnesty offered. But I have gone farther and have recommended to those who were excluded from their benefits to make application under the proviso of the proclamation of the 29th of May to be embraced in its provisions. Both classes in order to be restored to their former rights and privileges were required to perform a certain act, and I do not see that an acknowledgment of fault is expressed in one more than the other. The war being at an end, the Southern States having laid down their arms and the questions at issue between them and the Northern States having been decided, I believe it to be the duty of every one to unite in the restoration of the country and the reestablishment of peace and harmony. These considerations governed me in the counsels I gave to others and induced me on the 13th of June to make application to be included in the terms of the amnesty proclamation. I have not received an answer and cannot inform you what has been the decision of the President. But whatever that may be, I do not see how the course I have recommended and practiced can prove detrimental to the former President of the Confederate States. It appears to me that the allayment of passion, the dissipation of prejudice, and the restoration of reason will alone enable the people of the country to acquire a true knowledge and form a correct judgment of the events of the past four years. It will I think be admitted that Mr. Davis has done nothing more than all citizens of the Southern States, and should not be held accountable for acts performed by them in the exercise of what had been considered by them an unquestionable right. I have too exalted an opinion of the

American people to believe that they will consent to injustice; and it is only necessary in my opinion that truth should be known for the rights of every one to be secured. I know of no surer way of eliciting the truth than by burying contention with the war. I enclose a copy of my letter to President Johnson and feel assured that however imperfectly I may have given you my views on the subject of your letter, your own high sense of honor and right will lead you to a satisfactory conclusion as to the proper course to be pursued in your own case. With great respect and esteem,

I am your most obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS

Washington College, November 26, 1866.

The Faculty desires to call the attention of the students to the disturbances which occurred in the streets of Lexington on the nights of Friday and Saturday last. They believe that none can contemplate them with pleasure, or can find any reasonable grounds for their justification. These arts are said to have been committed by students of the college, with the apparent object of disturbing the peace and quiet of a town whose inhabitants have opened their doors for their reception and accommodation, and who are always ready to administer to their comfort and pleasure.

It requires but little consideration to see the error of such conduct, which could only have proceeded from thoughtlessness and a want of reflection. The Faculty therefore appeal to the honor and self-respect of the students to prevent any similar occurrence, trusting that their sense of what is due to themselves, their parents, and the institution to which they belong, will be more effectual in teaching them what is right and manly, than anything they can say.

There is one consideration connected with these disorderly proceedings which the Faculty wish to bring to your particular notice—the example of your conduct, and the advantage taken of it by others to commit outrages for which you have to bear the blame. They therefore exhort you to adopt the only

course capable of shielding you from such charges: the effectual prevention of all such occurrences in the future.

R. E. Lee,
President Washington College.

LETTER TO W. H. F. LEE

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Lexington, Virginia, February 26, 1867.

My Dear Fitzhugh:—You must not think because I write so seldom that you are absent from my thoughts. I think of you constantly, and am ever revolving in my mind all that concerns you. I have an ardent desire to see you re-established at your home and enjoying the pleasure of prosperity around you. I know this cannot be accomplished at once, but must come from continuous labour, economy and industry, and be the result of years of good management. We have now nothing to do but to attend to our material interests which collectively will advance the interests of the State, and to await events. The dominant party cannot reign forever, and truth and justice will at last prevail. I hope I shall be able to get down to see you and Rob during the next vacation. I shall then have a more correct apprehension of existing circumstances, and can follow your progress more satisfactorily. I was very much obliged to you for the nice eye-glasses you sent me Xmas, and asked your mother and the girls to thank you for them, which I hope they did. I fear they are too nice for my present circumstances, and do not think you ought to spend anything except on your farm, until you get that in a prosperous condition. We have all, now, to confine ourselves strictly to our necessities. . . . While you are your own manager you can carry on cultivation on a large scale with comparatively less expense than on a small scale, and your profits will of course be greater. I would commence a system of progressive improvement which would improve your land and add steadily to your income. I have received, lately, from Fitz Lee a narrative of the operations of his division of cavalry. I requested Custis to write to you for a report of your opera-

tions during the winter of 1863-4 down to April 18, 1865. How are you progressing with it? I know the difficulties of making such a narrative at this time; still, by correspondence with your officers, and by exerting your own memory, much can be done, and it will help me greatly in my undertaking. Make it as full as you can, embracing all circumstances bearing on the campaigns affecting your operations and illustrating the conduct of your division. I hope you will be able to get up to see us this spring or summer. Select the time when you can best absent yourself, that you may feel the freer and enjoy yourself the more. . . . I wish I were nearer to you all. . . . Your mother is about the same, busy with her needle and her pen, and as cheerful as ever. . . .

Affectionately your father,

General Wm. H. F. Lee. R. E. Lee.

LETTER TO GENERAL LONGSTREET

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Lexington, Virginia, October 29, 1867.

General J. Longstreet,

21 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La.

My Dear General.—When I received your letter of the 8th of June, I had just returned from a short trip to Bedford County, and was preparing for a more extended visit to the White Sulpher Springs for the benefit of Mrs. Lee's health. As I could not write such a letter as you desired, and as you stated that you would leave New Orleans for Mexico in a week from the time you wrote, to be absent some months, I determined to delay my reply till my return. Although I have been here more than a month, I have been so occupied by necessary business, and so incommoded by the effects of an attack of illness, from which I have not yet recovered, that this is the first day that I have been able to write to you. I have avoided all discussion of political questions since the cessation of hostilities, and have, in my own conduct, and in my recommendations to others, endeavoured to conform to existing circumstances. I consider this the part of wisdom, as well as of

duty; but, while I think we should act under the law and according to the law imposed upon us, I cannot think that the course pursued by the dominant political party the best for the interests of the country, and therefore cannot say so or give it my approval. This is the reason why I could not comply with the request in your letter. I am of the opinion that all who can should vote for the most intelligent, honest, and conscientious men eligible to office, irrespective of former party opinions, who will endeavour to make the new constitutions and the laws passed under them as beneficial as possible to the true interests, prosperity, and liberty of all classes and conditions of the people. With my best wishes for your health and happiness, and my kindest regards to Mrs. Longstreet and your children, I am, with great regard, and very truly and sincerely yours, R. E. Lee.

LETTER TO FITZHUGH LEE

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Lexington, Virginia, December 21, 1867.

My Dear Fitzhugh:—I was very glad last night to receive your letter of the 18th announcing your return to Richmond. I did not like my daughter to be so far away. I am glad, however, that you had so pleasant a visit, which has no doubt prepared you for the enjoyments of home, and will make the repose of Xmas week in Petersburg doubly agreeable. I had a very pleasant visit to Brandon after parting with you, which Custis and Robert seemed equally to enjoy, and I have regretted that I could only spend one night. I passed Shirley both going and returning with regret, from my inability to stop; but Custis and I spent a day at Hickory Hill on our way up very agreeably. My visit to Petersburg was extremely pleasant. Besides the pleasure of seeing my daughter and being with you, which was very great, I was gratified in seeing many friends. In addition when our armies were in front of Petersburg I suffered so much in body and mind on account of the good townspeople, especially on that gloomy night when I was forced to abandon them, that I have always reverted to

them in sadness and sorrow. My old feelings returned to me, as I passed well-remembered spots and recalled the ravages of the hostile shells. But when I saw the cheerfulness with which the people were working to restore their condition, and witnessed the comforts with which they were surrounded, a load of sorrow which had been pressing upon me for years was lifted from my heart. This is bad weather for completing your house, but it will soon pass away, and your sweet helpmate will make everything go smoothly. When the spring opens and the mocking birds resume their song you will have much to do. So you must prepare in time. You must give a great deal of love for me to all at Mr. Bolling's, to General and Mrs. Mahone, and other friends. We shall be very glad when you can bring our daughter to see us. Select the time most convenient to you, and do not let it be long distant. Tell her I wish to see her very much, as do also her Mama and sisters. Your mother regrets that you did not receive her letter in answer to yours from Baltimore. She wrote the day of its reception, and addressed it to New York, as you directed. The box about which you inquired arrived safely and was much enjoyed. Mary is in Baltimore, where she will probably spend the winter. As I am so far from Mildred, it will be difficult for her to make up her mind when to return, so that the whole care of the household devolves upon Agnes, who is occupied all the morning, teaching our niece, Mildred. . . . God bless you all is the prayer of

Your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

General Wm. H. F. Lee.

LETTER TO GENERAL EARLY

From 'Recollections and Letters of General Lee.' Copyright, Doubleday, Page and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

March 16, 1866.

My Dear General:—I am very much obliged to you for the copies of my letters, forwarded with yours of January 25th. I hope you will be able to send me reports of the operations of your commands in the campaign, from the Wilderness to Richmond, at Lynchburg, in the Valley, Maryland, etc.; all statistics as regards numbers, destruction of private property by the Federal troops, etc., I should like to have, as I wish my memory strengthened on these points. It will be difficult to get the world to understand the odds against which we fought, and the destruction or loss of all returns of the army embarrass me very much. I read your letter from Havana to the New York *Times,* and was pleased with the temper in which it was written. I have since received the paper containing it, published in the City of Mexico, and also your letter in reference to Mr. Davis. I understand and appreciate the motives which prompted both letters, and think they will be of service in the way you intended. I have been much pained to see the attempts made to cast odium upon Mr. Davis, but do not think they will be successful with the reflecting or informed portion of the country. The accusations against myself I have not thought proper to notice, or even to correct misrepresentations of my words and acts. *We shall have to be patient* and suffer for a while at least; and all controversy, I think, will only serve to prolong angry and bitter feeling, and postpone the period when reason and charity may resume their sway. At present the public mind is not prepared to receive the truth. The feelings which influenced you to leave the country were natural, and, I presume, were uppermost in the breasts of many. It was a matter which each one had to decide for himself, as he only could know the reasons which governed him. I was particularly anxious on your account, as I had the same apprehensions to which you refer. I am truly glad that you are beyond the reach of annoyance, and hope you may be able to employ yourself profitably and usefully. Mex-

ico is a beautiful country, fertile, of vast resources; and, with a stable government and virtuous population, will rise to greatness. I do not think that your letters can be construed by your former associates as reflecting upon them, and I have never heard the least blame cast by those who have remained upon those who thought it best to leave the country. I think I stated in a former letter the reasons which governed me, and will not therefore repeat them. I hope, in time, peace will be restored to the country, and that the South may enjoy some measure of prosperity. I fear, however, much suffering is in store for her, and that her people must be prepared to exercise fortitude and forbearance. I must beg you to present my kind regards to the gentlemen with you, and, with my best wishes for yourself and undiminished esteem, I am,

Most truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

DESCRIPTION OF "TRAVELLER"

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If I were an artist like you I would draw a true picture of "Traveller"—representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts, through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist; I can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since—to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the Seven Days' battle around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last days at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock. From the commence-

ment of the campaign in 1864 at Orange, till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbour, and across the James River. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-65 on the long line of defenses from Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run, south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865, he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond; but I think his favourite is the American saddle from St. Louis. Of all his companions in toil, "Richmond," "Brown Roan," "Ajax," and quiet "Lucy Long," he is the only one that retained his vigour. The first two expired under their onerous burden, and the last two failed. You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait.

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ

[1797—1843]

B. J. RAMAGE

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ, son of Solomon Legaré, was born of Huguenot ancestry, in Charleston, South Carolina, January 2, 1797. He received his early training in the various private schools of his native city, including what is now the College of Charleston, and subsequently prosecuted his studies at the Willington Academy in Abbeville District, then under the direction of the famous Dr. Moses Waddell. Entering the sophomore class at the South Carolina College, December 11, 1811, Legaré was graduated December 5, 1814, at the head of a class of forty-five. Returning to Charleston, he began the study of law under Judge Mitchell King, where he remained for three years, and subsequently went abroad, studying jurisprudence and other subjects at the University of Edinburgh. Returning home in 1820, he was elected in the autumn of the same year to a seat in the lower house of the State Legislature. He was admitted to the Bar January 12, 1821, and at once began the practice of his profession in Charleston. In 1822 Legaré was again a candidate for the Legislature, but was defeated. Running once more, however, in 1824, he was elected, and retained his seat for the ensuing six years with an ever augmenting number of votes. During the exciting debates over the tariff, he set his face strongly against the so-called nullification theories. That he still retained the confidence of his constituents, however, is amply shown not only by his reëlection in 1830 to a seat in the Legislature, but also by his election in December of the same year to the post of Attorney-general of the State.

Glad to escape scenes that were uncongenial to his tastes, Legaré found in his new environments excellent opportunities for developing his rare powers. While he was Attorney-general of South Carolina business brought him to Washington to argue a case before the Supreme Court. Here his talent attracted the attention of Edward Livingston, Jackson's Secretary of State, through whose influence Legaré was appointed Minister to Belgium. In his "Diary of Brussels" we have a faithful picture of four years spent in that capital (1832-1836). No less interesting are the letters he then exchanged

with friends in Charleston, which throw a flood of light on the questions then agitating the public mind of America.

Returning to the United States in 1836, Legaré was elected to Congress as a Union Democrat, but, chiefly because of his opposition to Van Buren's financial policies, he was defeated in the autumn elections of 1838. He supported Harrison in the campaign of 1841, and after the President's death, April 4, 1841, and Tyler's succession, Legaré was appointed Attorney-general. Meanwhile, on Webster's resignation, Legaré was asked to act as Secretary of State *ad interim*, a work he performed in addition to that which already devolved upon him. While serving in this capacity Legaré went to Boston in June, 1843, to join the President and the rest of the Cabinet officers in the unveiling of the Bunker Hill Monument, and died there June twentieth, after a brief illness.

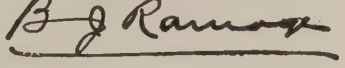
Legaré's activity in literature was mainly in connection with the *Southern Review*, which he and Stephen Elliott founded in 1827. On the death of Crafts, Legaré took his place in the field of letters at Charleston, but it can scarcely be said that he possessed the genius or originality of Crafts.

The first number of the *Review* appeared in February, 1828. Modeled after the English periodicals, and designed to combat the alleged centralizing tendencies on the part of the general Government, the journal went through eight volumes, and expired when Legaré ceased writing for it.

While Legaré's fame is chiefly that of a scholar in politics, he was a frequent contributor to the newspapers and periodicals of his day, and he displayed rare talent as well as unusual power of research. His knowledge of history and political economy is also everywhere apparent. Of his essays, the best are probably those on "The Democracy of Athens," "Demosthenes," and "Roman Legislation." In the last named he shows a mastery of the civil law, and, with the exception of Edward Livingston, he probably knew more about the subject than any of his contemporaries. And, while Legaré left no volume behind him, he seems to have been engaged in translating Heineccius into English at the time of his death. On the whole, therefore, one cannot escape the conviction that, had he devoted himself exclusively to literature, he would have contributed something of permanent value to the world of letters. But even as it was, he held before the vision of his countrymen the ideals of a pure, high-minded statesman, a united country governed by a free and educated people. His views on finance, civil service, the tariff, and the delicate questions arising in the field of diplomacy were such as render them still valuable both to the student and the man of

affairs. A graceful, finished speaker—an art he cultivated with extraordinary perseverance—he scarcely had his superior as an orator among the men of his day, unless one has Edward Everett in mind. Legaré always knew what he wanted to say, and said it earnestly, eloquently, without affectation or bombast. His temperament, however, and the circumstances of his life were not calculated to make him a great leader in politics. Hence, in spite of his culture, his sense of honor, his versatility and charm of manner, his unwearying diligence, Legaré was little adapted either by nature or education to head a movement or buffet the storm of active life.

His career on the whole is well deserving of careful study because it illustrates in a striking manner the gradual implication of the tariff with the slavery controversy, driving Legaré, as it did many others, into paths little calculated to develop what was best in him.



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LORD BYRON'S CHARACTER AND WRITINGS

All selections from 'Life and Writings.'

Lord Byron's life was not a literary, or cloistered and scholastic life. He had lived generally in the world, and always and entirely for the world. The *amat nemus et fugit urbes,* which has been predicated of the whole tuneful tribe, was only in a qualified sense a characteristic of his. If he sought seclusion, it was not for the retired leisure or the sweet and innocent tranquillity of a country life. His retreats were rather like that of Tiberius at Capreæ—the gloomy solitude of misanthropy and remorse, hiding its despair in darkness, or seeking to stupefy and drown it in vice and debauchery. But, even when he fled from the sight of men, it was only that he might be sought after the more, and, in the depth of his hiding places, as was long ago remarked of Timon of Athens, he could not live without vomiting forth the gall of his bitterness, and sending abroad most elaborate curses in good verse to be admired of the very wretches whom he affected to despise. He lived in the world, and for the world—nor is it often that a career so brief affords to biography so much impressive incident, or that the folly of an undisciplined and reckless spirit has assumed such a motley wear, and played off, before God and man, so many extravagant and fantastical antics.

On the other hand, there was, amidst all its irregularities, something strangely interesting, something, occasionally, even grand and imposing in Lord Byron's character and mode of life. His whole being was, indeed, to a remarkable degree, extraordinary, fanciful, and fascinating. All that drew upon him the eyes of men, whether for good or evil—his passions and his genius, his enthusiasm and his woe, his triumphs, and his downfall—sprang from the same source, a feverish temperament, a burning, distempered, insatiable imagination; and these, in their turn, acted most powerfully upon the imagination and the sensibility of others. We well remember a time —it is not more than two lustres ago—when we could never think of him ourselves but as an ideal being—a creature, to use his own words, "of loneliness and mystery"—moving

about the earth like a troubled spirit, and even when in the midst of men, not of them. The enchanter's robe which he wore seemed to disguise his person, and, like another famous sorcerer and sensualist—

> he hurled
> His dazzling spells into the spungy air,
> Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion
> And give it false presentments.

It has often occurred to us, as we have seen Sir Walter Scott diligently hobbling up to his daily task in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and still more when we have gazed upon him for hours seated down at his clerk's desk, with a countenance of most demure and business-like formality, to contrast him, in that situation, with the only man, who had not been at the time, totally overshadowed and eclipsed by his genius. It was, indeed, a wonderful contrast! Never did two such men—competitors in the highest walks of creative imagination and deep pathos—present such a strange antithesis of moral character, and domestic habits and pursuits, as Walter Scott at home, and Lord Byron abroad. It was the difference between prose and poetry—between the dullest realities of existence and an incoherent, though powerful and agitating romance—between a falcon trained to the uses of a domestic bird, and, instead of "towering in her pride of place," brought to stoop at the smallest quarry, and to wait upon a rude sportsman's bidding like a menial servant—and some savage, untamed eagle, who, after struggling with the bars of his cage until his breast was bare and bleeding with the agony, had flung himself forth, once more, upon the gale, and was again chasing before him the "whole herd of timorous and flocking birds, and making his native Alps, through all their solitudes, ring to his boding and wild scream." Lord Byron's pilgrimages to distant and famous lands—especially his first—heightened this effect of his genius and of his very peculiar mode of existence. Madame de Staël ascribes it to his good fortune or the deep policy of Napoleon, that he had succeeded in associating his name with some of those objects which have, through all time, most strongly impressed the imaginations of men, with the Pyramids, the Alps, the Holy Land, etc. Byron

had the same advantage. His muse, like Horace's image of Care, mounted with him the steed and the gondola, the post-chaise and the packet-ship. His poems are, in a manner, the journals and common-place books of the wandering Childe. Thus, it is stated or hinted that a horrible incident, like that upon which the Giaour turns, had nearly taken place within Byron's own observation while in the East. His sketches of the sublime and beautiful in nature, seem to be mere images, or so to express it, shadows thrown down upon his pages from the objects, which he visited, only colored and illumined with such feelings, reflections and associations as they naturally awaken in contemplative and susceptible minds. His early visit to Greece, and the heartfelt enthusiasm with which he dwelt upon her loveliness even "in her age of woe"—upon the glory which once adorned, and that which might still await her —have identified him with her name, in a manner which subsequent events have made quite remarkable. His poetry, when we read it over again, seems to breathe of "the sanctified phrenzy of prophecy and inspiration." He now appears to have been the herald of her resuscitation. The voice of lamentation, which he sent forth over Christendom, was as if it had issued from all her caves, fraught with the wo and the wrongs of ages, and the deep vengeance which at length awoke—and not in vain! In expressing ourselves as we have done upon this subject, it is to us a melancholy reflection that our language is far more suitable to what we have felt, than to what we now feel, in reference to the life and character of Lord Byron.

The last years of that life—the wanton, gross, and often dull and feeble ribaldry of some of his latest productions—broke the spell which he had laid upon our souls; and we are by no means sure that we have not since yielded too much to the disgust and aversion which follow disenchantment like its shadow. . . . .

The literary reputation of Lord Byron has been established beyond all possibility of change or decay. We do not believe —notwithstanding some apparent exceptions—that the opinions of contemporaries, in regard to the works of men of genius, have ever materially differed from those of posterity. But this is especially true of those writers who have addressed

themselves more to the feelings of mankind, than to the imagination. Milton, although his works were far more justly appreciated by his own age, than is commonly thought, certainly did not hold exactly as high a rank in general estimation then as has been conceded to him since. But—besides the character of that wretched age—Milton's poetry is addressed to the learned. It bears, upon every line of it, the impress of vast erudition and consummate art. It is true he is the greatest master of the sublime that any language has to boast of—greater than Shakspeare—greater than Dante—greater than Homer. But it requires study and reflection, objects of comparison and a competent familiarity with literature, to perceive the amazing magnitude of this glorious orb. A vulgar eye might glance over him a thousand times, and still mistake this "ocean of flame" for a star of an inferior class. This is a great obstacle to his popularity—and it is one not less formidable, that he is deficient in pathos, and in topics of general interest. Byron wrote because he felt, and as he felt. It may be said most justly of his genius—*furor arma ministrat.* Instead of "lisping in numbers," as Pope did, he sighed and groaned and cursed in them. He spoke to the hearts of men, and, however the spirit of most of his productions is to be censured, his voice, whether for good or for evil, has seldom failed to find an echo there.

It may in general be remarked of his poetry, as of most of that of the present age, that it is not sufficiently elaborated. Many feeble, prosaic, and even unmeaning lines abound every where in his finest compositions. English criticism is less fastidious in this respect, than that of any other language, and things are pardoned or passed over by it which would endanger the success of a work in France or Italy, and would have destroyed it at Athens. But it is impossible to read any of Byron's masterpieces along with the best passages of our classical poetry, without being struck with the general inferiority and carelessness of his diction, as well as with the great inequality of his style. Compare for instance, anything that he has done, (except, of course, some highly wrought passages) in the Spenserian stanza, with Spenser himself, or with the first part of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." Whatever may be thought of their relative merits in other respects, we fancy

everybody, who has either ear or taste, must agree that, as far as mere language goes, there is a richness, harmony and uniform finish in the works of those masters, which are sadly wanting in Byron. So in satire, he has produced nothing to be talked of in comparison to Dryden's vigorous and bold pen, or the condensed and sententious elegance of Pope. Nothing can be more powerful and pathetic than his poetry in his loftier vein —but the same objection lies here to the want of that *limæ labor,* which entitles a work of genius to be classed among perfect specimens of art. Lord Byron threw off some, probably most of his compositions, with almost as much rapidity as a hackneyed writer for the daily press. . . . Byron does not strike us as a poet of very fertile invention. He composed, it is true, with considerable facility, but there is no variety either in his subjects or his style. We doubt, for this reason, whether he could have become distinguished as a dramatic poet, in the modern sense of the term.

Besides this, his compositions are rather short sketches of notable objects, or occasional meditations upon them, than complete and well combined works. Still it is hard to say what the author of "Manfred" might not have done. One thing seems probable—that had he been born at Athens, at the right time, he might have rivalled Æschylus and Sophocles, in tragedy *à la Grecque.* Two or three heroic *dramatis personæ,* a simple plot, beautiful or powerful narrative and dialogue, interrupted by passionate ejaculation and choral ode—such a task would have been Byron's element.

Upon the whole, excepting the two first places in our literature—and Pope and Dryden, who are writers of quite another stamp—we do not know who is to be placed, all things considered, above Byron. We doubt between him and Spenser—but no other name is prominent enough to present itself to us in such a competition. His greatest rival, however, was himself. We throw down his book dissatisfied. Every page reveals powers which might have done so much more for art—for glory—and for virtue.

MR. LEGARÉ TO HIS SISTER

LOUVAIN, 17th Aug., 7½ o'clock, P.M. Looking over what I wrote at Spa, I have great scruples about sending you an account of my pleasures, which it will give you so much pain to decipher. But I never copied what I wrote for the *Southern Review*—how should I copy a letter? Besides, you will have a specimen of the pen, ink, and paper they use at the Hotel de l'Orange at Spa—and generally, of the sort of discomforts, under the name of pleasures, one is willing to exchange his own home for, even when, like mine at Brussels, it combines every thing necessary, or not necessary, to a life of the most perfect epicurean ease and voluptuousness. I arrived in this famous old town about two hours ago, and expect to be at Brussels (eighteen miles off) to-morrow evening. As soon as I had ordered dinner, I sallied out to see the Hôtel de Ville and the principal church. The former is a renowned specimen of Gothic architecture, four hundred years old, and deserves all its reputation. It is, without doubt, the most remarkable monument of the sort I ever saw. But I shan't attempt to describe it, as I mean that you shall see, sooner or later, an engraving of it. At the church I found them in the midst of the evening service, and passed half an hour there, as I always do in such a place at such an hour, with the deepest interest.

I am, as I always have been, in my heart or imagination, I don't exactly know which, more than half a Catholic; and it is positively no exaggeration to say that nothing in the world has such attractions for me as that service, in the evening especially, performed with good music and the pomp of some solemn occasion. This evening there was a procession within the vast building itself, with wax-lights, a cohort of priests and acolytes, thundering forth their Latin psalmody in concert with the peal of the organ above, while all these sounds were nearly drowned in the tolling of the mighty bells of the cathedral.

To return to Spa. While there, although remarkably well, I was tempted to try the waters of the several fountains. I became convinced of their virtues by their vicious effects on

me. For a couple of days afterwards, I felt precisely as one does after taking a dose of laudanum. The first day my appetite was voracious, though quite healthy, the second and third it was still great, but morbid, attended with an occasional feeling of disgust. I am now quite restored, and am in most excellent condition. I am satisfied that, with all necessary prudence in taking them, their efficacy must be very great; and I shall certainly pass some weeks there next summer. There can be no doubt, however, that the effects of the water are wonderfully increased by the manner of living at Spa—breathing the air of the mountains at six o'clock in the morning, walking, riding, and driving many miles a day, banishing all care, going to bed early, etc., etc. How strange it is to meet people there whom one has seen in the midst of Courts and capitals, with all their trumpery and constraint, negligently dressed, mounted on donkeys, talking with the first comer, without distinction of persons, and acknowledging themselves happier and healthier, both in body and mind, than those envied (but not enviable) circles where it is the silly ambition of mankind to shine! Watering-places are a sort of confessionals or shrines, set apart by nature, to which pilgrims of all nations resort to renounce, for a moment, the lying vanities of the world, and get absolution for sins and errors they are sure to return to as soon as opportunity presents. Of these pilgrims by far the greater portion (at least, of any one nation) are English. It is inconceivable what multitudes of them are swarming over the whole face of this country, paying twice and thrice as much as they ought for everything they stand in need of. . . . .

H. S. L.

DEMOSTHENES

Let any one, who has considered the state of manners at Athens just at the moment of his appearance upon the stage of public life, imagine what an impression such a phenomenon must have made upon a people so lost in profligacy and sensuality of all sorts. What wonder that the unprincipled though gifted, Demades, the very personification of the witty and reckless libertinism of the age, should deride and scoff at this strange man, living as nobody else lived, thinking as nobody else thought; a prophet, crying from his solitude of great troubles at hand; the apostle of the past, the preacher of an impossible restoration; the witness to his contemporaries that their degeneracy was incorrigible and their doom hopeless, and that another seal in the book was broken, and a new era of calamity and downfall opened in the history of nations.

We have said that the character of Demosthenes might be divined from his eloquence; and so the character of his eloquence was a mere emanation of his own. It was the life and soul of the man, the patriot, the statesman. "Its highest attribute of all," says Dionysius, "is the spirit of life—Το Πνευμα —that pervades it." His very language dictates to a reader how it is to be uttered, and I should think it impossible (it is the same critic who speaks) that one with the sense of a brute, nay, of a stock or stone, could pronounce his text without distinguishing the various meaning, and kindling with the changing passions of the master. This is the first and great characteristic of Demosthenes, the orator. You see absolutely nothing of the artist; nay, you forget the speaker altogether: it is the statesman, or the man only, that is before you. To him, eloquence, wonderful as his was considered as mere rhetoric, is but an instrument, not, as in Cicero, a thing to boast of and display. This feature of his character has been well seized and portrayed by the author of a declamatory encomium on Demosthenes, ascribed to Lucian and printed among his works. Gesner and Becker after him will not consent to give it up; all we can say is that, if it is the work of the Voltaire of antiquity, Lucian was not Lucian when he wrote it. But, though too high-flown and exaggerated for

its supposed author, it is a striking instance of the admiration in which the great orator was held by the Greeks in all ages. It is from him we borrow the phrase "the Homer of Prose," which describes so well the admitted perfections of Demosthenes as a writer. But it is not his style only that is extolled there. He admires his life, his administration, his truly touching and sublime death. He puts into the mouth of Antipater a supposed conversation in reference to this last event, in which the latter does justice to his great adversary in a magnanimous spirit, and regrets that he chose rather to die free and by his own hand, than survive a courtier for the favor, or a dependent upon the mercy of the conqueror. It consecrates forever that tragical scene at Calauria, and leaves the image of the mighty orator upon the mind with the greatest pictures of fiction or history—with Œdipus at Colonus, or Marius sitting upon the ruins of Carthage. We cannot join with the author in his blasphemy against heaven for the trials to which the greatest men have almost always been subjected, and none more than Demosthenes. We know that sorrow is knowledge; that, if in much wisdom there is much grief, the reverse is also true; and that adversity is the only school in which genius and virtue are permitted to take their highest degrees.

The second remarkable feature of the eloquence of Demosthenes is a consequence of the first: its amazing flexibility and variety. As he thinks only of the subject, so he always speaks like his subject. We have endeavored to illustrate this through the whole course of this paper. We wanted to eradicate the false and pernicious idea that *Demosthenian* is synonymous with *ranting*. At times, no doubt, on extraordinary and exciting occasions, he forgot himself in a transport of passion, and raged on the Bema, as Plutarch has it, like a Bacchante. But we will venture to affirm, that when he did so, his audience was as little conscious of it as himself, partaking fully with him in the phrenzy of the moment. In general, he aims at nothing but the true and the natural. Hence, every thing is perfectly appropriate and fitting, and, in the almost infinite range of his speaking, from a special plea in bar or in abatement to the sublime and ravishing enthusiasm of the immortal defence of the Crown, every thing is every where just

what it ought to be—"proper words in proper places." It is he that exemplifies Cicero's definition—*Is enim est eloquens, qui et humilia subtiliter, et magna graviter, et mediocria temperate potest dicere.* And accordingly, he remarks farther that he is fully equal to Lysias, to Hyperides, and to Æschines, in their respective excellencies, while he adds to them, whenever occasion calls for them, his own unapproachable sublimity and power. Dionysius of Halicarnassus goes still farther. In a work, written expressly to unfold the perfection of the *diction* of Demosthenes (for he promised another and a separate one upon his other excellencies), he shows, by a critical comparison of passages from the works of the orator with the most celebrated productions of other pens, that he was the greatest master of every style. He prefers him, for instance, to Plato, even in that kind of writing, in which the philosopher is considered as a model.

The third distinguishing peculiarity of Demosthenes as an orator is that his greatest beauties consist not in words or tropes and figures of rhetoric, similes, metaphors, etc., which he seldom condescends to use, but in thought, and sentiment, and passion. The forms he delights in most are all adapted to express these—to show the orator to be truly in earnest, and to enforce his opinions as matters of deep conviction with himself, and deserving to be so with his hearers. His grandest amplifications are only vehement reasonings. Hence, too, his occasional abruptness, and suddenness of transition and startling appeal, interrogatory and apostrophe—all the perfection of art because the dictate of nature, which Blair most absurdly censures as defects, as if the master of all style fell into such things because he could not help it. Cicero develops this topic at some length, and with his usual power of language, in one of his rhetorical works. He represents his perfect orator, who is only an imaginary Demosthenes, as presenting the same topic often in various lights, and dwelling upon it more or less according to circumstances—as extenuating some things and turning others into ridicule—as occasionally deviating from his subject and propounding what he shall presently have to say, and when he has fully discussed any matter, reducing it into the shape of a rule or definition—as correcting himself, or repeating what he had said—as pressing by interrogation

and answering his own questions—as wishing to be taken in a sense the opposite of what he seems to say—as doubting what or how he should speak—as dividing into parts, omitting and neglecting some points and fortifying others in advance—as casting the blame upon his adversary of the very things for which he is himself censured—as often deliberating with those who hear him, sometimes even with his adversary—as describing the manners and language of men—as making mute things speak (that is rare in Demosthenes)—as drawing off the minds of the audience from the true question before them—as anticipating objections which he foresees will be made—as comparing analogous cases—as citing examples—as putting down interruptions—as pretending to suppress or reserve something, or to say less than he knows—as warning those he addresses to be on their guard—as venturing at times on some bold proposition—as being angry, and even so far as to chide and rail—as deprecating, supplicating, conciliating—as uttering wishes or execrations, and using sometimes a certain familiarity with his hearers. He will, he continues, aim at other times, at other virtues of style—as brevity, if the occasion call for it. He will bring the object often before their very eyes, etc., etc. It is, indeed, in such ornaments of speech as these that the grand excellence of Demosthenes consists—it is by these that it becomes a thing of life, and power, and persuasion—a means of business—a motive of action—but there is never the least prettiness or rhetoric—nothing fine, or showy, or theatrical—nothing in short, that can be spared, nothing that can be lopped off without mutilating and weakening the body as well as deforming it.

And this leads us to consider a fourth characteristic of eloquence—its condensation and perfect logical unity. It is not easy, perhaps, without extending these remarks farther than would be proper here, to make ourselves quite intelligible upon this subject to the general reader. But every one that has studied Greek literature and art, will at once perceive that we refer to that unity of design, that closeness of texture and mutual dependence of the parts—that harmony of composition and exact fitness and proportion—in short, that αναγκη λογογραφικη as Plato expresses it, which makes of every production of genius a sort of organized body with nothing

superfluous, nothing defective in it, but every thing necessary to constitute a complete whole, answering perfectly the ends of its being, whatever those may be. What Cicero says of the Stoical philosophy may be applied to the orations of Demosthenes. What is there in the works of nature where such a perfect arrangement and symmetry prevails, or in those of man, so well put together, so compact, so intimately united? What consequent does not agree with its antecedent? What follows that does not answer to that which goes before? What is there that is not so knit together with the rest, that, if a single letter be removed, the whole structure would totter? But, in truth, nothing can be removed, etc. We differ, therefore, entirely, with Lord Brougham, when, in one of the passages cited above, he speaks of this marvellous unity and condensation as a thing as much within the reach of mediocrity as of genius. It is, on the contrary, the perfection of Greek art, and the orations of Demosthenes are in this, as in every other respect, the most exquisite model of it.

Another excellence, that has been mentioned repeatedly in the course of the preceding remarks, remains to be particularly noticed. Not only do the orations of Demosthenes resemble the great works of nature in this, that their beauty and sublimity are inseparable from utility, or more properly speaking, that utility is the cardinal principle of all their beauties, but there is still another analogy between them. It is, that the grandeur of the whole result is not more remarkable than the elaborate and exquisite finish of the most minute details. Dionysius, in the essay so often referred to, aims to show that the orator was by far the greatest master of composition the world had ever seen. This critic may be relied on for such a purpose. His fault is, that he exacts in all things rather a pedantic precision and accuracy. In short, he is hypercritical, and is too little disposed to make allowance for small blemishes, even when they are redeemed by high virtues, or to approve and relish the *non ingrata negligentia*—the careless grace of genius. But in Demosthenes, whose eloquence makes him perfectly ecstatical in its praise, he searches in vain for a spot, however minute. He takes his examples at random, and finds every thing perfect every where. Certainly, in the critical comparisons which he institutes between him and Plato and

Isocrates, it is impossible not to admit the soundness of his judgments. This prodigious perfection of style he affirms to have been a creation of the orator's. He had studied, he thinks, all the masters who had gone before him, and, selecting from each what he excelled in, made up a composition far superior to any of its ingredients. Thucydides gave him his force and pregnancy, Lysias, his clearness, ease, and nature, Isocrates, his occasional splendor and brilliancy, and Plato, his majesty, elevation, and abundance. That Demosthenes studied, and studied profoundly, all these models we have no doubt. Of Thucydides, especially, the tradition represents him to have been a devoted admirer. But *eclecticism,* imitation, was out of the question with him. Undoubtedly he was indebted to them for having done so much to perfect the instrument he was to use—the Greek language; and their beauties and defects were hints to him in the training of his own mighty and original genius. But that is all: had they never written, his works would not, probably, have been so unblemished in the execution, but they would infallibly have formed an era in literature, and displayed very much the same excellences that now distinguish them. The instrument, of which we have just spoken, must not be lost sight of in appreciating the Greek masters, and especially Demosthenes.

When one reads the rhetorical works of Cicero and Dionysius, one cannot but perceive that the ancient languages, from their complicated and highly artificial structure, admitted of certain graces that cannot be aimed at, to any thing like the same degree, by any modern composition. One of these is *harmony* and rhythm. The effect, which a polished and musical period (in the right place) had on the ears of an Attic, and even of a Roman assembly, is scarcely intelligible any where but in southern Europe. But there was immense difficulty in avoiding a vicious extreme in the use of this art. If it were not directed by the most exquisite taste and judgment, it became very offensive, and gave to a business speech the air of a mere panegyrical or scholastic declamation. Not only so, but nothing was harder to avoid than the uttering of a complete verse, and nothing was reckoned more vicious. In this, as in every other respect, Demosthenes is pronounced by Dionysius a perfect model of judgment and excellence. With

a compass, a fulness, a pomp and magnificence of periods that distance the efforts of Isocrates in the same style, he displays such an inexhaustible variety of cadence, his tone is so continually changing with the topic, there is every where such an appearance of ease and simplicity, that while the ear is always charmed, the taste is never once offended. He takes care always of the great capital object of eloquence—the being, and seeming to be in earnest. For this reason it is that he throws in occasionally those abrupt and startling sentences, so ignorantly censured by Blair. He thus avoids that *concinnity* which is too apparent and somewhat offensive in Cicero, who continually forgets his own maxims on this subject—that in all things sameness is the mother of satiety.

THE ROMAN LEGISLATOR

The Roman legislator, according to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, built the state upon the family, or more philosophically speaking, the state grew up of itself out of the family, and *father of a family* is synonymous with him who enjoyed, without any diminution, all the *jura Quiritium*. Patricians, *patres,* were the whole caste of those entitled to such rights, each, when *sui juris,* or not in the power of any other, being a *pater familias.*

This image of patriarchal authority was preserved with care, and only enlarged, as we have said, in the constitution of the state itself. The law, in its turn, clothed the Roman father, at home, with her own majesty. Seated upon his domestic throne, or tribunal, he exercises without appeal, and beyond even the veto of the tribune, a despotic authority in his family. He has power of life and death over his wife, his child, his slave, his debtor—they are his money, as we have seen. Three terrible words of the law sum up his *imperium,* in these four relations, *potestas, manus, mancipium.* It is not by way of implying any restraint upon his dominion, that the XII Tables expressly authorize or enjoin the making away with deformed infants. No office, no virtue, no power in the state, no glory in arms, releases his son from this natural, and unless his master will it otherwise, eternal allegiance. He may marry a

wife, by permission, but he shall not be capable of holding property to maintain her; he may beget children, but they shall be bondmen born of his own lord. As for the slave, he may be cut up to feed the fish in his ponds, and both he and the child, if they commit any trespass, may be abandoned to the arbitrary discretion of the injured party, in order to release their *owner* from liability. The fate of the poor debtor we have just read, in that *horrendum carmen,* as it was well called. This relation (as money has been at the bottom of most revolutions) gave rise to unceasing contests between the ruling *caste* and the *plebs.* The patriarchs obstinately, and, for centuries together, successfully maintained the principle and practice of the *nexus.* The house of our *Pater Romanus* is not only his own castle, it is the dungeon of enslaved debtors toiling under the lash. Livy's words are quoted by Niebuhr, whose commentary is powerfully written, and presents a frightful picture of oppression. The eloquent Roman informs us, that men "adjudged according to their 'bond' to slavery, were seen daily, by troops, dragged from the forum to their *ergastula;* that the houses of the nobles were filled with debtors in chains, and that wherever a patrician dwelt, *there* was a private prison."

Towards the foreigner, he is altogether without sympathy. Stranger and enemy are the same, in his old language. With the consciousness or the instincts of his high destinies, he considers every means consecrated by such an end as the aggrandizement of Rome: and wo to those who stand in the way of it. He pleads, when made a prisoner in battle, and released to procure a peace, that he may be sent back to certain torture or servitude—if he have saved an army under his command, by an unauthorized treaty, he begs to atone for his officiousness with his life—he puts his son to death, if he gain a victory at the expense of discipline—how shall he feel for enemies, created, predestined to become his slaves? Accordingly, he destroys without compunction—ravages whole tracts of country, sacks and burns cities, fills his camp with plunder, and sells (where it is not more politic to spare and colonize) into bondage, to traffickers who follow his bloody footsteps like vultures, all—man, woman, and child—whom the sword has not cut off. The bravest and finest of his captives shall one

day be reserved for the nameless horrors of the amphitheatre, the only pastime that really interests him—a pastime fit for a horde of cannibals such as a demon of hell might invent for the amusement of fiends.

Our Pater Romanus, however, does not always oppress the poor and weak; he sometimes, nay, frequently, serves them from motives of policy especially. His own clients and retainers are under his guardian care, of course; it is the condition and the reward of their fealty. But he emancipates his slave readily, and so makes him one of his own *gens* or lineage, bearing a patrician name, and entitled to all the privileges of a citizen. He sits in the forum, upon a sort of throne, or walks up and down among the people, glad to give legal advice gratis to whoever will ask for it. Even his most destructive conquests are made in the spirit of civilization, and directed to perpetual possession, regular administration, and unity of government—and hence his admirable colonial system —by which subjugated nations are adopted as his subjects, rather than extirpated as enemies; and his laws and his language are diffused over the whole earth.

Every thing inspires him with ideas of superiority; and his self-esteem is immense, but calm, enlightened, and majestic. He is a fatalist; but his fatalism too, as always happens, is self-conceit in disguise. He never dreams of being vanquished in the end, though he frequently is at the beginning of a war, and bears it with perfect composure. He has no faith in impulses; he works by system, and relies on general laws in every thing—in war especially—he has "organized victory," as they said of Carnot, and is deliberately brave by calculation. If he will deliver up his own consuls to an enemy, stripped and pinioned for a sacrifice, what will he not do with *their* great men? He will expose them in his cruel triumphs to the "rabble's curse" and scoffs, and then murder them; he will make the title of king a jest; they shall be his vassals; one of them shall put a liberty-cap upon his shorn head, and glory in being his freedman; another he will scourge and crucify like a bond-slave.

In private life, he is grave and austere, simple, sober, industrious, patient of toil, hardship, and pain. His conjugal love is none of the most rapturous, and his marriage is there-

fore of the kind called "good," not "delicious,"—yet he is perfectly satisfied with it—for this whole period of five centuries passes away without a single change of wives. Yet he would almost as willingly adopt a child as have one of his own, and does not like too many of them on any terms. He looks with contempt on all arts, trades, and professions, which he abandons to his freedmen, reserving to himself war and agriculture alone; but he is very frugal, and decidedly avaricious—though as yet his avarice takes the shape rather of parsimony than rapacity; but the day is coming when he shall be as insatiable as the grave, and *alieni appetens sui profusus* will be the device of his degenerate order. He is deeply religious, in his own way, controlled even in the weightiest matters by the most grovelling superstition—faithful to oaths and to promises, made in proper form, and profoundly impressed with reverence for the law, which he is seldom persuaded to break, although he is apt to evade it by fraudulent interpretation. So, if ever he violates the faith of treaties it is by sophistry and not by force; special pleading is the great instrument of his policy; and he thinks the gods satisfied, if men are only argued out of their rights with decent plausibility. His whole history shows that his courage is equalled by his conduct, and his strength by his cunning.

In politics, he is strenuously conservative; he adheres to established institutions as long as they hold together and work well; but he is not a bigot, and abandons them as soon as he perceives that the time is really come; neither does he scruple to adopt from his enemies weapons and methods which experience has shown him to be better than his own. One thing is most remarkable in his history; he never seeks a treaty, nor even comes to terms, with a foreigner successful in arms, and still threatening war or resistance—he always does so with his plebeian brethren, who drive him from post to post until he fairly opens the door of the city to them all. He loves power by the instinct of his nature, and for its own sake—not for the pomps and vanities that surround it—this simplicity distinguishes him from the kings of the barbarians.

Long protected by an appeal to the people, his person is at length rendered inviolable by the Portian and Sempronian laws. But it is not himself only that is sacred; he consecrates the

state; he consecrates the city with its walls and gates; he consecrates the territory around it. Every thing about him is sanctified to his use, and his very property is not like other people's; he holds it *ex jure Quiritium*. Thus descended, thus constituted, thus disciplined, with such a character, and under such laws, he has from God the grandest mission that was ever confided to merely human hands. He is trained up for centuries in civil broils and border warfare, that he may learn to conquer the world, and in disputes about rights that he may know how to give laws. The day is coming, when those laws, converted as it were to Christianity, shall breathe a higher, a purer, and a holier spirit; and when the cross, which is now the instrument of his most terrific despotism, shall be the earnest of a new order of triumphs in Constantine, and the symbol of the most perfect civilization that has ever blessed mankind—a civilization founded upon peace on earth, good will to men, and equality before the law.

JAMES MATTHEW LEGARÉ

[1823—1859]

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

IF the external facts of the life and the personal memorials of James Matthew Legaré of South Carolina were not, as they apparently are, irretrievably obscured, one could imagine some future American Matthew Arnold delineating his delicate and reticent soul in such charming pages as the English critic devoted to Maurice or Eugénie Guérin. But we know next to nothing of the personality of this "quiet singer"; the Duyckinks knew nothing; and personal inquiries in Charleston fail to elicit any memory that has a specific flavor, a personal note. Legaré followed the law, reluctantly we may be sure, published a single slim volume of verse: 'Orta-Undis and Other Poems,' at the age of twenty-five, contributed sparingly to several of Simms's innumerable journalistic ventures, and died, never having "spoken out," in his thirty-sixth year. There remains of him, then, no memorial, save those few verses. But by virtue of them his place in American letters will, in time, be perfectly secure.

In any study of the minor figures of our older literature it is an unfortunate fact that negative criticism must predominate. There was, so often, the impassioned effort to create literature, but the effort was nearly always lacking in knowledge, in restraint, and rendered nugatory in a disheartening number of cases by the essential fallacy of a pseudo-religious, pseudo-ethical didacticism. Hence it is with unspeakable refreshment that one comes upon work such as Legaré's—work that has sincerity, that has charm, that is always right in aim and in a few instances, at least, achieves its aim.

Only a pretty thorough reading of Legaré's Carolinian contemporaries can serve to reveal the full measure of his difference from them. Politics, ethics, other semi- and quasi-poetical interests fill their verse. Legaré stands with Timrod (the two men seem never to have met) as a poet, an artist; and as such he felt, of course, the immense preoccupation of form, which further differentiates him from the writers of his place and hour. The besetting sin of all these (with the constant exceptions of Timrod and Hayne) was utter artistic helplessness. They had a tantalizing way of choosing as the vehicle of their usually thin ideas just those forms which it is most difficult to handle with any distinction. In their hands such forms

generally degenerated into mere doggerel. It is the surprising merit of Legaré to have used these simple lyric meters with firmness and distinction, to have developed an occasional originality of form, and to have made these forms, old and new, carry adequately an observation and a spiritual interpretation of nature, alert, painstaking, and true. A fine vein of pure lyric inspiration, which not even such unfortunate models as Schiller and Longfellow could obliterate, runs through his best verse.

All these qualities—a firm and delicate treatment of simple lyric forms and a quiet charm in the handling of subjects drawn from nature—will be fully illustrated in the extracts at the end of this note. In regard to such a poem as "Haw-Blossoms" one may drop at least the careful use of the word "verse" and say openly that here is poetry—not rich or elaborate or lofty, but unmistakable in its soft undertone of melody, in its accurate and restrained vision. And that last word brings one to consider another of Legaré's most charming traits. He had the poet's eye; he turned an imaginative sight upon the simple appearances that attracted him and was then able to present in brief compass pictures of nature that take the mind at once with their delicacy and truth. And always he is severely simple, charming with a reluctant charm, plain and clear, as in this stanza:

"A bird with scarlet on his wings
Down in the meadow sits and sings;
Beneath his weight
The long corn-tassels undulate."

Or in this:

"The solemn brotherhood of pines,
Like monks slow chanting in a choir,
Nos miserere: Cypress nuns
In sad attire."

But it would be unjust to create the impression that Legaré cannot, at times, strike a deeper note. This he usually does when he attains that originality of technique which he alone possesses of all the minor Carolinian writers of verse. Thus, his stanzas on the Tallulah Falls are vigorous and imaginative; so are the verses "To Anne"; but more especially the poem "Flowers in Ashes." Here Legaré's technique seems almost modern, and in such lines as

"Between the arches dimly in the early dawn described,"

or

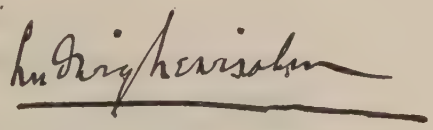
"I saw a shallop issue from the shadow of the shore,"

or, finally:

"And where in closes, loud and clear, the forging hammers beat,"

he has a distinction of movement that is quite admirable.

In a word, then, Legaré was a man who, at a time and amid influences that furthered anything rather than the study of perfection in the matters of art, surrounded by writers of facile and nerveless verse that was constantly and fulsomely praised, set himself a fairly high standard of artistic workmanship and labored with great care and no small success to attain that standard. Hence, while in many of the Carolinian writers of his day it is not hard to find isolated lines or stanzas that are pleasant enough, Legaré succeeded in writing at least a dozen poems which, though not impeccable, may be unhesitatingly praised as wholes. They have a studiously plain charm, a clear, fine melody, a touch of austere beauty. Anthologists of our poetry, North or South, can never afford to overlook them.



THE REAPER

How still Earth lies!—behind the pines
The summer clouds sink slowly down.
The sunset gilds the higher hills
And distant steeples of the town.

Refreshed and moist the meadow spreads,
Birds sing from out the dripping leaves,
And standing in the breast-high corn
I see the farmer bind his sheaves.

It was when on the fallow fields
The heavy frosts of winter lay,
A rustic with unsparing hand
Strewed seed along the furrowed way.

And I too, walking through the waste
  And wintry hours of the past,
Have in the furrows made by griefs
  The seeds of future harvests cast.

Rewarded well, if when the world
  Grows dimmer in the ebbing light,
And all the valley lies in shade,
  But sunset glimmers on the height.

Down in the meadows of the heart
  The birds sing out a last refrain,
And ready garnered for the mart
  I see the ripe and golden grain.

TO A LILY

Go bow thy head in gentle spite,
Thou lily white,
For she who spies thee waving here,
With thee in beauty can compare
As day with night.

Soft are thy leaves and white: Her arms
Boast whiter charms.
Thy stem prone bent with loveliness
Of maiden grace possesseth less:
Therein she charms.

Thou in thy lake dost see
Thyself: So she
Beholds her image in her eyes
Reflected. Thus did Venus rise
From out the sea.

Inconsolate, bloom not again
Thou rival vain
Of her whose charms have thine outdone:
Whose purity might spot the sun,
And make thy leaf a stain.

TALLULAH*

Recollect thou, in thunder
How Tallulah spoke to thee,
When thy little face with wonder
Lifted upwards, rocks asunder
Riven, shattered,
Black and battered,
Thou aloft didst see?

Downward stalking through TEMPESTA
Did a giant shape appear.
All the waters leaping after
Hound-like, with their thunder-laughter
Shook the valley
Teocalli,
Hill-top bleak and bare.

Vast and ponderous, of granite,
Cloud enwrapt his features were.
In his great calm eyes emotion
Glimmered none; and like an ocean
Billowy, tangled,
Foam bespangled
Backward streamed his hair.

On his brow like dandelions
Nodded pines: the solid floor
Rocked and reeled beneath his treading,
Black on high a tempest spreading,
Pregnant, passive,
As with massive
Portal, closed the corridor.

Frighted, sobbing, clinging to me
In an agony of dread,
Sawest thou this form tremendous
Striding down the steep stupendous

*A waterfall in North Georgia, raging down granite steps of a *barranca* nearly a thousand feet deep.

With the torrent:
Night abhorrent
Closing overhead.

Then my heart dissembling courage,
That thine own so loudly beat.
Comfort thee, I said, poor trembler:
Providence is no dissembler.
Higher power
Guards each flower
Blooming at thy feet.

Flushed and tearful from my bosom
Thereat thou didst lift thy face.
Blue and wide thy eyes resplendent,
Turned upon the phantom pendent,
Whose huge shadow
Overshadowed
All the gloomy place.

Back revolving into granite,
Foam and fall and nodding pine,
Sank the phantom. Slantwise driven
Through the storm-cloud rent and riven,
Sunshine glittered
And there twittered—
Birds in every vine.

Then sonorous from the chasm
Pealed a voice distinct and loud:
"Innocence and God-reliance
Set all evil at defiance.
Maiden, by these,
(As by snow, trees,)
Evil heads are bowed."

ON THE DEATH OF A KINSMAN*

I see an Eagle winging to the sun—
  Who sayeth him nay?
He glanceth down from where his wing hath won:
His heart is stout, his flight is scarce begun—
  Oh hopes of clay!

Saw he not how upon the cord was lain
  A keen swift shaft;
How Death wrought out in every throbbing vein,
In every after agony of pain,
  His bitter craft?

Like old Demetrius, the sun had he
  Beheld so long,
Now things of earth no longer could he see,
And in his ear sang Immortality
  A pleasant song.

Icarus-like, he fell when warm and near
  The sunshine smiled:
He rose strong-pinioned in his high career—
Thy dust remains, thy glorious spirit where,
  Minerva's child?

Therefore him Fame had written far and high
  Upon her scroll,
Who fell like sudden meteor from the sky,
Who strenuous to win at last did die
  E'en at the goal.

June 21st, 1843.

*Hon. Hugh S. Legaré.

TO ANNE

Disconsolate and ill at ease
The heart that is, a future sees
Affording naught to cheer or please.

But she that owns a quiet mind
To good or evil fate resigned,
No great unhappiness can find

In any lot. A child in years,
Already have maturer cares
Oppressed thee, and thy eyes to tears

No strangers are. Fair, fresh, and young,
Thrice bitterly thy heart was wrung.

For what had they to do with thee,
In thy spring days, despondency,
Or any woful mysteries?

Yet when thy eyes were no more blind
With weeping, self-possessed, resigned,
Preëminent arose thy mind.

And resolute in doing well,
Didst henceforth teach thy breast to swell
With naught that maiden will could quell.

Thou sawest how man breathes a day
Before re-mingling with his clay:
How feeble in Almighty ken
The most omnipotent of men
Appears: And how the longest life
Is one short struggle in the strife

That rocks the world from age to age.
What worthy hand may write the page
Whose Alexandrine words unbind
Thy upwardly directed mind?

One beat triumphant of the wings,
And dust no more about thee clings,
And all the galaxy of things

Intangible and vast, expand,
So that thou mayest safely stand
On hitherto a quaking sand.

Yet must this excellence be wrought
Not by companionship with thought

Alone: By tracing down the stream
Of life, the glitter of a dream:

By repetition vain of creeds:
No—it is by the deeds—THY DEEDS,
The flowers will o'ertop the weeds

In thy God's-garden. Cheerfully
Do that allotted is to thee,
And fashion out thy destiny;

So that the tomb-doors may not be
Dreaded and dark, but ope to thee
A heaven far as thou can'st see.

FLOWERS IN ASHES

Where, with unruffled surface wide,
The waters of the river glide
Between the arches dimly in the early dawn descried;

While musing, Sweet, of thee—once more
I crossed the bridge as oft of yore,
I saw a shallop issue from the shadow of the shore.

With practised ease the boatman stood,
And dipped his paddle in the flood:
And so the open space was gained, and left behind the wood.

The dripping blade, with measured stroke,
In ripples soft the surface broke;
As once Apollo, kissing oft, the nymph Cyrene woke.

And fast pursuing in his wake,
I heard the dimpling eddies break
In murmurs faint, as if they said—Herefrom example take.

Unruffled as this river, lies
The stream of life to youthful eyes;
On either bank a wood and mart, and overhead God's skies.

Behind the slopes the pleasant shore,
The tumult of the town before,
And thou, who standest in the stern, hast in thy hand an oar.

Oh son of toil, whose poet's heart
Grieves from thy quiet woods to part,
And yet whose birthright high it is, to labor in the mart.

To thee, a child, the bloom was sweet;
But manhood loves the crowded street,
And where in closes, loud and clear, the forging hammers beat.

But even there may bloom for thee
The blossoms childhood loved to see;
And in the cinders of thy toil, God's fairest flowers be.

HAW-BLOSSOMS

While yesterevening, through the vale
Descending from my cottage door
I strayed, how cool and fresh a look
All nature wore.

The calmïas and golden-rods,
And tender blossoms of the haw,
Like maidens seated in the woods,
Demure, I saw.

The recent drops upon their leaves
  Shone brighter than the bluest eyes
And filled the little sheltered dell
  Their fragrant sighs.

Their pliant arms they interlaced,
  As pleasant canopies they were:
Their blossoms swung against my cheek
  Like braids of hair.

And when I put their boughs aside
  And stooped to pass, from overhead
The little agitated things
  A shower shed

Of tears. Then thoughtfully I spoke;
  Well represent ye maidenhood,
Sweet flowers. Life is to the young
  A shady wood.

And therein some like golden-rods,
  For grosser purposes designed,
A gay existence lead, but leave
  No germ behind.

And others like the calmïas,
  On cliff-sides inaccessible,
Bloom paramount, the vale with sweets
  Yet never fill.

But underneath the glossy leaves,
  When, working out the perfect law,
The blossoms white and fragrant still
  Drop from the haw;

Like worthy deeds in silence wrought
  And secret, through the lapse of years,
In clusters pale and delicate
  The fruit appears.

In clusters pale and delicate
  But waxing heavier each day,
Until the many-colored leaves
  Drift from the spray.

Then pendulous, like amethysts
  And rubies, purple, ripe and red,
Wherewith God's feathered pensioners
  In flocks are fed.

Therefore, sweet reader of this rhyme,
  Be unto thee examples high
Not calmïas and golden-rods
  That scentless die:

But the meek blossoms of the haw,
  That fragrant are wherever wind
The forest paths, and perishing
  Leave fruits behind.

AHAB-MAHOMMED

A peasant stood before a king and said,
"My children starve, I come to thee for bread."
On cushions soft and silken sat enthroned
The king, and looked on him that prayed and moaned.
Who cried again:—"for bread I come to thee."
For grief, like wine, the tongue will render free.
Then said the prince with simple truth, "Behold
I sit on cushions silken-soft, of gold
And wrought with skill the vessels which they bring
To fitly grace the banquet of a king.
But at my gate the Mede triumphant beats,
And die for food my people in the streets.
Yet no good father hears his child complain
And gives him stones for bread, for alms disdain.
Come, thou and I will sup together—come."
The wondering courtiers saw—saw, and were dumb:
Then followed with their eyes where Ahab led
With grace the humble guest, amazed, to share his bread.

Him half-abashed the royal host withdrew
Into a room, the curtained doorway through.
Silent behind the folds of purple closed,
In marble life the statues stood disposed:
From the high ceiling, perfume breathing, hung
Lamps rich, pomegranate-shaped, and golden-swung.
Gorgeous the board with massive metal shone,
Gorgeous with gems arose in front a throne:
These through the Orient lattice saw the sun.
If gold there was, of meat and bread was none
Save one small loaf; this stretched his hand and took
Ahab-Mahommed, prayed to God, and broke:
One half his yearning nature bid him crave
The other gladly to his guest he gave.

"I have no more to give"—he cheerly said;
"With thee I share my only loaf of bread."
Humbly the stranger took the offered crumb
Yet ate not of it, standing meek and dumb:
Then lifts his eyes—the wondering Ahab saw
His rags fall from him as the snow in thaw.
Resplendent, blue, those orbs upon him turned:
All Ahab's soul within him throbbed and burned.

"Ahab-Mahommed," spoke the vision then;
"From this thou shalt be blessèd among men
Go forth—thy gates the Mede bewildered flees,
And Allah thank thy people on their knees.
He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
Of him the recording angel shall take heed.
But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
His deeds are more to God, yea more than finest gold."

BENJAMIN WATKINS LEIGH

[1781—1849]

JOSEPH B. DUNN

BENJAMIN WATKINS LEIGH was born at Gravel Hill, the glebe of Dale Parish, Chesterfield County, Virginia, June 18, 1781. His father, the Rev. William Leigh, was the son of Fernando Leigh, a captain in the English army, who settled in King William County about 1750. The Rev. William Leigh studied at William and Mary College, and then took a course at the University of Edinburgh. He was ordained by the Bishop of London in 1772. Called to Dale Parish, he continued there as its minister till his death in 1787, at the age of thirty-nine. The young country parson, though fresh from a residence abroad, was a thorough-going Virginian in sentiment, and in 1774 signed a protest against the American policy of the British ministry. The Rev. William Leigh married Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin Watkins of Chesterfield County, who was a man of high ability, an ardent supporter of the Revolution, and a member of the Virginia Convention of 1776. The Rev. William Leigh died when his son Benjamin Watkins Leigh was a child of six years. Young Leigh spent his youth in a community where many were bitterly hostile to the Church of which his father had been a minister. Chesterfield was a county in which the Baptists had a large following, and the Church was almost obliterated. Loyalty to his father's memory, and the training under his accomplished schoolmaster, the Rev. Needler Robinson, led the youth to study the English Church and its history, and he remained through life a devoted Churchman. Leigh never forgot the debt he owed to his teacher, the parson of Dale, who supplemented the meager salary of his cure by teaching the boys of the neighborhood. When Leigh was in the fulness of his powers and reputation, Henry A. Wise complimented him on his mastery of English; to this compliment Leigh replied: "Needler Robinson is responsible for my knowledge of the laws of English speech, and besides it was often my privilege to listen to the talk of John Randolph's mother, whose conversation was even more brilliant than her son's eloquence."

After leaving Robinson's school Leigh went to William and Mary College, and was graduated in 1802. He then commenced the practice of law in Petersburg. His brilliant defence of a youth charged with killing his stepfather, who had attacked his mother,

gave him at once a reputation throughout the State. He remained in Petersburg till 1815, at which time he removed to Richmond, where he spent the rest of his life. By 1819 his position at the Bar was so well recognized that he was selected to compile the Code of Virginia. For such work he was admirably fitted, for he was a thorough master of detail. Accuracy was the habit of his mind, and the readiness for which he became noted, whether the call came in the court room, in committee or on the floor of the United States Senate, was due to the fact that he made it his aim to master every subject he touched. He lived in the day when the law was a science and not a trade, and the study of the law was the passion of his life. That he might find illustrations of its principles, and the source of its beginnings, he studied the works of the Roman jurists. Like George Mason, whose memory he ever held in reverence as the wisest of Americans, he recognized the value of the works of the great Greek historians, for in them were the records of philosophy translated into life. He studied the French and English masters of fiction and the drama; but the law was the jealous mistress of his affections. To her he brought all the rich gleanings of an excursive mind. One whose reputation as a lawyer entitled his opinion to respect declared that the highest court of the State profited by Leigh's presence there, and that from the Bar he taught the Bench. That he might be master of the English speech he studied Hooker, Sherlock, and Tillotson. The silvery notes of Jeremy Taylor's English charmed him like the song of some forest singer. In the early years of his practice he was under the influence of Burke, whose resonant notes and rolling periods were for a long time the conscious model of his own public utterance. Ever the stern critic of himself, he felt that the interests of his clients must take precedence over every other consideration. His speech must make for efficiency. Jeremy Taylor had taught him the charm of graceful utterance. The organ tones of Burke were his to command, but charm and grandeur were achievements of which he himself reaped the rewards in the admiration of his listeners. He deliberately held these high powers of the speaker in abeyance, and determined to qualify himself for a form of utterance that would carry conviction to the listener. He found the instrument he sought in straight Saxon speech; and not as a casual reader, but as a zealous and discerning pupil, he studied under Dean Swift till he was himself master of the fence of words. The straight and tempered blade of Saxon speech became the weapon of his choice, and its cut and thrust left him victor on many a hard fought field.

But if the law was his mistress, Virginia was his sovereign. Sprung of a cavalier stock, loyalty to a sovereign liege was in-

wrought into his very being. His ancestors had given to English kings unquestioning allegiance till a king himself had broken the bond of that allegiance by demanding a service no freeman could give. His father had served the Church with wise and loyal fidelity, but the Church had been caught and crushed under the wheels of change, and allegiance to her was hardly more than loyalty to a gracious memory. But loyalty is the habit of the heart in the highest natures, and must find expression. With Leigh, with John Randolph, and with a host of their contemporaries this loyalty found expression in a passionate devotion to Virginia. No service was too great, no praise too high for the sovereign of their love. They were blind to her faults or forgave them, as the cavalier forgave the faults and foibles of his Prince.

From 1776 to 1829 Virginia had lived under a constitution furnished her in large part by Mason. This constitution was the first written constitution of a free people in the history of the world. It was admirably suited to the condition and spirit of the people for whom it was written; but the lapse of fifty years had seen a great development of the western portion of the State. Here the conditions of life and society were widely different from those in Eastern Virginia. The East was wealthy, and the manual labor was largely done by slaves. In the West property values were small, and the laboring class were, for the most part, white. The great fight in the Virginia Convention of 1829-'30, called to prepare a new constitution, was on the West's demand for a new basis of representation and of taxation. It was a great gathering of great minds. Madison, Marshall, Monroe, and John Randolph were among its members; but by universal consent of opinion Benjamin Watkins Leigh, who stood forward as the advocate of property rights and as the opponent of the philosophy of numbers and the theory that fighting men alone make a state, dominated that assembly.

He struggled against the tide of those fierce democratic passions that flooded the land for three quarters of a century after the Revolution. He snatched a partial victory even from the conquering hour, and now that the tide has turned, the student of governmental policy will find the chart already prepared for him; for Leigh's theory of government is compact, sane, and thoroughly consistent.

Leigh lived for twenty years after this convention. He filled high positions of trust and influence, but the reports of the Convention of 1829-'30 furnish almost the sole records of his eloquence and his political philosophy. He represented Virginia before the Kentucky Legislature in the bitter controversy over the title to land grants in Kentucky. He was the State's ambassador to South Carolina in the perilous days of nullification; and the Legislature of that State de-

clared that he had executed his delicate mission with ability, temper, and affection. He was chosen United States Senator, and actuated by high sense of duty he pitted himself against Andrew Jackson; but his political career was broken against the irresistible power of Jackson's popularity with the people.

Leigh had argued publicly for the right of the Legislature to instruct its representative in the United States Senate; but when he was instructed to vote for Benton's Expunging Resolutions he refused, declaring that no man but a fool would obey an order to violate every dictate of sanity, and none but a criminal would obey an order to commit an actual wrong. He maintained his independence at the cost of favor with the people.

He died February 2, 1849. He was a Virginian *intus et in cute*, a fearless advocate of what he held to be true, and a blameless gentleman.

Jos. B. Dunn.

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ON THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTION

Speech delivered in the United States Senate, April 4, 1836. From 'Debates in Congress,' compiled by Gales and Seaton.

If the Senate may expunge, and by expunging (in any form or manner) invalidate the resolution in question, there is no good reason why it may not, in like manner, expunge and invalidate any entry of any other of its proceedings in its legislative capacity. Suppose, among the numerous private acts passed at the session of 1833-'34, there was one granting land, money, or any other property, to an individual, which, in the opinion of the Senate at the present session, was corruptly passed by the majority of the Senate at that session (as a reward, for example, for partisan services) and so had its beginning in wrong; or, suppose there was any act passed at that session, which the Senate at this shall deem unconstitutional, and for that reason impugn as having commenced in wrong, as gentlemen would have us impugn the resolution of March, 1834; it is just as much within the competency of the Senate now to order all its proceedings manifesting its assent to such acts to be expunged from the journal, as it is to expunge this resolution. He that shall hold that such acts would cease to be valid as laws, in consequence of the expunging from the journal of the evidence of their having been passed by the Senate, must admit the competency of the Senate alone, by the application of this expunging process, to invalidate in effect an act of the whole Legislature; and he that shall hold the laws valid, notwithstanding the expunging of the proceedings of the Senate upon them, must admit that the act of expunging is a mere nullity; in other words, that the Senate has no right to expunge. Then, with respect to our executive journal (which it is not our course to publish so promptly as our legislative journal), what would be the condition of a person nominated by the President to an office, and the nomination confirmed by the Senate, but the act of confirmation afterwards expunged by order of the Senate? Would he be an officer or not? If not, no man can feel perfectly safe in exercising the functions of any office depending on the appointment of the President, by and with the consent and advice of the Senate;

or, the Senate may, without the concurrence of the President, remove the officer—expunge him from office. If, on the contrary, in spite of our expunging the confirmation of his appointment from our journal, he would still be entitled to his office, then our act of expunging the entry of confirmation is unauthorized and void. But the consequences are yet more glaring and enormous when we come to consider the possible application of this expunging process to the journal of our judicial proceedings. A man is impeached before the Senate of high crimes and misdemeanors, tried and convicted, and sentence of incapacitation for public office solemnly pronounced upon him; the court is dissolved: the Senate, afterwards, becoming convinced of the injustice of the judgment and sentence orders the entry of them to be expunged from the journal. If the Senate is really competent to invalidate the judgment by expunging it, his sentence is in effect reversed, and his incapacity removed; and, at any rate, if he shall be elected a member of the Senate while the expunging Senate is in power, he will be permitted to take his seat there. But suppose the accused acquitted, and the Senate, at a future day, honestly imputing the acquittal to partiality or corruption in the Senate that tried his cause, should order the judgment of acquittal to be expunged from the journal, and then a new prosecution should be commenced against him on the same charges; how could he have the benefit of that inestimable principle of justice so dear to the people of this land, that no man shall be twice brought in jeopardy for the same offence? how could he plead his former acquittal, and show the record of the fact? If the judgment should have been literally expunged from the journal, it would be impossible for him to make good his defence. And if it should have been typically expunged, and the record should be produced, with the black lines drawn around it ("black," as the gentleman from Missouri says, "black as the injustice"), and with the "avenging" sentence of expunction written across it, his doom, I apprehend, would be equally certain if it should be his hard fate to be arraigned before the same Senate that had thus expunged the former judgment of acquittal. Again I implore gentlemen to forbear. I pray God to put it in their hearts to pause, to reflect upon the consequences involved in the principle they are maintaining, and to

spare our country the establishment of a precedent that may be alleged hereafter as an example and authority for wrongs like these.

But, to all appeals and all arguments of this kind, my colleague has one general, compendious, all-sufficing answer: that it is not fair to argue, from the possible abuses of a power, against the existence of the power. Did he not perceive that that remark, as he applies it, would equally serve as an answer to all objections to an assumption of any power whatever, which should be dangerous in itself, as well as unconstitutional? Or does he think that an unconstitutional power is less liable to abuse than a constitutional one? Sir, the argument I am urging against the proposition he has maintained is, that it involves other principles plainly unconstitutional; and I show the application of which it is susceptible to other uses of the same kind, in order to expose the inherent vice of the proposition itself. I have not been arguing from the abuses of this expunging process, but from the uses which the principle, if constitutional and just, would as well justify as the use to which it is now proposed to apply it. And no one, I should think, ought to be more sensible than my honorable colleague of the extent to which the authority of precedents may be strained; for he has given us a notable example of it himself, in the application he has made to his present purpose of the two instances of expunging that have been found in the proceedings of the Senate.

As to one of them, I have only to state it. Mr. Randolph, having received information of the death of Mr. Pinkney, announced it as a fact to the Senate; and the Senate, to testify its respect for the memory of a man who had once been so distinguished a member of its own body, immediately adjourned—expressing, of course, the reason of the adjournment, which was entered by the Secretary on his minutes. It turned out, however, that Mr. Pinkney was not yet dead; and, the next morning, when the journal was read, according to the rule, "to the end that any mistake might be corrected that had been made in the entries," the Senate ordered the entry stating the fact of Mr. Pinkney's death to be expunged from the journal. This was not, indeed, as my colleague says, a correction of a mistake of the Secretary in making the entry; but

it was a correction of a mistake, in point of fact, into which Mr. Randolph had fallen, and had misled the Senate. Whether the correction was strictly within the rule of the Senate as to correcting mistaken entries in its journal, no one thought of inquiring at the time, and I shall not now stop to inquire: the correction was intended to be made in conformity with that rule of the Senate, for making up the journal, which the constitution requires the Senate to keep.

The other instance of expunging by the Senate is hardly more important in itself, but it calls for a more particular consideration. On the 21st of April, 1806, being the very last day of the session, it appears, by the rough minutes, taken at the table, that Mr. Adams presented two petitions of S. G. Ogden and W. Smith, and the first entry on the minutes in respect to them is, "read, and to lie;" then, "motions be rejected;" then, the words *be rejected* struck out with a pen, and, instead of them, "leave to withdraw" inserted. After this, there is an entry more in detail—that "Mr. Adams communicated two memorials from S. G. Ogden and W. S. Smith, stating that they are under a criminal prosecution for certain proceedings, into which they were led by the circumstances that their purpose was fully known to and approved by the executive Government of the United States," (the prosecution, we know, was for the part the memorialists had taken in Miranda's expedition,) complaining of such maltreatment by the district judge of the United States at New York, that the grand jury had made a presentment against the judge for it, and praying relief from Congress; and then the entry is, "on motion, ordered, that the memorialists have leave to withdraw their memorials, respectively." Finally, the last minute of the proceedings of this last day of the session was, "on motion that every thing in the journal relative to the memorials of S. G. Ogden and W. S. Smith be expunged therefrom, it passed in the affirmative, by yeas and nays, 13 to 8." The adjoining order follows immediately. It has been said that all the republicans voted for, and the federalists against, the motion. How that is, I do not know. Now, the first remark that occurs is, that this is manifestly an expunction from the minutes, not from the journal; an order that, in making up the journal, those entries on the minutes should not be inserted. The next con-

sideration is, that the reasons of the expunging nowhere appear; they are not stated in the proceeding itself, and, I understand, no notice of the transaction is to be found in the newspapers of the day. For aught that appears, the previous entries might have been expunged, because they did not truly state the fact when they represented that the memorials had been received, and leave given to withdraw them; and I have no doubt those entries did not truly state the real opinion of the Senate on the subject at the time the memorials were first presented. We all know how such things are done, especially during the hurry of a last day's session. The gentleman from Missouri thinks that the reason of expunging the entries concerning those memorials was, that they contained disrespectful imputations upon the Chief Magistrate and a judicial officer; in which his conjecture may be right, and I think it probable enough that it is. But, thirdly, the least attention to the circumstances of the transaction will suffice to convince every mind that hardly any thought was bestowed upon the expunging, as very little could have been given to the proceeding ordered to be expunged; that both probably passed *sub silentio;* that the constitutional question as to the right of the Senate to expunge any proceeding from its journal was not suggested, much less discussed. And is such a precedent of expunging as this—an expunction from the minutes of the Secretary, not from the journal made up by the Senate to be kept —founded on what reasons, no one knows, and none ever inquired—done in haste, and amidst the confusion of the last moments of an expiring session—ordered without discussion, and probably without a question made as to the constitutional propriety of the proceeding, so passed as to attract no attention, to elicit no investigation—is such a precedent to be gravely, much more triumphantly, quoted as an authority in this debate?

But suppose that vote of April, 1806, was (what it certainly was not) a deliberate expression of the opinion of the Senate on the very point, that the Senate may constitutionally exercise a discretion to expunge from its journal, at any time, the entry of any proceeding which it disapproves as irregular and unjust; it would only add another instance to the thousands with which all history abounds, of the truth of the common observation, that it is during the administration of the

most popular Chief Magistrates that precedents dangerous to liberty are most to be apprehended, most to be deprecated, and most carefully to be avoided; not on account of any design on their part, or of vicious design in any quarter, but simply because confidence in them not only serves to give authority to their example, but disarms the public mind of that wholesome jealousy, that constant vigilance, which (as Mr. Jefferson has himself justly said) is the eternal price that men must pay for liberty. To do Mr. Jefferson justice, it must be remarked that there is not the least reason to believe that he approved, or even knew, of that expunging order of the Senate in April, 1806, much more counselled or wished it. Whether the present Chief Magistrate has taken any pains, or expressed any wish, for the accomplishment of the expunction now proposed, I do not know; though I could give a shrewd guess.

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Well was it said the other day by the gentleman from South Carolina (Mr. Calhoun) that precedents apparently trivial are often of the utmost importance, because they may be applied, stretched, or perverted, to cases never apprehended or foreseen; and that precedents affecting constitutional questions are rarely resorted to as authority for the exercise of any but doubtful powers, for the plain reason that the authority of precedents is never necessary, unless the power they are wanted to sustain is doubtful. Witness the use now made of the two precedents of expunging, found in the proceedings of the Senate! Sir, we shall find it an eternal truth, that "there is no other course to be taken in a settled state, than a steady constant resolution never to give way so far as to make the least breach in the constitution, through which a million of abuses and encroachments will certainly in time force their way." I quote the words of Swift, a monarchist and tory to be sure, yet they are the words of political prudence and wisdom; they imbody the lessons and the warnings of experience, which the republicans of this country will do well to hearken to and remember.

And now, sir, I think myself well warranted in saying, that the expunging of the resolution of the Senate of the 28th of March, 1834, from the journal, literally or figuratively, is

wholly irreconcilable with the constitution, upon any fair construction of its words; and that no authority for such expunction can be found in any precedent whatever, at all applicable to the purpose or entitled to the least weight. I think myself warranted in saying, too, that if the Senate shall adopt this proposition, and carry it into execution, it will set a precedent fraught with the most dangerous and pernicious consequences.

REPRESENTATION AND TAXATION

Delivered at the Virginia State Convention November 3, 1829. From 'Proceedings and Debates of the Virginia State Convention.'

Gentlemen from the West have exhorted us to discard all care for local interests—they tell us, that, if they know their own hearts, their opinions and course are not influenced by any such paltry considerations. Without doubting the sincerity of these professions, I doubt whether they do know their own hearts—without impiously setting up myself for a searcher of hearts, I doubt whether *they* have searched their hearts with sufficient scrutiny—nay, whether any scrutiny would have been successful. It is a divine truth, that the heart of man is treacherous to itself, and deceitful above all things. This we know with certainty, but the opinions of the western delegation, on this question, conform exactly with the interests of their constituents—they are perfectly unanimous—no division among them—none at all. And there is the great county of Loudoun—Why (as Louis XIV. said to his grandson, when he departed to mount the Throne of Spain)—why are there no longer any Pyrenees?—Why is the Blue Ridge levelled from the Potomac to Ashby's Gap, though it swells again to Alpine heights, as it proceeds thence southward, to divide Fauquier from Frederick? This miracle has not been worked by turnpiking the roads. Look at the census, and observe that the white population of Loudoun is three-fold that of the black; look at the Auditor's reports, and mark the fact, that Loudoun pays not half as much tax, as some of the poorer slave-holding planting counties; consider her common interest with all the upper Northern Neck in internal improvement, and their common opinions concerning State Rights: and then, if

I mistake not, the question will be very easy of solution. The votes from the Orange, the Albemarle, the Campbell, the Pittsylvania, and the Norfolk districts, which (I know not why,) are all counted on as securely, as if they were already given; these are, indeed, disinterested, and can only be attributed to magnanimity. I presume not to enquire into the motives of gentlemen, much less to censure their conduct. I admire, but I cannot imitate their example. I have regard, especial regard, to the local interests of *my* constituents. They sent me here for the very purpose, that I might watch over them, guard, defend, and secure them, to the uttermost of my power. And, if I should disregard them, either through design or indolence —if I were even to profess to have no regard to them—it were better for me, that I had never been born—the contempt of some, and the hate of others, would pursue me through life; and if I should fly for refuge to the remotest corners of the earth, conscience would still follow me with her whip of scorpions, and lash me to the grave.

Sir, I affirm with the gentleman from Hanover (Mr. Morris) that the contest we are now engaged in, though not the same in its circumstances, with that between our ancestors and Great Britain, is similar in principle. I have heard, and wondered to hear, many persons talk "of our having cast off the yoke of British slavery." The French minister, Genet, once dared to address General Washington in that same strain; and he began his answer with those memorable words,—"*Born in a land of freedom.*" Our fathers had no yoke of slavery to cast off—their merit and their glory consisted in resisting the very first attempt made to impose one. None but freemen would have perceived the danger; none but freemen would have spurned the yoke the moment they saw it prepared for them, and before they felt its weight. The humblest slave, the basest felon, the very beasts, will, when they can, cast off a yoke that galls them. At the peace of 1763, the Colonies were warmly attached to England; nor had George III. a more loyal subject in his dominions, than George Washington. The quarrel originated in the attempt of the British Parliament to tax us; and all the grievances we afterwards complained of, were but the effects of our determination not to submit to the taxes it sought to impose, and of the efforts of Great Britain

to subdue our resistance. In the language of Lord Chatham, the Commons of Great Britain claimed a right to give and grant the money of the Commons of America, without allowing them any representation at all. Our western fellow-citizens only claim power to give and grant three dollars of our money for every dollar they give and grant of their own, allowing us representation indeed, but a representation not strong enough to refuse the grant. Suppose Great Britain had offered us a representation in Parliament, *proportioned to our free white population exclusively*—what would our fathers have said to it? What I, their descendant, now say to it—"It is mockery—you ask us to put ourselves in your power, bound hand and foot, and think because you gild our chains with a thin leaf that shews like golden freedom, we shall be so silly as to wear them." Great Britain might have offered us a representation in Parliament, proportioned to our population, and told us truly, that our country would soon be populous, that our vast forests would soon be felled, that our vast wildernesses would soon blossom like the rose, and that in the course of some forty years, we should have a population of ten or twelve millions, and then be entitled to an equal representation. Such language would hardly have prevailed with us. But our fellow-citizens of the west, reverse the proposition—they tell us, that in thirty years the majority will surely be found west of the Alleghany, and gravely ask us to assent to a principle, which will place us, and all we have, in their power and at their mercy—our slaves, our lands, our household goods, our—but I stop, Sir. The beauty of it is, they tell us all the while, to quiet our apprehensions, no doubt—"Remember the weight of a Back-Woods vote"—comply with all our desires, reasonable or unreasonable, or never hope more—"Remember the weight of a Back-Woods vote"—that force, which moves in solid phalanx, always advancing, never relenting, never breaking.

The Commons of Great Britain claimed power over our property, and we insisted that the control over it belonged, of right and exclusively, to us the owners; so our fellow-citizens of the west ask us to give them the absolute power of taxation over us, and we insist on retaining that power in our own hands. The Commons of Great Britain claimed to exact

"a pepper-corn" from us, voting millions of their own; our brethren of the west only ask power to take three dollars of our money for every dollar they contribute of theirs. Let a fair comparison be made, and then determine which claim is the more reasonable, or the more abhorrent from justice, safety, and liberty. Our fathers stood justified before the nations and before high Heaven too, in resisting the pretensions of Great Britain, by all the means that God and nature put into their hands.

And now, Sir, let me be distinctly understood. Attachment to this, my native State, to every foot of her soil, to every interest of all her citizens, has been my ruling passion from my youth—so strong, that it is now (what all attachments to be useful to its objects, must be) a prejudice—I hardly recollect the reasons on which it was founded. None that know me, will doubt this. I foresaw, I foretold, this fearful, distracting conflict. I looked to it with terror from the first, and I look to its consequences with horror now. I have trembled—I have burned. I raised my *Cassandra* voice, to warn and to deprecate—if I had the strength to make it heard, I wanted weight of character to make it heeded. Never till then had I felt the want of political influence, or lamented that I had disdained the ordinary methods of acquiring it in my earlier years, though probably no efforts would have been successful. My feelings, my reason, my prejudices, my principles, all assure me, that the dismemberment of the State must be fraught with cruel evils to us of the east and still more cruel evils to our brethren of the west. Yet, Sir—and the blood curdles in my veins while I make the avowal—I shall avow, that the preservation of the Commonwealth in its integrity, is only the second wish of my heart: the first is, that it may be preserved entire under a fair, equal, regular, republican Government, founded in the great interests that are common to us all, and on a just balance of those interests that are conflicting.

Sir, the resolution reported by the Legislative Committee, in effect, proposes to divorce power from property—to base representation on numbers alone, though numbers do not quadrate with property—though mountains rise between them —to transfer, in the course of a very few years, the weight of

power over taxation and property to the west, though it be admitted, on all hands that the far greater mass of property is now, and must still be held in the east. Power and property may be separated for a time, by force or fraud—but divorced, never. For, so soon as the pang of separation is felt—if there be truth in history, if there be any certainty in the experience of ages, if all pretensions to knowledge of the human heart be not vanity and folly—property will purchase power, or power will take property. And either way there must be an end of free government. If property buy power, the very process is corruption. If power ravish property, the sword must be drawn—so essential is property to the very being of civilized society, and so certain that civilized man will never consent to return to a savage state. Corruption and violence alike terminate in military despotism. All the Republics in the world have died this death. In the pursuit of wild impracticable liberty, the people have first become disgusted with all regular Government, then violated the security of property which regular Government alone can defend, and been glad at last to find a master. License is not liberty, but the bane of liberty. There is a book—but the author was a tory, an English tory, and he wrote before the American Revolution, so that I am almost afraid to refer to it—yet I will—there is an Essay of Swift on the dissentions of Athens and Rome, in which the downfall of those Republics, is clearly traced to the same fatal error of placing power over property in different hands from those that held the property. The manner of doing the mischief there, was the vesting of all the power of judicature in the people; but no matter how the manner may be varied, the principle is the same. There has been no change in the natural feelings, passions, and appetites of men, any more than in their outward form, from the days of Solon to those of George Washington. Like political or moral causes put in action, have ever produced, and must forever produce, every where, like effects—in Athens, in Rome, in France, in America.

OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT

[1810—1877]

MRS. JOHN K. OTTLEY

OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT wrote but one book, and had she written more it would have remained equally true that her literary achievement is dwarfed by her personality. On any horizon which contained her she herself would have appeared the significant fact; and the truest comment upon the book is that, in quite a remarkable manner, it mirrors her quite remarkable personality.

Even in this day, when everybody goes everywhere and hurries home to tell about it, 'Souvenirs of Travel' holds first rank as a chronicle of wanderings. Its interesting and unique scenes, peopled by distinguished and noteworthy persons, afford us a picture of brilliant social life of that period abroad so accurate and graphic as to be both valuable and delightful. And this, too, with a style and finish quaintly characteristic of the best literary manner of that day. In an unusual degree, it partakes of the characteristic of vital vividness which was so strong in its author. No one, even to-day, can read the 'Souvenirs of Travel' without a distinct wish to go and do likewise; nor can one fail to feel, as one reads, a warming of the heart toward the image its pages so plainly conjure up of her whom the consensus of opinion in that day united in declaring the "most charming woman in the world."

Octavia Walton Le Vert was born at Bellevue, near Augusta, Georgia, in 1810. She was the finished product of the best American conditions. Nature tried her utmost in her inheritance, and we shall probably not see the result excelled. Her grandfather was that George Walton who sat in the first Continental Congress, signed the Declaration of Independence, was Governor and Supreme Judge of Georgia, and was wounded at the head of his regiment at the battle of Savannah. He married Miss Camber, the daughter of a British nobleman. She, too, became a patriot, suffering imprisonment in the West Indies, and shared with her husband the friendship of such men as Washington, La Fayette, Monroe and Jefferson. Madame Le Vert's father was George Walton, 2d, and her mother, Sally Minge Walker of Georgia. Octavia never went to school, but was educated by these two able and cultured women and an old Scotch tutor, who taught her the "humanities" (Greek and Latin), and French, Italian and Spanish to such good effect that "at twelve years

she spoke three languages, and was often sent for to translate foreign dispatches in her father's office." When La Fayette re-visited America, Mrs. George Walton, too infirm to grant him the interview he desired with her, sent little Octavia to represent her. She sat upon the great man's knee and conversed in pure and fluent French, to his extreme delight.

Colonel Walton was at this time resident in Pensacola, where he was Territorial Secretary and Acting Governor under General Jackson. Here, as Octavia grew to womanhood, her natural taste for social life was fostered by finding herself the admired center of a cosmopolitan circle of naval officers, whose ships hailed from all over the world. An early and devoted friend was the old Seminole Chief who called her the "White dove of peace," and who was delighted when she christened the new capital "Tallahassee," which, being interpreted, means in Seminole "Beautiful Land."

In 1833-'34, when she was about twenty-three years of age, her social horizon was widened by a tour of the United States, where, in city or at watering-place, she received equal ovation and fairly earned the title everywhere enthusiastically accorded her of "the belle of the Union." Politics interested her no less than society. On a visit to Washington the charming Miss Walton would sit each day in the gallery listening breathlessly to the impassioned speeches of such debaters as Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, and taking notes in her journal with such accuracy that each of these men was glad to refresh his memory of his own utterances from its pages.

In 1835 Colonel Walton moved to Mobile, where he spent the rest of his life. In Mobile, then, the "belle of the Union," her laurels fresh upon her brow, met, while nursing the sick in the poor quarter of the city, a handsome young surgeon of distinguished birth, to whom she was married in 1836.

Dr. Henry Strachey Le Vert was the son of Dr. Claude Le Vert, who came to America with La Fayette and, as fleet surgeon to Rochambeau, was at the battle of Yorktown. Remaining in America, he married, in Virginia, Miss Metcalf, a niece of that Admiral Vernon under whom Lawrence Washington served at the battle of Carthagena and in whose honor he later named Mount Vernon. After Dr. Le Vert's death his widow, with two sons, moved from Virginia to Alabama.

Some one has said of Madame Le Vert that "her remarkable experience was to wear the crown of beauty and genius without a thorn;" and there could be no more striking proof of this determined favoritism of fortune toward her than that a woman of her particular talents, temperament, and charm, should have chanced upon so ideally suitable a husband as Dr. Le Vert proved to be. Their

life together was one of mutual devotion and perfect accord. Free to an unusual degree of jealousy, either individual or general, Dr. Le Vert shared in the social pleasures of his wife, rejoicing in her triumphs and affording her every opportunity for their enhancement. The nearest approach to a salon which America has known was afforded by Madame Le Vert's "Mondays." On these days during the season, her large and elegant home on Government Street was crowded from eleven in the morning until eleven at night, with not only the élite of Mobile and of the South, but the elect of every clime. Among the many distinguished persons who delighted in the hospitality of Madame Le Vert was Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley, daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

In 1853 Madame Le Vert, accompanied by her father, her young daughter Octavia, and her faithful colored servant, Betsey, visited England, where distinguished friends at court secured for her entrée to the most exclusive circles. The Queen sent to Madame Le Vert, by royal messenger, a card to a state ball without the formality of a previous presentation. So unusual an honor was an "open sesame," which the fair Octavia so well improved, that she soon became the "toast of the town."

Madame Le Vert a second time crossed the ocean, going by way of Cuba, and this time visiting only the Continent. Her traveling companions were Octavia and Dr. Le Vert (whom she styles "M.D."). This journey was undertaken that they might attend the great exposition in Paris, to which Madame Le Vert went as an officially accredited representative from Alabama.

It is doubtful if anyone in the State besides this remarkably acute and far-seeing woman was alive at that early date to the significance of such international relations. "When the products of Alabama are asked for," says she, "I can but point to Octavia." On this journey were met such interesting people as the Brownings, Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, the Countess de Montijo, the Count and Countess of Alba, Pope Pius IX, with whom the party had private audience; besides Powers, Buchanan Read, Crawford, Ives, Gibson, and Harriet Hosmer among artists and littérateurs. Everyone of note in diplomatic life did them honor, and all Americans of charm and position gathered around them. So many persons, indeed, from every nation made their party a center that a wit described Madame Le Vert's salon in Paris as the "Tower of Babel."

On a visit to Lamartine he said to her: "You have it in your power to fill with pleasure the hearts of your nation. Promise me to write a few souvenirs of European travel." Such was the inspiration, and thence the name of 'Souvenirs of Travel,' which is made up entirely of the journal and letters of these two journeys.

We have already said that the greatest value of the 'Souvenirs of Travel' is that it is a veritable "human document." Had we no other record of Madame Le Vert, it would be easy to reconstruct her from its pages as a woman of great and universal social charm, tact, and adaptability, of intellectual grasp and brilliancy, untiring industry, indefatigable energy, boundless enthusiasm, spontaneity, kindness, tenderness, joyousness, much mental hospitality, freedom from all bitterness, large social constructiveness and with a catholic breadth of view which enabled her to be religious without intolerance, and patriotic without prejudice. The record of her life amply makes good this paragon-like array of qualities.

Adam Badeau said: "In conversation she never flags, nor ever utters a commonplace."

A Catholic editor wrote: "I defy anybody to spend an hour in her company without rising up a wiser and better man, having a sense of musical joyance in his heart because of her words."

Again Badeau said: "No human being has ever been pained by an unkind word or an ungenerous act of hers."

Once, when someone commented upon the beauty of her feet, Henry Clay, who loved her dearly, said: "She has a tongue that never spoke an evil word of anyone." Of that catholic tolerance which so distinguished her he said: "She was made up without antipathies, and in place of them has large adaptation and tolerance." Of her appearance was said: "Her forehead is the very finest I ever saw, white and smooth, high, and as transparent as marble. Her eyes are large, with an expression peculiar to themselves, like that of a dove descending from heaven in some of Guido's or Carlo Dolce's pictures. They tell of the same ineffable softness, the same fragrant purity, the same unchangeable peace." The true secret of her charm is perhaps summed up by Henry Bellows, who said: "Your social success is due to that sympathetic power which enables you to fling yourself into everybody's place or feelings. We may talk of presence of mind, but there is a still rarer quality, presence of heart." This quality drew around her through life literally hundreds of admirers, both men and women. To know her seemed inevitably to love her. In an unusual degree she possessed the capacity of attaching to her many men in close personal friendship without the relation taking on a warmer or more dangerous aspect. Beside many lesser lights the most distinguished of these friends were Washington Irving, Millard Fillmore, Edwin Booth, Henry W. Longfellow, Henry Clay, N. P. Willis, Jefferson Davis, General Beauregard, Robert Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens, Edward Everett, John C. Calhoun, and Daniel Webster.

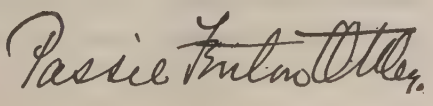
That the two other books written by Madame Le Vert were not

published, "for personal reasons," is never to be sufficiently regretted. "Souvenirs of the War" and "Souvenirs of Distinguished People," seen as Octavia Le Vert saw them, would have furnished an invaluable addition to the history of Southern life and times. More leisure would have enabled her to take high rank as a translator. Translations of Dumas's 'The Three Musketeers' and 'The Pope and the Congress' bear witness to this fact.

One of the originators of the plan of the American women to preserve Mount Vernon to the nation, Madame Le Vert was for years Vice-regent for Alabama of the Mount Vernon Association. When the cornerstone was laid in New Orleans of the monument to Henry Clay his faithful friend journeyed thither and delivered an eloquent address. Opposed to secession, Madame Le Vert nevertheless remained in Mobile during the war, alleviating, as she could, the sufferings of Southern soldiers in the intervals of her anxious nursing of Dr. Le Vert, who fell ill a year before the beginning of the war and died a year before its close. The loss of both father and mother added to the weight of this affliction. No woman ever more devotedly loved those of her own household. Grandmother, father, mother, husband, children, held first place in her heart. From the loss of nearly all these dear ones even her joyous spirit could not quite rebound. Her slaves, though freed, would not leave her until the Government Street home was closed; while Betsey, who "seemed but to live for her Mistress Octavia," followed her fortunes to the last.

Madame Le Vert and her two daughters, Octavia and Annette, made a last visit to New York and Washington in 1865, where the sitting-room of her hotel witnessed a "gathering of the clans," when all the old friends and many new ones gathered gladly about her. In 1874 she appeared for a time as a public reader, and in 1877 she gave up her life at beautiful "Bellevue," where it had begun. She was then sixty-seven years old.

Although the mother of four children, Madame Le Vert has but one descendant. One son and one daughter died in infancy. Octavia died unmarried, and Annette—the "Cara Netta" of the 'Souvenirs' —married Mr. Regyle Reab of Augusta. Their one son, Mr. George Walton Reab, resides in Augusta. "Bellevue," her birthplace, the home of George Walton, is the property of Colonel D. B. Dyer, who has rechristened it "Château Le Vert," and cherishes there as valued relics many scrap-books containing hundreds of letters from notable persons to Madame Le Vert, and beautiful portraits of herself and of Dr. Le Vert.



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INTRODUCTION TO DE LAMARTINE

From 'Souvenirs of Travel.'

. . . You remember, dear Mamma, my deep regret at not meeting De Lamartine when we were in Paris before. Inquiring for him this time, we heard he was again in the country, and I was sadly disappointed. Speaking to a friend of the poet the other evening, at Prince Napoleon's reception, of my earnest wish to know him, I received the pleasant intelligence that De Lamartine was just now in the city for a few days. The next morning we drove to his apartments. As he was not at home, we left our cards and a kind letter to him from Hon. Dudley Mann, introducing us. Then came an invitation to spend the evening with himself and Mme. Lamartine. There were only a few literary persons present in addition, and I passed some of the most enchanting hours I have known for many years, with the historian, his wife, and friends.

Monsieur De Lamartine resembles much more an American or an Englishman in manner, than a Frenchman. He is tall and thin, has white hair, and an expression of face indicative of constant and intense thought. There is a dreamy, poetical look about the eyes; and he speaks slowly and with marked emphasis. He is calm and self-possessed, but full of cordiality, and his words are both genial and kind. He is captivating in conversation, earnest and eloquent; with so much feeling in his language, as impresses one constantly with his sincerity. He received me with the utmost warmth and charming *empressement,* and seated me by his side, so that I had all his attentions to myself. The thread of conversation was unravelled by the usual topics, until it flowed freely from the ball; and then it soon wove itself into a thousand pleasant themes.

A sparkling little episode, "like the flight of a shining arrow," flashed over the evening's pleasure, so gratifying to me, I must tell you of it. We were speaking of the adoration bestowed upon relics in Rome, when one of the company remarked that all nations possessed objects insignificant in themselves, but dear from associations of the past. De Lamartine turned to me, and said, "Your country, Madame, has the most precious manuscript in the world—the *signed Declaration of Independence!* Do not your people make pilgrimages to look upon it?" Think how my heart swelled with joy as I answered him, "Yes, it is sacred to all our citizens, but most precious to me, since my grandfather's name, which I proudly yet retain, is thereon inscribed, as one who gave his blood and his fortune to perpetuate our free institutions." De Lamartine rose up and bowed to me profoundly, exclaiming, "Madame, in that name you have a noble heritage. It is the true patent of nobility, and you rightly cherish your descent from such a brave and heroic patriot with honest pride!"

Not all the concentrated compliments of the titled, the wealthy, and witty of France, could have touched my soul with the same thrilling delight, as those heart-warm words from De Lamartine, and truly the evening spent with the historian, poet, and orator, has given me more happiness than all the splendid fêtes I have seen in Europe.

Mme. De Lamartine is a most charming person, highly accomplished and intellectual. She seems tenderly loved by her husband, and admired and honored by her friends. She is an Englishwoman, and the circumstances attending their union were exceedingly romantic, she having become passionately interested in the author from reading his beautiful thoughts expressed in his "Meditations." When they did meet, the warm sympathy between them changed into love, which has cheered and brightened the poet's life, and sustained him under its terrible trials. Over her pale face there often stole a deep sadness, as of long past sorrows, whose shadow still lingered. When she told me she was childless, I no longer wondered at the cloud: she had been the mother of four lovely children; all had been gathered, as spring flowers, by relentless death. In the East, at the Holy City of Jerusalem, the last, a precious blooming girl, had been taken from them, and the stricken father and mother were left alone with their great anguish. How sincerely we can feel for these fond parents, thus bereft—we, whose hearts have "travelled the same dark track."

De Lamartine is no longer occupied with politics. He devotes eight or nine hours of the twenty-four to literary pursuits. Indeed, his wife said, but for her entreaties he would give much more time to them. They live in a quiet, comfortable style, and go early in the spring to their grape-farms near Macon. The illness of Mme. De Lamartine had compelled them to return for a brief period to Paris, to consult physicians; and while they were here, I fortunately saw them. In parting, they told me it was quite probable they might visit the United States in a few years.

DESCRIPTION OF VESUVIUS

From 'Souvenirs of Travel.'

. . . GLORIOUS news I write you, glorious news indeed! Vesuvius is in full eruption! During the morning several Neapolitans told me an eruption would soon burst forth, as the dark clouds above the crater had been tinged with a crimson light just at midnight on Monday. This had been the herald of the fire-fiend since the days of Pompeii. Hence I was not surprised when I received a message from the courier, begging us to hasten from the dinner-table, as the flames were already visible from our balcony. Away we flew up the stairway, as though we imagined that, like a flight of rockets, they might vanish ere we could see them.

The night was calm—not a wavelet disturbed the mirror-like surface of the bay. The moon, high in the heavens, was casting a long train of radiance over its waters. Parallel with the moonbeams fell the crimson light from the volcano, while between them lay a space of deep, deep blue, like a pavement of sapphire. How strangely beautiful was the scene! Palaces and domes, spires and churches, ships and little boats, were all touched with a silvery light, or glowing in the crimson rays of the "fiery mountain." Along the mole were clustered hundreds of Neapolitan fishermen, urging the passers-by to embark with them for a row across to the base of Vesuvius, their dark, gipsy-like faces singularly wild by the gleams of the red light.

But the mountain! It was perfectly wonderful! blazing and flaming like—but to what shall I compare it? In truth, it was like Shakespeare's Richard, "itself alone." Down the side poured a cataract of lava, while from the crater sprang up at times great blood-red stones, which seemed poised in air for a few seconds, then fell crashing down below. Although we were eight or ten miles distant, we heard the "voice of the mountain" above all other sounds of earth of air. Clouds of smoke hung in festoons around the highest peak of Vesuvius, and though there was no wind, they were constantly changing into most fantastic forms, now presenting the appearance of a lion, then a eagle with a scroll of fire in

his talons, or a procession of monks with black cowls, or palaces, or castles, all tinged with a crimson hue.

It is now four o'clock, and I have passed the entire night looking upon the burning mountain, and at intervals, when my delight must have expression, running to the table, and writing down for your dear eyes a description of the dazzling scene. The enthusiasm of M. D. and Octavia faded away by two o'clock, so they retired to sleep. But for me there was an enchantment which absolutely forbade repose, and it was only when daylight came, and half the majesty of the eruption had departed, that I was enabled to close my window. . . . .

Not content with our distant view, we resolved on Wednesday afternoon to approach nearer to the wonderful spectacle. At five we left Naples in an open barouche, drawn by three strong horses, and drove rapidly through Portici, and up the mountain to the Hermitage, passing through the vineyards from whose grapes the *Lacryma Christi* wine is made. The road was thronged with carriages, horsemen, donkeys, and pedestrians by thousands. It was an exquisite evening, and the very heavens seemed to rejoice in the universal happiness; for an eruption of Vesuvius is a benefaction to the Neapolitans. Smiling joy was pictured on every face. The beggars even ceased to rap their chins and to cry "*morte di fame.*" The lame hobbled along merrily, and the blind stretched out their hands, as though to feel the happiness they could not see. There were crowds of handsome peasant-women, with sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, hastening up. Even the poor little infants many carried, were laughing in spite of being wrapped up like Egyptian mummies, and tucked under their mothers' arms as though they were great loaves of bread.

At the Hermitage, midway to the summit, there was a scene precisely like a race-field in America. Hundreds and hundreds of carriages were all crammed together, while the drivers were swearing and gesticulating furiously. We gladly left our barouche, and hastened down a pathway through a grove of young chestnut trees, which brought us, after a brisk walk, to the verge of the lava flood. It poured from the crater far above, and formed a stream many miles in length. It was a deep burning red, with here and there a little

island of black, caused by the cooling of the surface of the fiery river. From this ravine we climbed up the heights above, and approached nearer the crater. There we encountered our guide Beppo, who made the ascent with us. The instant he perceived us, he cried out, "*Bene! bene!* Signora! You remember three days ago, when I allowed you to stop on the side of the cone, and you asked me about the little serpent of smoke that burst from the lava, when the great mountain thundered—*bene!* that was the mouth of the crater, and the fire was trying to open it. You see what it has done now. *Grazie a Dio!* we shall eat *macaroni* to-night!"

Precisely true were the words of Beppo. Just where I had gathered up pieces of hot lava, and heard, far, far down below a wild, fierce murmur, almost like the utterance of human agony, a new crater had opened its flaming mouth whence came a torrent of lava, sixty or seventy feet in width flowing down the very path by which we had ascended. It did not dash rapidly along, as does the water, but moved slowly and majestically. It was only when a rocky barrier stayed its progress, that it would swell up into grand waves of fire, and madly dash over it. Imagine Trenton Falls, with every drop of water turned to flame, pouring over ledge after ledge of rocks; or the Arno a river of fire, rushing wildly over the heights of Tivoli, and some faint idea may be formed of the lava-cataract of Vesuvius.

As we descended the mountain, after midnight, we met the King of Naples, who had been lured from his close retirement in the Palace of Caserta (twenty miles from the city), to ascend the mountain. We stopped for him to pass us; and the transient view I had of his face, revealed a stern, hard, and cruel-looking person. His carriage was encircled by multitudes of soldiers and mounted guards.

When we reached home, it was impossible for me to sleep, so intense had been the excitement of the visit to the fiery mountain. Therefore I concluded to occupy the hours in describing the glorious eruption, ere the occupations of another day should chase from my mind one attribute of its sublime grandeur. The blue light of early morning is stealing through the latticed window, and I will say, Heaven guard my mother and my child, and so "woo the blessing of sleep."

A VISIT TO THE POPE

From 'Souvenirs of Travel.'

I CANNOT sleep to-night, precious Mamma, until I have written, and told you of the delight we experienced in being presented to the Pope of Rome, and of the affectionate and captivating kindness with which he received us. A cordial letter from our excellent Bishop Portier introduced us to Monsignore Barnabo, to whom we were indebted for the favor of this private audience.

Yesterday morning a charming note came from Count Borromeo, informing me that his Holiness would gladly receive a visit from us at four o'clock this afternoon. Hence at that hour we drove to the Vatican (the winter residence of the Pope), attired, according to the etiquette of the court, in deep black, with long black veils thrown over our heads. Passing a group of Swiss Guards at the foot of the marble stairway, we were conducted by an officer along corridors, and through great apartments, to the ante-chamber. The walls of this room were glowing with the radiant pictures of Raphael, of Murillo, Titian, and Guido. As we stood admiring these masterpieces of painting, Monsignore Talbot (an English Bishop) joined us, and we then proceeded to the reception room, which was a long salon, with exquisitely frescoed ceiling, but no adornment of furniture.

Near a table, at one end of the room, his Holiness was seated. He arose when we entered. Monsignore Talbot presented us, and immediately retired. As we approached him, he held out his hands, and in a sweet voice said, "Welcome to Rome, my friends." I knelt before him and kissed his hand, with the earnest reverence I would feel for an honored parent. At once we glided into conversation, and were soon completely charmed by his genial manner, so honest and truthful. He is an exceedingly handsome man, about sixty years old, we were told, although he appears much younger. His features are fine, and his eyes beautiful. The expression of his mouth is indescribably sweet, and his smile possesses a magnetic charm which draws to him all hearts. Every word and look reveal the generous and sympathetic nature, which, were it within his power would gladly shield every human creature from sin, suffering, or sorrow.

He spoke of our country, and its onward progress, with deep and warm interest, calling it the "noble land of Washington." The New World, he remarked, had always been very dear to him, for the early days of his life as a priest had been passed in Buenos Ayres, South America. Its vast pampas he had traversed, and crossed over the Andes to the Pacific shore of the continent. During his residence in Chili, Pope Gregory had recalled him to Italy, and soon after named him Bishop of Imola. Oh! Mamma, it was a perfect enjoyment to listen to his descriptions of those far-away lands, and of the sublime scenery of the lofty mountains whose summits are nearest heaven.

We conversed at first in French and Spanish (English, the Pope said, he could never learn); but fearing it might be some effort to his Holiness to speak them, I begged he would address me in Italian, which, although not so familiar to me as the other languages, I could understand exceedingly well. How glad I was afterwards this thought came to me, for his utterance of the Italian was as soft and melodious as the strains of music, so rich, full, and sonorous. The orations of Cicero, and the verses of Virgil, were worthy of a language harmonious like this; for, though the Italian is somewhat changed, it is still the daughter of the Latin, and has all the exquisite grace of expression and flowing elegance of the parent tongue.

Then, the dear Pope dwelt with touching eloquence upon the goodness of God, which had so miraculously saved him from a terrible death, during the accident at the Convent of St. Agnese. He related to us the incidents of that frightful scene. Some catacombs had been recently discovered near the church, and his Holiness went to visit them, accompanied by a large suite of cardinals, bishops, and foreign ambassadors. After they had explored the subterranean home of the dead, they proceeded to the convent near by. In a great, old room of the building, long unused, the monks had prepared a collation. The Pope was seated in an immense oaken chair, with a high back and enormous arms. Before he commenced partaking of the refreshments, a number of boys from a neighboring school were brought in to receive his blessing. He had just given it to them, and had commanded the servants

to bring him some of the delicacies to distribute among the children, when a fearful crash was heard, and the floor sank into a vault below, thirty feet deep. Shrieks of terror, and appalling cries of the wounded, resounded through the convent. The crowd without, rushed along the corridors leading to the banquet-room. The walls alone were standing. Far below there was a mass of rafters, and stones of the paved floor, and crushed and bleeding bodies. "Save our Father! save his Holiness!" was the first thought animating the hearts of the throng around. Through the vaults below, they found their way to the scene of disaster, and removing tables, chairs, and mangled forms of men and children, at last they reached the great oaken chair, which had fallen over the Pope, and thereby preserved him from serious injury, perhaps from instant death. They raised it, and to their joy the good Pope was unhurt. His hands were clasped in prayer for the suffering creatures around him. He seemed to have no thought of himself.

"Oh! how frightful must have been your emotions when you felt the floor sinking beneath you," I exclaimed, as I listened. He looked at me almost reproachfully, as he said, "No, my daughter, I was calm; for in that fearful moment, I felt I was in the hands of a gracious God, who would save me, if it were his divine will; but my heart was pierced with agony, as I heard the screams of the innocent children, and I thought of the poor mothers rendered desolate by this horrible accident; for I then believed many were killed and that others would die of their wounds. However, the result has proved less severe than I imagined, and, with the blessing of the Almighty, I trust all may recover."

The Pope asked O. her name, and she replied, "Octavia," while I added, "She bears my name, your Holiness, and I was called after the Roman Octavia, whose character my mother greatly admired." Whereupon his Holiness uttered a most charming panegyric upon the character of my illustrious namesake, saying, "You should be proud of that name, for the Roman Octavia possessed every virtue and grace which should adorn a woman. Even now, in Rome, you will find an undying remembrance of her noble and generous qualities, and many monuments to her memory."

Thank you a thousand times, Mamma, for giving me the name of *Octavia*.

I wish I could repeat to you all the words the Pope said, they were so genial, sparkling with intellect, and warm with kindness. After one hour's interview, we bade him farewell. But ere we left him, he gave me his benediction. As I knelt before him, he placed his hand upon my head, saying, "May the blessing of God descend upon you, and his Holy Spirit guide you into all truth; may God's providence protect you and yours, and bring you in peace to the world of the redeemed." The tones of his voice were so solemn, so full of affectionate feeling, tears of gratitude burst from my eyes, as I eagerly, and with the utmost veneration, kissed the hands he extended to raise me up. Then I asked him to bless my child; and she, kneeling before him, likewise, received his benediction, and we withdrew. M. D., as well as your two Octavias, was deeply impressed with the honesty, the truth, and the nobleness of the Supreme Pontiff, and with a sincere admiration of his kind manner and cordial reception of us.

WE UNFURL OUR OWN FLAG

From 'Souvenirs of Travel.'

Before proceeding with the day's festivities, I must relate an episode, which will please you vastly. The first glance this morning at the myriads of flags brought vividly to mind our own loved "stars and stripes" and I at once resolved they should float as proudly as others, at least from my own domicile. We wrote to the American Minister to obtain one; but those belonging to the Embassy were already engaged. M. D. was too patriotic to permit me to be disappointed, so he started out, searching highway and byway, until he found, bought, and had brought home, a standard flag and a number of hand colors. We raised the proud emblem of our country in the centre of our balcony, and flanked it on either hand with the flags of England and France. Crowds soon gathered to look up at it, as many people from the interior had never before seen an American flag; while a party of our countrymen, catching the unusual sight in such a place, after profoundly saluting the

banner rushed up stairs to compliment my patriotism. Several laughingly declared they expected we should be forced to take it down, as there was a whisper stealing through Paris that the United States fraternized with Russia; and they were curious to know what answer we would make to such a command. Just as we were asserting, "We will never strike our flag," the Chief of Police came in to thank us for the attention shown to the "Guest of Paris," by unfurling in her honor our national flag. Our friend, Mr. Fillmore, too, who saw the banner at a distance as we were loosening the tangled folds from the staff, and casting them out upon the free air, raised his hat involuntarily, and bowed to the banner with deep reverence; then, when he came in, said such sweet words of approbation, as quite gladdened our hearts, telling Octavia, as he looked upon her half enveloped in the banner, she seemed the Genius of America, protecting and protected by the "stars and stripes."

At six o'clock in the evening we all took our stations on the balcony. Music was constantly floating on the air, and gay sights filling the eyes, so we felt no weariness in waiting so long. At length the cannon from the "Invalides" boomed forth the announcement of the arrival at the Strasbourg station of the royal visitors. A murmur of relief, multiplied by the watching thousands, rose like the sound of an avalanche. In half an hour more the *cortège* was in sight. Wearied by the long delay, the multitude had lost much of their enthusiasm, and darkness was fast coming on. Thus the absolute reception seemed but tame, when judged by its expectation. Millions and millions of francs were thus uselessly expended by poor persons, who had almost starved themselves for weeks that they might have money enough to hire a place whence they could have a good look at Queen Victoria.

As her Majesty passed our balcony, instead of waving handkerchiefs as many of the ladies did, we waved the guide colors from our national flag. The Emperor called her Majesty's attention to this compliment, and she most graciously bowed to us in acknowledgment of it.

By the time the Imperial party reached St. Cloud, a brilliant illumination was glowing throughout the city. All the public buildings, the Tuileries, and the great Exposition edifice,

shone out like palaces of light, glittering until long after the midnight.

A TRIBUTE TO HENRY CLAY

An Address delivered upon laying the Cornerstone of the Monument to Henry Clay, New Orleans, Louisiana, April 12, 1856.

WHILE the patriotic sons of our country are uniting in a testimonial to the memory of Henry Clay, shall not women be allowed to place the flowers of gratitude and affection upon the altar of his fame?

To none were the genius and services of the illustrious statesman and orator more dear than to his countrywomen; with all those lofty and commanding qualities which sway senates, and guide the course of empires, he had a heroism of heart, a chivalry of deportment, a deference of demeanor, which while forming the soul and secret of his impassioned eloquence, were irresistible talismans over the minds of the gentler sex.

Great as he was in the "forum of nations," or before multitudes of men, controlling them by his "gleaming finger," as with the wand of an enchanter, it was in the home circle, by the domestic fireside, that his character was seen in its true grace and loveliness; there his voice, that lately rang like a trumpet amid his assembled peers, and whose undying echoes (the richest symphonies of patriotism) are still reverberating from the white hills of New England to the parapets of the Pacific, was attuned to all the softest cadences of social and intellectual intercourse. How delightful it was then to listen to the playful repartee, the genial anecdotes, the sparkling *bonmots,* the vivid reminiscences of European and American society, and the always elevated sentiments of one who had mingled in the most prominent scenes of his time in both hemispheres, without losing in the least the lofty manliness, sincerity, and purity of his nature.

Rousseau once said "there are no compliments like a king's;" but how much more fascinating and even royal than all the persiflage of a Bourbon or a Hapsburg were the graceful praises and felicitous commendations of such a man as Mr.

Clay, an unquestioned king of mind by the true right divine, when, with eyes beaming like gems, his high white brow,

> That dome of thought, that palace of the soul,

radiant with benignity, and encircled by his silvery locks as by a crown, his aged lips wreathed by the gentlest of smiles, he stood before you in tall, stately majesty. At such times he seemed to blend the graces of Sheridan with the dignity of Washington. Thousands and thousands of his countrywomen will long thus recall him to mind.

But not alone in this, his more private character, does woman appreciate the excellence of Mr. Clay. His public life, in many of its aspects, had all the romance of chivalry. He stood among the orators and statesmen of his time as Philip Sidney amid his contemporary knights and barons. History has already placed his statue in the pantheon of immortality!

Our country's records, from the purchase of Louisiana (this lovely land of the sugar-cane and magnolia) to the great pacification of 1850, are vitalized by his glowing words. The mighty Mississippi, upon whose margin we now stand, bears in all its waters a full remembrance of his early efforts to give freedom to its commerce and to braid its million streams into a mighty band of union and prosperity for our glorious country.

The fame of Henry Clay can never die. As our most gifted southern poet has said:

> Long 'mid our gallant great and good
> Like Washington he nobly stood;
> While trembling on his burning tongue,
> Truth, justice, peace, and freedom hung.
>
> Thrice when our storm-tossed ship of State
> Seemed sinking with its priceless freight,
> His guardian spirit, firm and free,
> Walked o'er our troubled Galilee.
>
> Through all the world his glorious name
> Is whispered by the lips of fame;
> For long in every kindling zone,
> His voice was freedom's bugle tone!

The Greek girl kneeling by her seas,
Deemed him a new Demosthenes;
And young Bolivar's patriot ray
Was light-like caught from Henry Clay.

How appropriate then is it that a memorial of this model statesman, patriot and orator, should be erected here in the crescent bend of the Mississippi!

Not far off rises the sculptured image of his great rival compatriot; the one was the sword and shield, the other the mind and the tongue of the country. Side by side they stand in the temple of fame.

Glorious in their lives, let the noblest of the fine arts here place their sculptured forms together, that future generations may gaze in love, gratitude, and veneration upon them, and be nobly stimulated in the paths of patriotism, while they feel the refining influence which the beautiful in art always exerts upon its votaries.

The statue of Themistocles long greeted from a promontory in Greece the home-returning voyager, and fired afresh his love for Attica and Athens. So may the statue of our patriotic orator ever inspire with emulating fervor the citizens of this land of liberty, and especially of this prosperous city of New Orleans.

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET

[1790—1870]

O. P. FITZGERALD

THOUGH Dutch and Norman blood flowed in the veins of Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, he was, as a learned friend well said of him, autochthonous; that is to say, a Georgian all over and all through. Born in Augusta, Georgia, September 22, 1790, he was trained in private schools that had little sympathy with his sensitive, shrinking nature, and his bashfulness was readily classed as stupidity. More than one of his unillumined teachers counted him a dunce. A good fate befell him, however, in Richmond Academy, a "hated penitentiary," for he here roomed with George McDuffie, whose zeal for learning set fire to Longstreet's sluggish spirit. Before this his sole ambition had been "to outrun, outjump, outshoot, and overthrow any man in the district"; now his spirit of generous rivalry was challenged by McDuffie's intellectuality. With this new ambition steadily aflame, he came under the guidance of Dr. Moses Waddell in the famous school so well described by Longstreet in "Master William Mitten" (1858).

To the remarkable skill of this gifted teacher was now added another force, for the boy well in his teens came under the spell of the genius of John C. Calhoun, the great defender of minority rights. From that time he always mustered with the forces that fought for strict construction, though his nature was so kindly that his partisanship could never be bitter. In 1804 Calhoun had gone directly from Dr. Waddell's school to the Junior Class of Yale; just seven years later Longstreet followed in his footsteps, and like his distinguished predecessor and exemplar graduated with honors. The New Haven atmosphere he found delightfully congenial and bracing, for while at Yale College he came under the influence of Dr. Lyman Beecher, the massive old expounder of Calvinistic Theology. Among his teachers at Yale, he always spoke with special admiration of Professor Benjamin Silliman. The next year was spent in the study of law at Litchfield, Connecticut, and in 1815 he began the practice of his profession in Georgia. His renown as an eloquent and effective orator grew rapidly. The strength of his logical faculty, the ardor of his convictions, and the attractiveness of his personality in spite of the essential homeliness of his face gave him popularity and made him

successful in the propagation of the opinions he held. He was strong-framed, sinewy, and warm-blooded, a man among men, able to hold his ground in a forensic contest before a jury, on the hustings, or in any arena where men's measure and mettle are tested. In the social circle he was genial, tactful, and brilliant. He had that genuine sympathy with humanity that gave him access to his fellow men and drew them to him and held them. To this kindly temper and social spirit his happy marriage in 1817 to Frances Eliza Parke contributed no little.

Such was his success at the Bar, and such the general esteem he possessed, that in 1822 he was made a Judge of the Supreme Court and won the title which the changes of his chequered career did not displace. He early became a contributor to newspapers and magazines and gave little rest to pen or tongue during his busy life. In 1835 he published in cheap form through the *Sentinel* press his 'Georgia Scenes,' and among his writings 'Georgia Scenes' was most widely known in his day. The title of the book indicated clearly its scope and spirit. That which gave it its relish and popularity was its extreme provincialism. The characters described were real, the conditions outlined were true to the facts, the dialect was perfect. Only a Georgian could appreciate fully the 'Georgia Scenes.' The book was a household word at one time, and many a hearty laugh exhilarated the friendly circles where it was read Humor differs from wit in that it is more diffuse and less quotable. Longstreet's humor is genuine and rich at its best in 'Georgia Scenes,' and the constituency for whom he wrote will not let it perish. Other writings by him in the same vein were as truly characteristic and equally pleasing to his readers.

In 1840 a new edition was published by the Harpers, but without the author's revision, though this was requested. The truth was that a significant change had come in the life of Judge Longstreet and he would now willingly forget stories dealing with fighting and horse-racing and dancing and other worldly allurements. Judge Longstreet's mind had been suddenly and sharply turned to serious thoughts of religion by the death of his oldest son, and about the same time he and his wife had learned from her father how a Christian could stand the disastrous loss of a sainted wife. Husband and wife both became Christians and Judge Longstreet, yielding as always to the logic of his own convictions, soon found himself a minister in the Methodist Church. In the year 1840 he was transferred from the active ministry to the presidency of the new Methodist College, Emory, and discovered and disclosed the fact that he was a gifted teacher. The following incident will indicate the spirit and methods of his administration as a college president. Among the students at

Emory College was a youth of sprightly parts and good family, but notorious as a practical joker and mischief-maker. One night he perpetrated a practical joke of which President Longstreet himself was the subject. Suspecting at once who was the offender, Longstreet summoned the young man into his presence, told him that his guilt was known, and that suitable punishment might be expected by him. At length he appealed to the inveterate young mischief-maker, saying:

"Why do you act in this manner, involving yourself in trouble, and subjecting your teachers to the unpleasant duty of punishing you?"

"It seems to me," answered the delinquent, "that I cannot help it. From time to time moods come upon me that compel me to seek some sort of excitement, and that is the only way by which I can find relief."

"A suggestion presents itself to my mind," said Longstreet after a thoughtful pause. "You know something of the power of music to soothe the mind under excitement or distress. My daughter is a good pianist, as you may know, and I am no mean player on the flute. Hereafter, if one of those moods of which you speak should come upon you, come over to my house, tell your trouble, and we will seek by our music to exorcise the evil spirit."

With this the now penitent transgressor was kindly dismissed. A few days had passed, when between midnight and daybreak, about three o'clock in the morning, a knock was heard at the door of the President, and it was found that the unreasonable caller was the young man whose moods were mischievous.

"I have come according to your invitation," he said, "one of those spells is upon me."

There was nothing to do but comply with the promise made. The fair pianist and her dignified and learned father gave an extemporized concert, which quieted their one hearer, and was doubtless more enjoyed by him than by the performers. It is pleasant to add that the young man kept his place as a student, graduated creditably and afterward achieved honorable distinction as a lawyer and politician.

In turn, Longstreet became president of Centenary College, Louisiana, University of Mississippi, and South Carolina College. During the war he "refugeed" in Alabama, making his home for the time in the quiet little village of Enon, in the middle-east section of the State. He was then an old man of benignant presence and marked personality. The villagers gave him a kindly welcome and the best they had. True to his record, from day to day he gathered the children around him under the trees in the open air and taught them, making

a specialty of arithmetic, which with him was always a favorite branch of study. Drawing his figures in the sand, he initiated the eager children into the mysteries of multiplication, subtraction and division, with abundant enjoyment to all. The children soon learned to love him, and with the villagers of all ages and conditions he became quite popular. His sojourn in Enon and his work for the children are a pleasant memory unto this day.

Later he removed to Oxford, Mississippi, where he died on September 9, 1870. He was a skilful lawyer, a wise and upright jurist, an able and successful teacher, and a strong and fervent preacher. His personality was massive and well rounded. His name was a household word throughout a large territory. To this day the old Georgians and their children speak his name fondly. He might be taken as a typical Georgian of the finest type. He was best known as a teacher.

He wrote much and variously on questions of political economy, ethics and religion. Much of what he wrote on these subjects was controversial and on transient issues, and therefore it has lost something of the interest it possessed for the living world when he wrote. He was powerful in argument, earnest in his appeals to men's consciences and hearts, now and then giving shrewd thrusts that hit the opponent's weak places. He lived during a stormy period, and at times he wrote with a passionate patriotism, or partisanship, if that is the truer word, that fairly blazed on the printed page. After he became a believer and a preacher of the gospel of Christ, he wrote on religious subjects with an enthusiasm and joyfulness of spirit that clothed his words with a power and charm that were truly convincing and pleasing. In a controversy with an assailant of Christianity in 1870 he made a masterly defence of the faith against the assaults of one who, because of the alleged inconsistencies on the part of a large body of Christian people, attacked Christianity itself with great asperity. In this reply Longstreet drew a sharp line of distinction between the Christianity of the New Testament and all perverted types of it presented by all the foolish people who speak in its name.

It was creditable to Longstreet that he gave some attention to literature at a time when in the South men of genius and culture gave themselves almost wholly to politics and professional life. This was their custom, from Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall down to Longstreet's own day.

O. P. Fitzgerald.

THE FIGHT

From 'Georgia Scenes.'

In the younger days of the Republic there lived in the county of ———— two men, who were admitted on all hands to be the very *best men* in the county; which, in the Georgia vocabulary, means they could flog any other two men in the county. Each, through many a hard-fought battle, had acquired the mastery of his own battalion; but they lived on opposite sides of the Courthouse, and in different battalions; consequently, they were but seldom thrown together. When they met, however, they were always very friendly; indeed, at their first interview, they seemed to conceive a wonderful attachment to each other, which rather increased than diminished as they became better acquainted; so that, but for the circumstance which I am about to mention, the question, which had been a thousand times asked, "Which is the best man, Billy Stallions. (Stallings) or Bob Durham?", would probably have never been answered.

Billy ruled the upper battalion, and Bob the lower. The former measured six feet and an inch in his stockings, and, without a single pound of cumbrous flesh about him, weighed a hundred and eighty. The latter was an inch shorter than his rival, and ten pounds lighter; but he was much the most active of the two. In running and jumping he had but few equals in the county; and in wrestling, not one. In other respects they were nearly equal. Both were admirable specimens of human nature in its finest form. Billy's victories had generally been achieved by the tremendous power of his blows, one of which had often proved decisive of his battles; Bob's by his adroitness in bringing his adversary to the ground. This advantage he had never failed to gain at the onset, and when gained, he never failed to improve it to the defeat of his adversary. These points of difference have involved the reader in a doubt as to the probable issue of a contest between them. It was not so, however, with the two battalions. Neither had the least difficulty in determining the point by the most natural and irresistible deductions *a priori;* and though, by the same course of reasoning, they arrived at directly opposite

conclusions, neither felt its confidence in the least shaken by this circumstance. The upper battalion swore "that Billy only wanted one lick at him to knock his heart, liver, and lights out of him, and if he got two at him, he'd knock him into a cocked hat." The lower battalion retorted, "that he wouldn't have time to double his fist before Bob would put his head where his feet ought to be; and that, by the time he hit the ground, the meat would fly off his face so quick that people would think it was shook off by the fall." These disputes often led to the *argumentum ad hominem,* but with such equality of success on both sides as to leave the main question just where they found it. They usually ended, however, in the common way, with a bet, and many a quart of old Jamaica (whiskey had not then supplanted rum) were staked upon the issue. Still, greatly to the annoyance of the curious, Billy and Bob continued to be good friends.

Now there happened to reside in the county just alluded to a little fellow by the name of Ransy Sniffle, a sprout of Richmond, who, in his earlier days, had fed copiously upon red clay and blackberries. This diet had given to Ransy a complexion that a corpse would have disdained to own, and an abdominal rotundity that was quite unprepossessing. Long spells of the fever and ague too, in Ransy's youth, had conspired with clay and blackberries to throw him quite out of the order of nature. His shoulders were fleshless and elevated; his head large and flat; his neck slim and translucent; and his arms, hands, fingers, and feet were lengthened out of all proportion to the rest of his frame. His joints were large and his limbs small; and as for flesh, he could not with propriety, be said to have any. Those parts which nature usually supplies with the most of this article—the calves of the legs, for example—presented in him the appearance of so many well-drawn blisters. His height was just five feet nothing; and his average weight in blackberry season, ninety-five. I have been thus particular in describing him, for the purpose of showing what a great matter a little fire sometimes kindleth. There was nothing on this earth which delighted Ransy so much as a fight. He never seemed fairly alive except when he was witnessing, fomenting, or talking about a fight. Then, indeed, his deep-sunken gray eye assumed something of a living fire,

and his tongue acquired a volubility that bordered upon eloquence. Ransy had been kept for more than a year in the most torturing suspense as to the comparative manhood of Billy Stallings and Bob Durham. He had resorted to all his usual expedients to bring them in collision, and had entirely failed. He had faithfully reported to Bob all that had been said by the people in the upper battalion, "agin him," and "he was sure Billy Stallings started it." He heard Billy say himself to Jim Brown, that "he could whip him *or any other man in his battalion;*" and this he told to Bob; adding, "Dod darn his soul, if he was a little bigger, if he'd let any man *put upon* his battalion in such a way." Bob replied, "If he (Stallings) thought so, he'd better come and try it." This Ransy carried to Billy, and delivered it with a spirit becoming his own dignity and the character of his battalion, and with a colouring well calculated to give it effect. These, and many other schemes which Ransy laid for the gratification of his curiosity, entirely failed of their object. Billy and Bob continued friends, and Ransy had begun to lapse into the most tantalizing and hopeless despair, when a circumstance occurred which led to a settlement of the long-disputed question.

It is said that a hundred gamecocks will live in perfect harmony together if you do not put a hen with them; and so it would have been with Billy and Bob had there been no women in the world. But there were women in the world, and from them each of our heroes had taken to himself a wife. The good ladies were no strangers to the prowess of their husbands, and strange as it may seem, they presumed a little upon it.

The two battalions had met at the Courthouse upon a regimental parade. The two champions were there, and their wives had accompanied them. Neither knew the other's lady, nor were the ladies known to each other. The exercises of the day were just over, when Mrs. Stallings and Mrs. Durham stepped simultaneously into the store of Zephaniah Atwater, from "down east."

"Have you any Turkey-red?" said Mrs. S.

"Have you any curtain calico?" said Mrs. D. at the same moment.

"Yes, ladies," said Mr. Atwater, "I have both."

"Then help me first," said Mrs. D., "for I'm in a hurry."

"I'm in as great a hurry as she is," said Mrs. S., "and I'll thank you to help me first."

"And, pray, who are you, madam?" continued the other.

"Your betters, madam," was the reply.

At this moment Billy Stallings stepped in. "Come," said he, "Nancy, let's be going, it's getting late."

"I'd a' been gone half an hour ago," replied she, "if it hadn't a' been for that impudent huzzy."

"Who do you call an impudent huzzy, you nasty, good for nothing, snaggle-toothed gaub of fat, you?" returned Mrs. D.

"Look here, woman," said Billy, "have you got a husband here? If you have, I'll *lick* him till he learns to teach you better manners, you *sassy* heifer you." At this moment something was seen to rush out of the store as if ten thousand hornets were stinging it; crying, "Take care—let me go—don't hold me—where's Bob Durham?" It was Ransy Sniffle, who had been listening in breathless delight to all that had passed.

"Yonder's Bob, setting on the Courthouse steps," cried one. "What's the matter?"

"Don't talk to me!" said Ransy. "Bob Durham, you'd better go long yonder, and take care of your wife. They're playing h—l with her there, in Zeph Atwater's store. Dod eternally darn my soul, if any man was to talk to my wife as Bill Stallions is talking to yours, if I wouldn't drive blue blazes through him in less than no time."

Bob sprang to the store in a minute, followed by a hundred friends; for the bully of a county never wants friends.

"Bill Stallions," said Bob, as he entered, "what have you been saying to my wife?"

"Is that your wife?" inquired Billy, obviously much surprised, and a little disconcerted.

"Yes, she is, and no man shall abuse her, I don't care who he is."

"Well," rejoined Billy, "it ain't worth while to go over it; I've said enough for a fight; and, if you'll step out, we'll settle it!"

"Billy," said Bob, "are you for a fair fight?"

"I am," said Billy, "I've heard much of your manhood,

and I believe I'm a better man than you are. If you will go into a ring with me, we can soon settle the dispute."

"Choose your friends," said Bob; "make your ring, and I'll be in with mine as soon as you will."

They both stepped out and began to strip very deliberately, each battalion gathering round its champion, except Ransy, who kept himself busy in a most honest endeavor to hear and see all that transpired in both groups at the same time. He ran from one to the other in quick succession; peeped here and listened there; talked to this one, then to that one, and then to himself; squatted under one's legs and another's arms; and, in the short interval between stripping and stepping into the ring, managed to get himself trod on by half of both battalions. But Ransy was not the only one interested upon this occasion; the most intense interest prevailed everywhere. Many were the conjectures, doubts, oaths, and imprecations uttered while the parties were preparing for the combat. All the knowing ones were consulted as to the issue, and they all agreed, to a man, in one of two opinions, either that Bob would flog Billy, or Billy would flog Bob. We must be permitted, however, to dwell for a moment upon the opinion of Squire Thomas Loggins; a man who, it was said, had never failed to predict the issue of a fight in all his life. Indeed so unerring had he always proved in this regard, that it would have been counted the most obstinate infidelity to doubt for a moment after he had delivered himself. Squire Loggins was a man who said but little, but that little was always delivered with the most imposing solemnity of look and cadence. He always wore the aspect of profound thought, and you could not look at him without coming to the conclusion that he was elaborating truth from its most intricate combinations.

"Uncle Tommy," said Sam Reynolds, "you can tell us all about it if you will; how will the fight go?"

The question immediately drew an anxious group around the squire. He raised his teeth slowly from the head of his walking cane, on which they had been resting; pressed his lips closely and thoughtfully together; threw down his eyebrows, dropped his chin, raised his eyes to an angle of twenty-three degrees, paused about half a minute, and replied, "Sammy, watch Robert Durham close in the beginning of the fight;

take care of William Stallions in the middle of it; and see who has the wind at the end." As he uttered the last member of the sentence, he looked slyly at Bob's friends, and winked very significantly; whereupon they rushed, with one accord, to tell Bob what Uncle Tommy had said. As they retired, the squire turned to Billy's friends, and said, with a smile, "Them boys think I mean that Bob will whip."

Here the other party kindled into joy, and hastened to inform Billy how Bob's friends had deceived themselves as to Uncle Tommy's opinion. In the meantime the principals and seconds were busily employed in preparing themselves for the combat. The plan of attack and defence, the manner of improving the various turns of the conflict, "the best mode of saving wind," etc., etc., were all discussed and settled. At length Billy announced himself ready, and his crowd were seen moving to the center of the Courthouse Square; he and his five seconds in the rear. At the same time, Bob's party moved to the same point, and in the same order. The ring was now formed, and for a moment the silence of death reigned through both battalions. It was soon interrupted, however, by the cry of "Clear the way!" from Billy's seconds; when the ring opened in the center of the upper battalion (for the order of march had arranged the center of the two battalions on opposite sides of the circle,) and Billy stepped into the ring from the east, followed by his friends. He was stripped to the trousers, and exhibited an arm, breast, and shoulders of the most tremendous portent. His step was firm, daring and martial; and as he bore his fine form a little in advance of his friends, an involuntary burst of triumph broke from his side of the ring; and at the same moment, an uncontrollable thrill of awe ran along the whole curve of the lower battalion.

"Look at him?" was heard from his friends; "just look at him."

"Ben, how much you ask to stand before that man two seconds?"

"Pshaw, don't talk about it! Just thinkin' about it's broke three o' my ribs a'ready!"

"What's Bob Durham going to do when Billy lets that arm loose upon him?"

"God bless your soul, he'll think thunder and lightning a mint julep to it."

"Oh, look here, men, go take Bill Stallions out o' that ring and bring in Phil Johnson's stud horse, so that Durham may have some chance! I don't want to see the man killed right away."

These and many other like expressions, interspersed thickly with oaths of the most modern coinage, were coming from all points of the upper battalion, while Bob was adjusting the girth of his pantaloons, which walking had discovered not to be exactly right. It was just fixed to his mind, his foes becoming a little noisy, and his friends a little uneasy at his delay, when Billy called out, with a smile of some meaning. "Where's the bully of the lower battalion? I'm getting tired of waiting."

"Here he is," said Bob, lighting, as it seemed, from the clouds into the ring, for he had actually bounded clear of the head of Ransy Sniffle into the circle. His descent was quite as imposing as Billy's entry, and excited the same feelings, but in opposite bosoms.

Voices of exultation now rose on his side.

"Where did he come from?"

"Why," said one of his seconds, (all having just entered,) "we were gerting him up, about a hundred yards out yonder, when he heard Billy ask for the bully and he fetched a leap over the Courthouse, and went out of sight; but I told them to come on, they'd find him here."

Here the lower battalion burst into a peal of laughter, mingled with a look of admiration, which seemed to denote their entire belief of what they had heard.

"Boys, widen the ring, so as to give him room to jump."

"Oh, my little flying wild-cat, hold him if you can; and when you get him fast, hold lightning next!"

"Ned what do you think he's made of?"

"Steel springs and chicken-hawk, God bless you!"

"Gentlemen," said one of Bob's seconds, "I understand it is to be a fair fight; catch as catch can, rough and tumble, no man touch till one or the other halloos."

"That's the rule," was the reply from the other side.

"Are you ready?"

"We are ready."

"Then blaze away, my game cocks!"

At the word, Bob dashed at his antagonist at full speed; and Bill squared himself to receive him with one of his most fatal blows. Making his calculation from Bob's velocity, of the time when he would come within striking distance, he let drive with tremendous force. But Bob's onset was obviously planned to avoid this blow; for, contrary to all expectations, he stopped short just out of arm's reach, and, before Billy could recover his balance, Bob had him "all underhold." The next second, sure enough, "found Billy's head where his feet ought to be." How it was done no one could tell; but, as if by supernatural power, both Billy's feet were thrown full half his own height in the air, and he came down with a force that seemed to shake the earth. As he struck the ground, commingled shouts, screams and yells burst from the lower battalion, loud enough to be heard for miles. "Hurra, my little hornet!" "Save him!" "Feed him!" "Give him the Durham physic till his stomach turns!" Billy was no sooner down than Bob was on him, and lending him awful blows about the face and breast. Billy made two efforts to rise by main strength, but failed. "Lord bless you, man, don't try to get up! *Lay* still and take it; you *bleege* to have it!"

Billy now turned his face suddenly to the ground and rose upon his hands and knees. Bob jerked up both his hands and threw him on his face. He again recovered his late position, of which Bob endeavoured to deprive him as before; but, missing one arm, he failed, and Billy rose. But he had scarcely resumed his feet before they flew up as before, and he came again to the ground. "No fight, gentlemen!" cried Bob's friends; "the man can't stand up! Bouncing feet are bad thing to fight in." His fall, however, was this time comparatively light; for, having thrown his right arm around Bob's neck, he carried his head down with him. This grasp, which was obstinately maintained, prevented Bob from getting on him, and they lay head to head seeming for a time, to do nothing. Presently they rose, as if by mutual consent; and, as they rose, a shout rose from both battalions. "Oh, my lark!" cried the east, "has he fixed you? Do you begin to feel him? He's only beginning to fight; he ain't got warm yet."

"Look yonder"; cried the west; "didn't I tell you so! He

hit the ground so hard it jarred his nose off. Now ain't he a pretty man as he stands? He shall have my sister Sal just for his pretty looks. I want to get in the breed of them sort o' men, to drive ugly out of my kinfolks."

I looked, and saw that Bob had entirely lost his left ear, and a large piece from his left cheek. His right eye was a little discoloured, and the blood flowed profusely from his wounds.

Bill presented a hideous spectacle. About a third of his nose, at the lower extremity, was bit off, and his face so swelled and bruised that it was difficult to discover in it anything of the human visage, much more the fine features which he carried into the ring.

They were up only long enough for me to make the foregoing discoveries, when they went down again, precisely as before. They no sooner touched the ground than Bill relinquished his hold upon Bob's neck. In this he seemed to all to have forfeited the only advantage which put him upon an equality with his adversary. But the movement was soon explained. Bill wanted his arm for other purposes than defence; and he had made arrangements whereby he knew that he could make it answer these purposes; for, when they rose again, he held the middle finger of Bob's left hand in his mouth. He was now secure from Bob's annoying trips; and he began to lend his adversary tremendous blows, every one which was hailed by a shout from his friends. "Bullets!" "*Hoss-kicking!*" "Thunder!" "That'll do for his face; now feel his shortribs, Billy!"

I now considered the contest settled. I deemed it impossible for any human being to withstand for five seconds the loss of blood which issued from Bob's ear, cheek, nose and finger, accompanied with such blows as he was receiving. Still he maintained the conflict, and gave blow for blow with considerable effect. But the blows of each became slower and weaker after the first three or four, and it became obvious that Bill wanted the room which Bob's finger occupied for breathing. He would, therefore, probably in a short time, have let it go, had not Bob anticipated his politeness by jerking away his hand, and making him a present of the finger. He now seized Bill again, and brought him to his knees, but he recovered. He again brought him to his knees, and he again recovered. A

third effort, however, brought him down, and Bob on top of him. These efforts seemed to exhaust the little remaining strength of both; and they lay, Bill undermost and Bob across his breast, motionless, and panting for breath. After a short pause, Bob gathered his hand full of dirt and sand, and was in the act of grinding it in his adversary's eyes, when Bill cried, "ENOUGH!" Language cannot describe the scene that followed; the shouts, oaths, frantic gestures, taunts, replies, and little fights, and therefore I shall not attempt it. The champions were borne off by their seconds and washed; when many a bleeding wound and ugly bruise was discovered on each which no eye had seen before.

Many had gathered around Bob and were in various ways congratulating and applauding him, when a voice from the center of the circle cried out, "Boys, hush and listen to me!" It proceeded from Squire Loggins, who had made his way to Bob's side, and had gathered his face up into one of the most flattering and intelligible expressions. All were obedient to the squire's command. "Gentlemen," continued he, with a most knowing smile, "is—Sammy—Reynold—in—this—company —of—gentlemen?"

"Yes," said Sam, "here I am."

"Sammy," said the squire, winking to the company and drawing the head of his cane to his mouth with an arch smile as he closed, "I—wish—you—to tell—cousin—Bobby—and—these—gentlemen here present—what—your—Uncle—Tommy —said—before—the—fight—began."

"Oh, get away, Uncle Tom," said Sam, smiling (the squire winked), "you don't know nothing about *fighting.*" (The squire winked again). "All you know about it is how it'll begin, how it'll go on, how it'll end; that's all. Cousin Bob, when you're going to fight again, just go to the old man, and let him tell you all about it, I tell you."

The squire's foresight was complimented in many ways by the by-standers; and he retired, advising "the boys to be at peace, as fighting was a bad business."

Durham and Stallings kept their beds for several weeks, and did not meet again for two months. When they met, Billy stepped up to Bob and offered his hand, saying, "Bobby, you've *licked* me a fair fight; but you woudn't have done it if I hadn't

been in the wrong. I oughtn't to have treated your wife as I did and I felt so through the whole fight; and it sort o' cowed me."

"Well, Billy," said Bob, "let's be friends. Once in the fight, when you had my finger in your mouth, and was pealing me in the face and breast, I was going to halloo; but I thought of Petsy, and knew the house would be too hot for me if I got whipped when fighting for her, after always whipping when I fought for myself."

"Now that's what I always love to see," said a by-stander. "It's true I brought about the fight, but I wouldn't have done it if it hadn't o' been on account of *Miss* (Mrs.) Durham. But dod etarnally darn my soul, if I ever could stand by and see any woman put upon, much less *Miss* Durham. If Bobby hadn't been there, I'd o' took it up myself, be darned if I wouldn't, even if I'd o' got whipped for it. But we're all friends now." The reader need hardly be told that this was Ransy Sniffle.

Thanks to the Christian religion, to schools, colleges and benevolent associations, such scenes of barbarism and cruelty as that which I have been just describing are now of rare occurrence, though they may still be occasionally met with in some of the new counties. Wherever they prevail, they are a disgrace to that community. The peace officers who countenance them deserve a place in the Penitentiary.

THE HORSE-SWAP

From 'Georgia Scenes.'

During the session of the Supreme court, in the village of ——, about three weeks ago, when a number of people were collected in the principal street of the village, I observed a young man riding up and down the street, as I supposed in a violent passion. He galloped this way, then that, and then the other; spurred his horse to one group of citizens, then to another; then dashed off at half speed, as if fleeing from danger; and, suddenly checking his horse, returned first in a pace, then in a trot, and then in a canter. While he was performing these various evolutions, he cursed, swore, whooped, screamed and

tossed himself in every attitude which a man could assume on horseback. In short, he *cavorted* most magnanimously (a term which in our tongue, expresses all that I have described, and a little more), and seemed to be setting all creation at defiance. As I like to see all that is passing, I determined to take a position a little nearer to him, and to ascertain, if possible, what it was that affected him so sensibly. Accordingly, I approached a crowd before which he had stopped for a moment, and examined it with the strictest scrutiny. But I could see nothing in it that seemed to have anything to do with the cavorter. Every man appeared to be in good humor, and all minding their own business. Not one so much as noticed the principal figure. Still he went on. After a semicolon pause, which my appearance seemed to produce (for he eyed me closely as I approached), he fetched a whoop, and swore that he could outswap any live man, woman or child that ever walked these hills or that ever straddled horseflesh since the days of old daddy Adam. "Stranger," said he to me, "did you ever see the *Yallow Blossom* from Jasper?"

"No," said I, "but I have often heard of him."

"I'm the boy," continued he, "perhaps a *leetle*, jist a *leetle*, of the best man at a horse-swap that ever trod shoe leather."

I began to feel my situation a little awkward, when I was relieved by a man somewhat advanced in years, who stepped up and began to survey the "*Yallow Blossom's*" horse with much apparent interest. This drew the rider's attention, and he turned the conversation from me to the stranger.

"Well, my old coon," said he, "do you want to swap *hosses?*"

"Why, I don't know," replied the stranger; "I believe I've got a beast I'd trade with you for that one, if you like him."

"Well, fetch up your nag, my old cock; you're jist the lark I wanted to get a hold of. I am perhaps a *leetle*, jist a *leetle*, of the best man at a horse-swap that ever stole *cracklins* out of his mammy's fat gourd. Where's your *hoss?*"

"I'll bring him presently; but I want to examine your horse a little."

"Oh! look at him," said the Blossom, alighting and hitting him a cut; "look at him. He's the best piece of *hoss* flesh in the thirteen united univarsal worlds. There's no sort o' mis-

take in little Bullet. He can pick up miles on his feet, and fling 'em behind him as fast as the next man's *hoss,* I don't care where he comes from. And he can keep at it as long as the sun can shine without resting."

During this harangue, little Bullet looked as if he understood it all, believed it, and was ready at any minute to verify it. He was a horse of goodly countenance, rather expressive of vigilance than fire; though an unnatural appearance of fierceness was thrown into it by the loss of his ears, which had been cropped pretty close to his head. Nature had done but little for Bullet's head and neck; but he managed, in a great measure, to hide their defects by bowing perpetually. He had obviously suffered severely for corn; but if his ribs and hip bones had not disclosed the fact, *he* never would have done it, for he was in all respects as cheerful and happy as if he commanded all the corn-cribs and fodder-stacks in Georgia. His height was about twelve hands, but as his shape partook somewhat of that of the giraffe, his haunches stood much lower. They were short, straight, peaked and concave. Bullet's tail, however, made amends for all his defects. All that the artist could do to beautify it had been done; and all that horse could do to compliment the artist Bullet did. His tail was nicked in superior style, and exhibited the line of beauty in so many directions, that it could not fail to hit the most fastidious taste in some of them. From the root it drooped into a graceful festoon; then rose in a handsome curve; then resumed its first direction; and then mounted suddenly upward like a cypress knee to a perpendicular of about two and a half inches. The whole had a careless and bewitching inclination to the right. Bullet obviously knew where his beauty lay, and took all occasions to display it to the best advantage. If a stick cracked, or if any one moved suddenly about him, or coughed, or hawked, or spoke a little louder than common, up went Bullet's tail like lightning; and if the *going up* did not please, the *coming down* must of necessity, for it was as different from the other movement as was its direction. The first was a bold and rapid flight upward, usually to an angle of forty-five degrees. In this position he kept his interesting appendage until he satisfied himself that nothing in particular was to be done; when he commenced dropping it by half inches, in second beats.

then in triple time, then faster and shorter and faster and shorter still, until it finally died away imperceptibly into its natural position. If I might compare sights to sounds I should say its *settling* was more like the note of a locust than anything else in nature.

Either from native sprightliness of disposition, from uncontrollable activity, or from an unconquerable habit of removing flies by the stamping of the feet, Bullet never stood still, but always kept up a gentle fly-scaring movement of his limbs, which was peculiarly interesting.

"I tell you, man," proceeded the *Yallow Blossom,* "he's the best live hoss that ever trod the grit of Georgia. Bob Smart knows the hoss. Come here, Bob, and mount this hoss, and show Bullet's motions." Here Bullet bristled up, and looked as if he had been hunting for Bob all day long, and had just found him. Bob sprang on his back. "Boo-oo-oo!" said Bob, with a fluttering noise of the lips; and away went Bullet, as if in a quarter race, with all his beauties spread in handsome style.

"Now fetch him back," said Blossom. Bullet turned and came in pretty much as he went out.

"Now trot him by." Bullet reduced his tail to "*customary;*" sidled to the right and left airily, and exhibited at least three varieties of trot in the short space of fifty yards.

"Make him pace!" Bob commenced twitching the bridle and kicking at the same time. These inconsistent movements obviously (and most naturally) disconcerted Bullet; for it was impossible for him to learn, from them, whether he was to proceed or stand still. He started to trot, and was told that wouldn't do. He attempted a canter, and was checked again. He stopped, and was urged to go on. Bullet now rushed into the wild field of experiment, and struck out a gait of his own, that completely turned the tables upon his rider, and certainly deserved a patent. It seemed to have derived its elements from the jig, the minuet and the cotillion. If it was not a pace, it certainly had *pace* in it, and no man could venture to call it anything else; so it passed off to the satisfaction of the owner.

"Walk him!" Bullet was now at home again; and he walked as if money was staked on him.

The stranger, whose name, I afterwards learned, was Peter Ketch, having examined Bullet to his heart's content, or-

dered his son, Neddy, to go and bring up Kit. Neddy soon appeared upon Kit, a well-formed sorrel of the middle size, and in good order. His *tout ensemble* threw Bullet entirely in the shade, though a glance was sufficient to satisfy any one that Bullet had decided advantage of him in point of intellect.

"Why man," said Blossom, "do you bring such a hoss as that to trade for Bullet? Oh, I see you're no notion of trading."

"Ride him off, Neddy!" said Peter. Kit put off at a handsome lope.

"Trot him back!" Kit came in at a long sweeping trot, and stopped suddenly at the crowd.

"Well," said Blossom, "let me look at him; maybe he'll do to plough."

"Examine him!" said Peter, taking hold of the bridle close to the mouth, "he's nothing but a tacky. He ain't as *pretty* a horse as Bullet, I know, but he'll do. Start 'em together for a hundred and fifty *mile;* and if Kit ain't twenty mile ahead of him at the coming out, any man may take Kit for nothing. But he's a monstrous mean horse, gentlemen, any man may see that. He's the scariest horse, too, you ever saw. He won't do to hunt on, no how. Stranger, will you let Neddy have your rifle to shoot off him? Lay the rifle between his ears, Neddy, and shoot at the blaze in that stump. Tell me when his head is high enough."

Ned fired, and hit the blaze; and Kit did not move a hair's breadth.

"Neddy, take a couple of sticks, and beat on that hogshead at Kit's tail."

Ned made a tremendous racket at which Bullet took fright, broke his bridle, and dashed off in grand style; and would have stopped all further negotiations by going home in disgust, had not a traveller arrested him and brought him back; but Kit did not move.

"I tell you, gentlemen," continued Peter "he's the scariest horse you ever saw. He ain't as gentle as Bullet, but he won't do any harm if you watch him. Shall I put him in a gig, cart, or wagon for you, stranger? He'll cut the same capers there he does here. He's a monstrous mean horse."

During all this time Blossom was examining him with the

nicest scrutiny. Having examined his frame and limbs, he now looked at his eyes.

"He's got a curious look out of his eyes," said Blossom.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Peter, "just as blind as a bat. Blind horses always have clear eyes. Make a motion at his eyes, if you please, sir."

Blossom did so, and Kit threw up his head rather as if something pricked him under the chin than as if fearing a blow. Blossom repeated the experiment, and Kit jerked back in considerable astonishment.

"Stone blind, you see, gentlemen," proceeded Peter; "but he's just as good to travel of a dark night as if he had eyes."

"Blame my buttons," said Blossom, "if I like them eyes."

"No," said Peter, "nor I neither. I'd rather have 'em made of diamonds; but they'll do, if they don't show as much white as Bullet's."

"Well," said Blossom, "make a pass at me."

"No," said Peter, "you made the banter, now make your pass."

"Well, I'm never afraid to price my hosses. You must give me twenty-five dollars boot."

"Oh, certainly; say fifty, and my saddle and bridle in. Here, Neddy, my son, take away daddy's horse."

"Well," said Blossom, "I've made my pass, now you make yours."

"I'm for short talk in a horse-swap, and therefore always tell a gentleman at once what I mean to do. You must give me ten dollars."

Blossom swore absolutely, roundly, and profanely, that he never would give boot.

"Well," said Peter, "I don't care about trading; but you cut such high shines, that I thought I'd like to back you out, and I've done it. Gentlemen, you see I've brought him to a hack."

"Come, old man," said Blossom, "I've been joking with you. I begin to think you do want to trade; therefore, give me five dollars and take Bullet. I'd rather lose ten dollars any time than not make a trade, though I hate to fling away a good hoss."

"Well," said Peter, "I'll be just as clever as you are, just

put the five dollars on Bullet's back, and hand him over it's a trade."

Blossom swore again, as roundly as before, that he would not give boot; and, said he, "Bullet wouldn't hold five dollars on his back, no how. But as I bantered you, if you say an even swap, here's at you."

"I told you," said Peter, "I'd be as clever as you, therefore, here goes two dollars more, just for trade sake. Give me three dollars, and it's a bargain."

Blossom repeated his former assertion; and here the parties stood for a long time, and the by-standers (for many were now collected) began to taunt both parties. After some time, however, it was pretty unanimously decided that the old man had backed Blossom out.

At length, Blossom swore he "never would be backed out for three dollars after bantering a man;" and, accordingly, they closed the trade.

"Now," said Blossom, as he handed Peter the three dollars, "I'm a man that when he makes a bad trade, makes the most of it until he can make a better. I'm for no rues and afterclaps."

"That's just my way," said Peter; "I never goes to law to mend my bargains."

"Ah, you're just the kind of a boy I love to trade with. Here's your hoss, old man. Take the saddle and bridle off him, and I'll strip yours; but lift up the blanket easy from Bullet's back, for he's a mighty tender-backed hoss."

The old man removed the saddle, but the blanket stuck fast. He attempted to raise it, and Bullet bowed himself, switched his tail, danced a little, and gave signs of biting.

"Don't hurt him, old man," said Blossom, archly; "take it off easy. I am, perhaps, a *leetle* of the best man at a horse-swap that ever catched a coon."

Peter continued to pull at the blanket more and more roughly, and Bullet became more and more *cavortish,* insomuch that, when the blanket came off, he had reached the *kicking* point in good earnest.

The removal of the blanket disclosed a sore on Bullet's backbone that seemed to have defied all medical skill. It measured six full inches in length and four in breadth, and had as

many features as Bullet had motions. My heart sickened at the sight; and I felt that the brute who had been riding him in that condition deserved the halter.

The prevailing feeling, however, was that of mirth. The laugh became loud and general at the old man's expense, and rustic witticisms were liberally bestowed upon him and his late purchase. These Blossom continued to provoke by various remarks. He asked the old man "if he thought Bullet would let five dollars lie on his back." He declared most seriously that he had owned that horse three months, and had never discovered before that he had a sore back, "or he never should have thought of trading him," etc.

The old man bore it all with the most philosophic composure. He evinced no astonishment at his late discovery, and made no replies. But his son, Neddy, had not disciplined his feelings quite so well. His eyes opened wider and wider from the first to the last pull of the blanket; and, when the whole sore burst upon his view, astonishment and fright seemed to contend for the mastery of his countenance. As the blanket disappeared, he stuck his hands in his breeches pockets, heaved a deep sigh, and lapsed into a profound revery, from which he was only roused by the cuts at his father. He bore them as long as he could; and, when he could contain himself no longer, he began, with a certain wildness of expression which gave a peculiar interest to what he uttered: "His back's mighty bad off; but . . . old Kit's both blind and *deef!*" . . .

"You walk him, and see if he *cint*. His eyes don't look like it; but he'd *jist as leave go agin* the house with you, or in a ditch, as any how. Now you go try him." The laugh was now turned on Blossom; and many rushed to test the fidelity of the little boy's report. A few experiments established its truth beyond controversy.

"Neddy," said the old man, "you oughtn't to try and make people discontented with their things. Stranger, don't mind what the little boy says. If you can only get Kit rid of them little failings, you'll find him all sorts of a horse. You are a *leetle* the best man at a horse-swap that I ever got hold of; but don't fool away Kit. Come, Neddy, my son, let's be moving; the stranger seems to be getting snappish."

A TOUCH OF POLEMICS

Reply to an Unbeliever.

THE great fault of the Christian religion, in your estimation and that which has been the source of all the miseries which it has brought upon the world, is that it claims to be the only true religion, and that it will allow mankind to have no other. Well, that is precisely the character of our religion, and it has always been enforced exactly as you are enforcing yours now, except that persuasion and entreaty (often with tears) are implements of its warfare, but never of yours. Why, man, are you not only morally blind, so that you cannot see the truth as it is in Christ, but physically blind, so that you cannot even see your adversary? Here we stand before the world in contrast; you the champion of your religion, I the champion of mine; you contending that yours is true; I contending that mine is true; you supporting yours by calm and temperate argument, I doing the same. They have not one common principle. Now what advantage have I over you or you over me in position on the field or in kind of armory? When you say that your religion is true, do you not virtually assert that all others are false? Can there be two religions wholly unlike and both true? The encroachments which I am now making upon your religion are exactly such as you are making on mine. In the name of God and of reason and of common sense, then, what do you mean when you complain of me and my people because we assert that there is but one true religion, and that we have it; and of our intolerance, when it is exactly your own? And yet you do this very thing plainly and unmistakably! Now, sir, I will be kinder to you than you are to yourself; I will save your understanding from the ravages of your words. You do not mean to be understood as contending that two religions differing in principles can both be true, but that the votaries of the true one should be perfectly inert and passive amidst a hundred false ones. If a true religion be worth nothing, you are right; but if it be of value, and great value, then you could not have broached a more preposterous opinion if you had searched a year for it. It is at war with the very nature and duty of man, if any duty be upon him. It is at war with the practices of

all men from the creation to this day, not excepting yourself. Had it been adopted and practiced by the races who have gone before us we would now be in African darkness. If adopted now and practiced in future, it would put a dead lock upon the wheels of science, and arrest all advancements in agriculture, commerce, internal improvement, government or morals. Let every man who discovers a good thing for soul or body keep it to himself, and not go to disturbing his neighbors with it to stir up strife and blood-shed among them! There's your principle, kind sir, in a nutshell. . . . .

We have said that if Christ did not perform the miracles attributed to him, his disciples forged them—nobody else could have done it.

The disciples were all ignorant, artless men. They commenced preaching soon after Christ's death in Jerusalem, where they were ordered to remain for some time and preach to the Jews only. They were all very sad at the departure of their Lord and Master; but while awaiting orders the thought struck some one of them (at a prayer-meeting most likely) that as they were soon going out to preach the gospel of Christ, and to assert that the author of it was the son of God, and equal with God, or rather God himself manifest in the flesh, they foresaw that they could make but little headway in their ministry unless they could convince the world that he did many superhuman works while he sojourned on earth. So they drew up the imaginary miracles as we find them. But there was a brother to be added to them to supply the place of Judas. So as soon as he was chosen they went to him and told all that they had done, and the reason of it, and presented him a copy of all the miracles they had agreed to preach. He received it very graciously and commenced committing them to memory as hard as he could, for the time for his preaching was at hand. It soon came on, and *(under our supposition, pray keep in mind)* these artless but dauntless champions of the Cross went out upon their mission of love and lying. How must their first sermons have run when they undertook to strengthen the gospel by an appeal to Christ's miracles? Somehow thus: "I tell you people of Jerusalem that Christ was 'the Power of God, and the Wisdom of God.' That he was the Wisdom of God, you learn from his gospel; that he was the power of God all Jerusalem

can testify from the number of miracles which he wrought in this city, which when these brethren 'saw they believed.' But some of you say *you* didn't see them and can't believe. Well, I'll give you one that you can't disbelieve. You all know that Lazarus, of our neighboring village, Bethany, died. You can't dispute that, for 'many' of you went out to sympathize and condole with his bereaved sisters. You wrapped him in his grave-clothes and buried him. You continued your tender assiduities to the sisters four days, when a message came to Martha, which she did stop to communicate to anybody, but hastened away. Soon after, another came to Mary who did the like; you supposing that she was going to the grave to weep followed her. She conducted you to Jesus, you saw her prostrate herself at his feet and heard her exclaim, 'Lord hadst thou been here, our brother had not died!' You mingled your tears with hers, and for the first and only time in his life, save one, 'Jesus wept.' You conducted him to the place of the brother's interment. Some of you removed the stone from the mouth of his grave. You heard the command of Christ to him to come forth, you saw him rise in the habiliments of the grave, you divested him of them and saw him go home with his rejoicing sisters. And then what? Many of you believed on him —and not all! O, no. Some of you did as you always do, you posted off to the devil's physicians for Christ's wounds, the Pharisees, and told them what Jesus had done. So you did when Christ gave sight to a man born blind. The actors in these scenes are yet alive; for it's not two years since they occurred. Lazarus comes to town every day or two, and you all stare at him, curious to learn whether a man raised from the dead is as he was before he died."

All this, and no one man saying to another: "Why, did you ever hear of such a pack of bare faced lies since you were born?" Not one even saying to another: "Did you ever hear of any of these things?" But this preaching in Jerusalem was modest and diffident compared with what it must have been when a disciple went to Capernaum to deliver himself. He reminded the inhabitants, of course, of what Christ had recently said about their city, spoke of his divine power, and called upon nine thousand men, besides women and children, in and about

Capernaum to testify to it from what they had seen and handled and tasted at the feasts of the loaves and fishes.

Well, thus they went on preaching for twenty or more years, until, having perfectly amalgamated their lies with Christ's truths, one of his disciples writes out a history of his Master. Soon after a follower, not a disciple, writes out another, then another of like kind does the like. And lastly, another disciple does the same. These historians all agree in giving the same character to Christ, but each one adds one or more miracles to the list given by his predecessor. These books are collected together, received by thousands and tens of thousands as the veritable word of God, are preserved as men preserve diamonds, and passed down from hand to hand, and pen to pen, to this day; and you are now complaining that these forging, lying rascals got up a religion eighteen hundred years ago that won't let you alone.

Now, sir, if the miracles recorded in the gospel were never wrought by Christ or anybody else, if they were all forgeries of the disciples and palmed off upon the credulity of mankind, in the way we have seen they must have been, then every disciple was himself as far out of the order of nature as a hot icicle would be, and therefore an indisputable miracle. God never made the man who could exactly fill the measure of a disciple according to your grading. But you believe he made twelve such. You do not believe that Christ possessed superhuman powers, but you believe that his servants did. You do not admit that he performed one miracle, but you admit that without check or reproof he allowed his disciples to assert everywhere that he wrought a hundred; for grant that he sent them out to preach after he rose from the dead, and you must suppose that he lived long enough to see whether they were getting along to his liking.

Thus believing and disbelieving, you are a compound of credulity and incredulity which throws you quite out of the order of nature and makes you a miracle.

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS

[1836—1909]

LAURENCE S. MARYE

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS was born near Charlestown, Jefferson County, Virginia (now West Virginia), on March 16, 1836, and is now, in his seventy-fourth year, in frail health but with mental faculties that show no touch of decadence, tranquilly spending the closing years of his life in the vicinity of that town, at his paternal home, Rion Hall. Although his retirement is often cheered by the visits of cherished friends, his chief companionship is with the books that look down upon him from the shelves of his ample library.

Mr. Lucas comes from honorable ancestry, identified on both sides with the history of the "Old Dominion," through Revolutionary times, through the Indian War, and in the Civil, or Confederate, War, in which last he took an active part. Indeed, few family records are more replete with romantic and military history than those of the Lucas and Bedinger families.

Daniel B. Lucas was the third of four children, the youngest, Virginia, possessing to a considerable extent the poetic temperament of her distinguished brother.

After attending several private academies, young Lucas was, in his seventeenth year, sent to the University of Virginia, where he remained four years, graduating under the elective system in most of the academic schools of that famous seat of learning. Possessing in high degree the gift of oratory, he was chosen the valedictorian of the Jefferson Society at the commencement exercises of 1856, his last year at the University. After leaving the University, he entered the well-known law school of Judge John W. Brockenborough, at Lexington, Virginia, from which he was graduated in 1858. He then obtained admission to the Bar and for a year practiced law in his native county of Jefferson and the contiguous counties.

Early in 1860 Mr. Lucas moved to Richmond, in which city he was engaged in the practice of his profession when the Civil War broke out. It was in this year that the Presidential contest took place which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln and the secession of the Southern States. During the preliminary canvass

an immense mass-meeting was held at the African Church in Richmond, that spacious building being at that day the place where political gatherings were held. Excitement ran high. The mass-meeting had been called, as was supposed, in furtherance of the candidacy of Mr. Robert M. T. Hunter for the nomination. When the principal speaker in behalf of Mr. Hunter sat down Mr. Lucas instantly rose to reply. Being of low stature, he stood upon the bench on which he had been sitting. As he had only recently come to the city, not one in ten of the audience had ever seen him, and a cry went up from every part of the house: "Who is he? who is he?" Pausing deliberately, and looking around upon the audience, Lucas replied: "I am a Democrat; I am a Virginian; I am a gentleman." A shout that shook the rafters of the building greeted this response, and there were exclamations of "Take the stand! Take the stand!" Lucas walked slowly forward, ascended the stand, and delivered a reply that simply overwhelmed his opponent. It was ardent, eloquent, sarcastic, withering. "Mr. Hunter may be a big man," said he, "but we want an available man like Wise. We want a sea-going craft that can ride the waters like a thing of life; not a big ship that, like the *Great Eastern,* is afraid to tempt the waves, and lies land-locked to all eternity." Such a triumph has seldom been witnessed on the political platform or the hustings.

The sympathies of Mr. Lucas being with his native State, he followed her fortunes, determined to fight for her as his ancestors had fought. In June, 1861, he joined the staff of General Henry A. Wise, ex-Governor of Virginia, and served under him during his campaign in the Kanawha Valley. He was not able to remain in the field during the entire war—indeed, his physical condition did not justify his entering at all upon an army life, as he had suffered when a child (by a fall from the nurse's arms, it is said) an injury to the spine which visited upon him a permanent bodily infirmity. Upon leaving the field, he resumed his residence in Richmond and opened again his law-office during the second and third years of the war, though there was but little practice, since, even if it was not true that, pursuant to the maxim, "*inter arma leges silent,*" the laws were inoperative, as a matter of fact the courts were practically closed. It is not to be supposed that during these years Mr. Lucas had ceased writing. On the contrary, many of his most polished and inspiring poetic effusions were written and published during the war period, and have a heightened interest from the military ardor that animates them and the clash of arms that resounds in their rhymes.

Mr. Lucas "ran the blockade" to Canada, leaving Richmond January 1, 1865, in order to assist in the defence of Captain John Yates

Beall, a college friend of his youth, who was tried and convicted as a spy and guerrilla by a court-martial at Governor's Island, New York, and executed February 24, 1865. In order to get away from Richmond and "run the blockade to Canada" Mr. Lucas had to cross the Potomac down near the Bay, where it was nine miles wide, cutting through the ice most of the way. Mr. Lucas continued his residence in Canada for several months, and there wrote, shortly after the surrender of General Lee, his celebrated poem, "The Land Where We Were Dreaming." This stirring poem was published first in the *Montreal Gazette,* and was then copied in many papers in this country and also in England, calling forth numerous notices of commendation. It depicts the awakening of the South from its fond illusion of a separate Confederacy.

Mr. Lucas followed this poem with a memoir of John Yates Beall and an official report of his trial (published by John Lovell, Montreal, 1865).

Shortly after the close of the war, he returned to the South and took up his residence at the Lucas home in Jefferson County, which, in the division of the State, had become a part of the new State of West Virginia. The "test oath," which of course he could not take, was then in force and prevented him from resuming the practice of law. In the year 1870 this obnoxious measure was, under the influence of a returning sense of justice, swept from the statutes of the State, and Mr. Lucas reëntered upon the practice of his profession in partnership with the distinguished jurist, Judge Thomas C. Green. In that year Mr. Lucas became also associate editor of the *Southern Metropolis,* a weekly journal published in Baltimore and owned and conducted by J. Fairfax McLaughten, LL.D., who was also its editor-in-chief. Of this journal the late Alexander H. Stephens said: "I have read the *Southern Metropolis* from its first number, and have often said, and now repeat, that it comes nearer filling the place of the London *Saturday Review* than any other paper on this continent."

Mr. Lucas devoted himself to the law and soon attained high rank in his profession. The West Virginia Reports contain many of his cases, and show that he was one of the most successful practitioners before that tribunal. In 1872 he was a Democratic presidential elector for his Congressional District, and again in 1876. In 1884 he was elector-at-large on the Cleveland ticket in West Virginia. He took an active part in these campaigns as a Jeffersonian Democrat, of which school he has always been an uncompromising champion. Another writer in 'Prominent Men of West Virginia' has said: "His addresses on 'The Renaissance of the Jeffersonian Democracy,' and kindred topics, have exercised a potential influence

upon public sentiment in West Virginia. Wendell Phillips, during the days of the abolition movement, never displayed more resolute purpose or inflexible devotion to his cause than Daniel B. Lucas has shown in his rigid adherence, both in practice and oratorical appeals, to the Jeffersonian standard of Democracy."

Mr. Lucas was a regent of the State University for eight years, and in July, 1876, was unanimously elected Professor of Law in that institution, an honor which his law practice obliged him to decline. For the same reason, in the same year, he also declined the office of Judge of the Circuit Court, to which he had been appointed by Governor Mathews to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Hoge. The degree of Doctor of Laws was most worthily and appropriately conferred upon him in 1884 by the University of West Virginia. In that year Mr. Lucas, yielding to the solicitations of the citizens of Jefferson County, became a member of the Legislature, where he took an active part as a reformer and was instrumental in correcting many abuses and causing the enactment of many salutary laws.

In the autumn of 1886 he was reëlected to the Legislature. At this session his most notable work was his opposition to, and defeat of, Senator Camden as his own successor in the United States Senate. In February, 1887, Governor Wilson appointed Mr. Lucas as Senator *ad interim*, until the regular election by the Legislature.

In 1869 Mr. Lucas married Miss Lena T. Brooke, the daughter of Henry L. Brooke of Richmond, Virginia, and a grand-niece of that eccentric character, but most gifted of Virginia statesmen, John Randolph of Roanoke. They have one daughter, Virginia Lucas, an only child.

It would seem that, for one who had led such an active professional and political life, with all the hard work incident to a career such as this sketch has outlined, but little opportunity had existed for literary composition, especially of a classical order. Nevertheless, Judge Lucas has accomplished an amount of literary work that would be honor enough of itself for any man of letters. In addition to the memoir of Captain Beall, above mentioned, he has published 'The Wreath of Eglantine,' a volume of poems, chiefly of his own composition, though a few were the production of a gifted sister, Miss Virginia Lucas, now deceased, these being 'The Maid of Northumberland,' a drama of the Civil War, and 'Ballads and Madrigals.' He has written other poems that were well received, and has delivered addresses for special occasions, and before patriotic assemblies. Of these latter, his finest production was an oration on Daniel O'Connell; a masterly analysis of the character, and a vivid historical picture of the time, of the Irish Liberator. This eloquent por-

trayal of O'Connell and his time met with an enthusiastic reception. It was prepared originally upon the invitation of the Parnell Club of Wheeling, and was delivered in the opera-house of that city on the evening of August 6, 1886. Mr. Lucas was invited to repeat it at the Norwood Institute, Washington, District of Columbia, April 13, 1888, and again in the room of the House of Delegates in the State Capitol, at Charleston, West Virginia, January 20, 1889. Of the patriotic and commemorative poems he has written, the following are the most notable: One for the dedication of the Confederate cemetery at Winchester, in 1865; one for the semi-centennial of the University of Virginia, in 1879; another for the unveiling of the Confederate Monument in Charlestown, in 1882; another for the Convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Literary Society of the Northwest, Chicago, October 19, 1887; and still another for the annual banquet of the New York Southern Society held in that city February 22, 1888. On each of these occasions Mr. Lucas was the chosen poet.

Among his discourses that have attracted most attention may be named that on John Brown, delivered at Winchester in 1865; that on John Randolph, at Hampden Sidney College, delivered in 1884; his "Study of Henry Clay," delivered at Louisville in 1891; and the one on Daniel O'Connell to which we have referred. These are admirable specimens of American learning and eloquence. The late Judge William Mathews Merrick, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, who heard the lecture on O'Connell when delivered in Washington, declared that for power of statement, originality of thought, and gift as an orator, Mr. Lucas was surpassed by no one whom he had ever heard.

He was appointed by the Governor to the Supreme Court of Appeals as the successor of the late Judge Green, his former partner, who died in November, 1889, and whose career and biography form the subject of a paper by Judge Lucas, which was read before the Bar Association of West Virginia. In 1890 he was regularly nominated to that high tribunal, and in November of that year he was elected by an overwhelming majority of the popular vote. He was soon made Chief Justice, or president of the court, and presided over its deliberations with dignity and marked ability for several years, until his declining health compelled him voluntarily to retire from the bench, and from all exacting labors, professional or otherwise.

It will be seen from this sketch that Mr. Lucas possesses talents of a very high order and that these talents are of a diversified character. He is an eminent jurist; a pleasing and powerful speaker, possessing the attributes of the real orator; and a poet of no mean merit.

We cannot lay aside the pen that pays this inadequate tribute without a concluding word upon Mr. Lucas's rare gift as a conversationalist. His discourse partakes not at all of the idle gossip of the day, or of trivialities of any kind. It is only a theme of intrinsic interest in the domain of current politics, or of statecraft or of literature, that can draw forth his flow of ready and often impassioned speech, and his powers of aggressive but always courteous disputation. When he is aroused by the discussion of some high and congenial theme, the glowing eye, the animated countenance, the play of feature, the emphatic gesture, impart to his conversation an indescribable fascination. Combining literary traits and social charms with fervid powers of debate, he brings delight into any company of congenial friends.

L. S. Marye.

DANIEL O'CONNELL

Extracts from an Address delivered at the Opera-house in Wheeling, August 6, 1886.

Daniel O'Connell was not only the friend of universal religious liberty, but he was, *intus et in cute*, a democrat, that is to say, a believer in the ultimate sovereignty of the people.

Although educated under foreign auspices and sacerdotal influences, unfriendly, perhaps, to popular liberty, he was by nature a democrat.

Cries Victor Hugo: "*Le peuple est une mer aussi!*" (The people, too, are a sea!).

From the outset of his political career, O'Connell embarked his fortunes upon this popular sea, with compass to the polar star of "the rights and liberties of the people." Said Fitzgerald, his opponent for County Clare at O'Connell's first election to Parliament, "I have polled the gentry to a man!"

But O'Connell had polled the people, and into Parliament he went, the first Catholic elected to the Commons for more than one hundred and fifty years.

When the Emancipation Bill was passed, Parliament had the bad grace to accompany it with disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. "This," says Mr. Yonge, "was the

first and only act, since the Revolution, restricting the franchise."

O'Connell met these restrictionists with a doctrine of political ethics, which he frequently avowed—"that every man had a natural right to vote!"

Soon afterwards came the great civic revolution introduced by the Reform Bill of 1832. O'Connell was among its staunchest supporters, and it was universally conceded that without his assistance and the Irish vote which he wielded, the bill could not have gone through. In 1838 he laid down his platform: "The four principles of our new agitation are, 1st, complete corporate reform; 2d, extension of the suffrage; 3d, total abolition of compulsory church support; 4th, adequate representation in Parliament."

These doctrines at that day (1838) were denounced as revolutionary, and their agitation constituted that "wild movement for radical reform," for which Lecky condemns O'Connell. But let the event decide between the Agitator and his accusers. The Corporate reform has come; Suffrage is extended; compulsory Church support is, in Ireland, a thing of the past. Thus has time pronounced, with solemn arbitrament and historic emphasis, in favor of the agitation of the great Reformer, who foreshadowed at the beginning of the century these beneficent reforms which have marked its progress, and will adorn its close.

When Lord Mayor of Dublin, he was snubbed by the Government, as, according to custom, he ought to have been made a baronet. All Ireland felt the slight which had been put upon her favorite son, and her citizens proposed to resent it by according an ovation to the Liberator on his return from England. This mortified him—that it should enter into any Irish head to suppose that a title possessed in his eyes any value. "Why then," wrote he—"why then, I do ask it, should my friends mix up my name with titles and matters of that description?" The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. It was tendered to O'Connell. Or did he prefer the Master of the Rolls, the choice of that was offered him (1832). "No," said he: "I dreamed a day-dream —was it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me."

In this country and at this day, it is almost impossible to

imagine the extent of the temptation or the value of the sacrifice in declining these offices.

The whole Anglo-Irish government was built, and from the earliest times had rested upon, an elaborate, premeditated, and recognized system of simony, bribery, rewards, pensions, and titles. Dublin Castle was the centre around which revolved a whole planetary system of honors and emoluments, beyond the illumination of which all was darkness and obscurity. Grattan had been pronounced the only unpurchased orator. Flood, Fitzgerald, Ponsonby, Castlereagh, Canning, Plunket, Saurin, Shiel—O my God! where shall we end this list, which, with few exceptions, might be pronounced the death-roll of Irish honor? Reviled, ridiculed, bellowed down in Parliament, "the best-abused man in Europe"—one thing remained to be tried by the Government to silence O'Connell: he must be bought! Every tailor in Ireland must go to work to fix him up a gown as Chief Baron, or Master of the Rolls.

The experiment failed. O'Connell could not be bribed. They had as well have gone about to measure for a gown one of their old Norse giants, or sent their tailors to draw their tape-lines about the rock-loined girth of old Scarig, or Holyhead, where they plant their everlasting feet in the suds of the sea, and lift their giant heads into the tumultuous clouds of an Irish sky! Another unpurchasable orator had been born in Ireland, who could not be tempted by a place, a peerage, or a pension. "Yes," replied he, "I will take a bribe—and my bribe is a Repeal of the Union!"

As an Irish democrat, O'Connell believed in the ultimate sovereignty of the people, as recognized by the glorious Revolution of 1688; that royalty was a trust, and rulers responsible for their good faith; that every subject who paid tribute and allegiance to the government, was entitled to representation and to a vote in the election of its administrators. He was, nevertheless, an admirer and supporter of the British constitution, because founded on the will of the English people, and best adapted to their own circumstances and history. "We are partial," said he, "to a legitimate and well-modelled monarchy in an hereditary line, and we, at the same time, reverence the majesty of the people. While we bear a true

allegiance to the British constitution, we will say that life is not worth enjoyment without the blessings of freedom."

Thus we see that O'Connell was a universal democrat. He recognized the ultimate sovereignty of the people everywhere.

But beyond question, the crowning glory of Daniel O'Connell's career consisted in his great doctrine of Pacific Agitation. It was this doctrine which gave him rank as a discoverer, and the author of a new dispensation in the religion of political life, which is even now slowly, but surely, working out the redemption of Ireland, the progress of which is retarded only when its spirit is violated, and its precepts departed from. To transfer the battle from the plane of brute force to that of reason and conscience; to throw upon its legally constituted conservators and guardians the responsibility for any breach of the peace; to cause the self-restraint of the multitude to impeach the impatience of judicial tribunals; to assemble a nation in tents, and make the rostrum greater than the barricade; to raise up walls of defence around ancient liberties by a voice more musical than Amphion's golden lyre, which raised the walls of Thebes; this was the great triumph of Daniel O'Connell.

Between Wolfe Tone and John Mitchell; between Robert Emmett and Smith O'Brien; between '98 and '48, he raised up by the inspiration of this gospel of pacific agitation the magnificent continent of Emancipated Ireland, like a beautiful island risen out of the sea.

Modern historians and philosophers may talk of "the froth of oratory," and the decline of the power of eloquence; nevertheless, a great orator with a great thought behind him is still the most potential engine of truth which this planet can set in motion. The pen is mightier than the sword, but the tongue is greater than the pen.

From Socrates to the Saviour of mankind; from Pericles to Patrick Henry; from Demosthenes to Daniel O'Connell, eloquence—spoken thought—has ruled the world! The voice of Daniel O'Connell in behalf of liberty and against violence was needed for all ages. It was an everlasting tocsin and an eternal protest. It was to oratory what the "Marseillaise" is to song. Nay, it surpassed the hymn of France, because its

immortal refrain was not "To Arms," but, "to the tribunal of Reason," which is first peaceable, and in time omnipotent. . .

His method as a reformer was pacific agitation, which, as defined and limited by him, was to the conflict between liberty and oppression what the invention of printing was to the battle between learning and ignorance. Many of his proposed reforms were regarded, in his own day, as chimerical; but said he: "The history of the world is not yet over!" And as this history has been unfolded, one by one, on its curtain, have his cartoons revealed themselves: one by one have they borne testimony to this wonderful genius and immortality of touch. How a historian and dialectician, as able as Mr. Lecky, can doubt his beneficent influence upon the destiny of Ireland seems beyond comprehension, and can only be accounted for as the fruit of a Trinity College graft upon Irish stock, transplanted and cultivated in the atmosphere of a London fog. If Ireland has realized any reforms at all during the present century, they are undoubtedly attributable to the agitation of O'Connell. We must measure his influence, not by the result of Catholic Emancipation alone, but by comparing the policy and opinions of Lord John Russell, whom he left in power in 1846, with those of Pitt, whom he found in office in 1800; and having comprehended the measure of this advance, let us compare the views of Russell in 1846 with those of William E. Gladstone in 1886, and it will be found that the trend of public opinion upon Irish questions has been steadily forward towards the realization of those principles which Daniel O'Connell first, among public men of his day, held forth and maintained. Many of these principles, then denounced as extreme and violent, have become as universally accepted as the Copernican system.

There is a marked difference between the estimates made of O'Connell before 1829 and those made after that date. The sketch of Mr. Richard Lalor Shiel, made in 1823, is of O'Connell the barrister simply, and has nothing of interest about O'Connell the Liberator. "O'Connell's style," says he, "is vigorous and copious, but incorrect. The want of compactness in his periods, however, I attribute chiefly to inatten-

tion. As to his general powers of eloquence he rarely fails in a case admitting of emotion to make a deep impression upon a jury; and in a popular assembly he is supreme."

In 1825, Shiel heard him in Free-Masons' Hall, in London. Shiel followed him and failed. His estimate of O'Connell's success before an English assemblage may be regarded as not partial to the speaker, but if anything the reverse. His description is photographic, without anything whatever chromatic about it. He tells us that O'Connell spoke for three and a half hours, and carried away with him not only the bulk of his hearers, but made a most favorable impression upon "the literary and English portion of the audience." This was many years before O'Connell's fame and power were at their height. Shelton McKenzie, who heard him, says of him: "He has been compared at times to the great orators whom Ireland has produced, but he resembles none of them singly. He has less imagination than Curran, less philosophy than Burke, less wit than Canning, less rhetoric than Shiel, less classicality than Bush, less eloquence than Plunket, less pathos than Grattan; but he had more *power* than any of them."

When John Randolph was in England, he had daily access to the House of Commons and to the House of Lords. By order of Lord Londonderry himself, he had the entrée by the private entrance near the throne. He was himself the most brilliant speaker in Congress while there—a scholar of cultivated taste, who had heard the finest orators in Europe and America. When he heard O'Connell he exclaimed: "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day." Wendell Phillips heard O'Connell in Exeter Hall, and was so intoxicated with his eloquence that he loses his self-possession in his effort to describe him. "Webster," says he, "could awe a senate, Everett could charm a college, and Choate a jury; Clay could magnetize the millions, and Corwin led them captive; O'Connell was Clay, Corwin, Choate, Everett, Webster in one."

Henry Giles heard him before a Scotch audience on Calton Hill, overlooking Edinburgh, "where his triumph was as complete as it could have been in Ireland, and more splendid in its circumstances." The estimate of him on the Continent was equally exalted. Montalembart, Ventura, Lacordaire,

have all testified to the unrivalled power of his eloquence. Upon such testimony, therefore, as ought to satisfy history, I think we should have no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that as an orator for the popular assembly, O'Connell had no equal since Demosthenes. For temporarily moving the multitude, perhaps Henry or Otis was his equal; but for permanently inspiring a people, no man but Demosthenes was his rival.

Never was a rôle more difficult than O'Connell's. Go as far as he might, he fell short of the expectations of his own church, while, however moderate his demands, the Orange faction and the advocates of Protestant ascendency stood ready to commit him to the Tower. "Would to God," he exclaims in a letter to Dr. McHale of Tuam, "I could have your Grace and Dr. Murray understand each other!" Later on, the young Irelanders undertook to resuscitate the old doctrine of violence, which he had devoted his life to eradicate from the Irish heart. Despite of them, he held out. "I will not take," he said, "nor allow to be taken, one step inconsistent with law."

Just out of prison, he was applauded when he entered the House of Commons; a radical reformer and a democrat, he received three votes for the throne of Belgium; a private subject, he granted his autograph at the request of a King whom he admired, but he refused it to an Emperor whom he despised; a Roman Catholic, he was endorsed by Dissenters, and embraced by the Quakers; in an intemperate age, he was strictly sober; a convict, he was eulogized by the judge who sentenced him; the greatest pacificator of his age, he was bound over in two thousand pounds to keep the peace! Such was the strange, almost incredible career of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, the Repealer, the Agitator, the Orator, the Great Commoner, and the Greatest Irishman.

THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING

From 'The Wreath of Eglantine.'

Fair were our nation's visions, and as grand
As ever floated out of fancy-land;
Children were we in simple faith,
But god-like children, whom nor death,
Nor threat of danger drove from honor's path—
In the land where we were dreaming!

Proud were our men as pride of birth could render,
As violets our women pure and tender;
And when they spoke, their voices' thrill
At evening hushed the whip-poor-will;
At morn the mocking bird was mute and still,
In the land where we were dreaming!

And we had graves that covered more of glory,
Than ever taxed the lips of ancient story;
And in our dream we wove the thread
Of principles for which had bled,
And suffered long our own immortal dead,
In the land where we were dreaming!

Tho' in our land we had both bond and free,
Both were content, and so God let them be;
Till Northern glances, slanting down,
With envy viewed our harvest sun—
But little recked we, for we still slept on,
In the land where we were dreaming!

Our sleep grew troubled, and our dreams grew wild;
Red meteors flashed across our heaven's field;
Crimson the Moon; between the Twins
Barbed arrows flew in circling lanes
Of light; red Comets tossed their fiery manes
O'er the land where we were dreaming!

Down from her eagle height smiled Liberty,
And waved her hand in sign of victory;
The world approved, and everywhere,
Except where growled the Russian bear,
The brave, the good and just gave us their prayer,
For the land where we were dreaming!

High o'er our heads a starry flag was seen,
Whose field was blanched, and spotless in its sheen;
Chivalry's cross its union bears,
And by his scars each vet'ran swears
To bear it on in triumph through the wars,
In the land where we were dreaming!

We fondly thought a Government was ours—
We challenged place among the world's great powers;
We talk'd in sleep of rank, commission,
Until so life-like grew the vision,
That he who dared to doubt but met derision,
In the land where we were dreaming!

A figure came among us as we slept—
At first he knelt, then slowly rose and wept;
Then gathering up a thousand spears,
He swept across the field of Mars,
Then bowed farewell, and walked behind the stars,
From the land where we were dreaming!

We looked again, another figure still
Gave hope, and nerved each individual will;
Erect he stood, as clothed with power;
Self-poised, he seemed to rule the hour,
With firm, majestic sway—of strength a tower,
In the land where we were dreaming!

As while great Jove, in bronze, a warder god,
Gazed eastward from the Forum where he stood,
Rome felt herself secure and free—
So Richmond, we, on guard for thee,
Beheld a bronzèd hero, god-like Lee,
In the land where we were dreaming!

As wakes the soldier when the alarum calls—
As wakes the mother when her infant falls—
As starts the traveler when around
His sleepy couch the fire-bells sound—
So woke our nation with a single bound—
In the land where we were dreaming!

Woe! woe! is us, the startled mothers cried,
While we have slept, our noble sons have died!
Woe! woe! is us, how strange and sad,
That all our glorious visions fled,
Have left us nothing real but our dead,
In the land where we were dreaming!

And are they really dead, our martyred slain?
No, Dreamers! Morn shall bid them rise again;
From every plain—from every height—
On which they seemed to die for right,
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight,
In the land where we were dreaming!

Unconquered still in soul, tho' now o'er-run,
In peace, in war, the battle's just begun!
Once this Thyestean banquet o'er,
Grown strong the few who bide their hour,
Shall rise and hurl its drunken guests from power,
In the land where we were dreaming!

THE WIND CHIMED LOW BY THE DEEP WAVE'S FLOW

From 'The Wreath of Eglantine.'

The wind chimed low by the deep wave's flow,
  As I strayed with my blue-eyed Lora,
And the twilight's gleam fell over the stream
  Of the winding Tuscarora.

O softer far than yon pale star
  Was the melting glance of Lora,
And her voice, like a bird, through the stillness stirred
  The dream of Tuscarora.

Now the Whip-poor-will is repeating still
  His chant to Pan or Flora,
But in fancy oft a sound more soft
  Floats over Tuscarora.

MY THOUGHT GROWS HAZY WITH THE SEASON'S TOUCH

From 'The Wreath of Eglantine.'

My thought grows hazy with the season's touch:
For this is Indian Summer, loved so much
  By bards, who set to most mellifluent rhyme
  Their hymns to Nature, in the olden time.

The sun, a day-born moon, shines dim through smoke,
The crows that clamor in the wilted oak,
  With many a darting and defiant mawk,
  Move not the ruffles of the lordly hawk.

The driven shingles, echoing o'er the hills,
Betoken care for coming Winter's ills;
  Only the red-bird's left to greet the morn—
  At eve, the wain brings in the golden corn.

The thirst to *see* thee—simply *see*—no more!
Comes like some new and unnamed passion o'er
  My soul, and makes it gloomier than the mist
  Which steals, like unformed dreams, from out the West!

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

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VOLUME VIII

MADISON—MURFREE

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME VIII

PAGE

MADISON, JAMES (1751-1836) - - - - 3283

BY EDGAR DAWSON

Vested Powers
Extent of the Union
A Candid State of Parties
Necessity for the Constitution

MAGILL, MARY TUCKER (1830-1899) - - - 3305

BY J. R. GRAHAM

The Review
The Evacuation and Burning of Richmond
The Black People Before the War

MAGRUDER, JULIA (1854-1907) - - - - 3321

BY ELIZABETH W. P. LOMAX

A Study of Social Conventions
The Musician and the Child

MALONE, WALTER (1866-1915) - - - - 3343

BY M. W. CONNOLLY

Opportunity
The Wood Thrush
The Reading Boy
Florida Nocturne
The Death of Poetry
A Mississippi Swamp
To a Friend
"When Thou Art Near"
Three Southern Scenes
A Portrait of Henry Timrod
The Lore of Love
The Whistling Boy
Mount Mitchell

MARSHALL, JOHN (1755-1835) - - - - 3369
BY A. J. MONTAGUE
Judicial Obligation
Judicial Veto
Doctrine of Implied Powers
The Principle of Interpretation
The Appreciation of the Judiciary
The Exact Compound
The Character of Washington
The State of the Country

MARSHALL, THOMAS FRANCIS (1801-1864) - - 3395
BY BASIL W. DUKE
Life and Character of Richard H. Menefee
Estimate of Henry Clay
Opposition to the Know-Nothing Organization

MARTIN, GEORGE MADDEN (1866—) - 3413
BY EVELYN SNEAD BARNETT
Hare and Tortoise
The Corporal On Duty

MAURY, MATTHEW FONTAINE (1806-1873) - - 3435
BY FRANCIS H. SMITH
The Gulf Stream as the Storm King
The Perfect Adaptation of Nature
Rules of Conduct
Reply to the Russian Offer
About "New Virginia"

MCCABE, WILLIAM GORDON (1841-1920) - - 3459
BY ROBERT ARMISTEAD STEWART
First Meeting and Last Parting
A Tribute to Thomas R. Price
Peroration from a Speech Before the New England Society of New York
Reunion of the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia
Dreaming in the Trenches
Christmas Night of '62
John Pegram
Only a Memory

PAGE

McClelland, Mary Greenway (1853-1895) - 3477

BY JOHN McLAREN McBRYDE, JR.

A Reversal of Fortune
Search for the Voudou
The Flood
Hunting the Wild Turkey

McCord, Louisa S. (1810-1879) - - - 3505

BY CLELIA P. McGOWAN

Caius Gracchus

McCrady, Edward (1833-1903) - - - - 3531

BY ALEXANDER S. SALLEY, JR.

The Predecessors of the Regular Settlers
The Battle of Fort Moultrie
South Carolina's Share in the Revolution

McDuffie, George (1790-1851) - - - 3547

BY E. L. GREEN

On the Election of the President and Vice-President of the United States
Defence of South Carolina
Speech at a Public Dinner
Address to the People of the United States
Remarks Delivered in the House of Representatives

McKinley, Carlyle (1847-1904) - - - 3567

BY WILLIAM ASHMEAD COURTENAY

Crucifer
Sapelo
At the Last
To-day and Yesterday
South Carolina, 1876
At Timrod's Grave
In Spring
The Toilers

PAGE

McNeill, John Charles (1874-1907) - - 3583

BY EDWARD K. GRAHAM

The Bride
Away Down Home
Oh, Ask Me Not
For Jane's Birthday
Home Songs
Protest
A Christmas Hymn
Lines
October
Paul Jones
Before Bedtime
To Sleep
Holding Off the Calf

Meek, Alexander Beaufort (1814-1865) - 3599

BY PETER J. HAMILTON

The Mocking Bird
Balaklava
Land of the South
Spring on the Southern Hills
The Death of Richard Henry Wilde
The Early Settlement of the Southwest

Mercier, Alfred (1816-1894) - - - - 3629

BY ALCÉE FORTIER

L'Habitation Saint-Ybars, ou Maîtres et Esclaves en Louisiane
Tawanta
Soleil Couchant

Miles, George Henry (1824-1871) - - - 3641

BY P. L. DUFFY

A Study of Hamlet
The Founding of Islam
Aladdin's Palace
San Sisto
The Death of De Soto
God Save the South!
Fidelis
Said the Rose

PAGE

MOÏSE, PENINA (1797-1880) - - - - 3663

BY BARNETT A. ELZAS

To Persecuted Foreigners
The Rejection of the Jew Bill by the House of Lords
Consecration Hymn
Resignation
Submission to the Will of God
Prayer
Love and Law
Lines

MONROE, JAMES (1758-1831) - - - - 3675

BY W. H. HECK

Address to the National Convention of France
Letter to the Governor of Virginia
The "Monroe Doctrine"
Letter to John C. Calhoun (1)
Letter to John C. Calhoun (2)

MOORE, JOHN TROTWOOD (1858—) - - 3693

BY W. M. BUNTING

Gray Gamma
To a Sweet Pea
The Recompense
Two Preachers
Sam Davis

MOORE, MAURICE (1729-1777) - - - - 3707

BY ALFRED MOORE WADDELL

The "Atticus" Letter

MURFREE, MARY NOAILLES (1850-1922) - - 3721

BY G. H. BASKETTE

A Trial by Jury
The Faith of the Indian
The Duel in the Swamp

JAMES MADISON

[1751—1836]

EDGAR DAWSON

JAMES MADISON, famous as the father of the Federal Constitution, was a member of the landed aristocracy which produced Washington and Jefferson. The earliest unquestioned record of his paternal ancestors speaks of a settlement in Virginia, between the North and York Rivers, in 1653. Later the family moved to Orange County, where James Madison's life-long home was situated. His maternal forebears lived at Port Conway, King George County, Virginia, where James was born, March 16, 1751, while his mother, née Eleanor Conway, was visiting her parents.

Madison profited by the best educational advantages that the colonies had to offer. A hard-headed Scotch schoolmaster gave his mind its first bent. His second teacher, Rev. Thomas Martin, was a graduate of Princeton, and a man of broad mind and catholic spirit. Young Madison himself entered Princeton, then the only American college that was not local in its interests and patronage, in 1768, the year that marks the beginning of Dr. Witherspoon's presidency of the college. The next four years were spent in most assiduous study. He entered as a sophomore, spent three years in acquiring the bachelor's degree, and remained a fourth, which he spent mainly in reading Hebrew under the direction of Dr. Witherspoon, allowing himself sometimes no more than three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. The intimate friendship and mutual respect which the young student and the distinguished Scotchman formed for each other continued throughout their lives; and there can be no doubt that Madison profited by close association with such a mind and character. In fact, there could have been no better preparation for his career than the training he received during these four years in company with some fourscore youths selected from the best families of the various colonies. Then he lost much of the provincialism which was the political curse of the time, and acquired that broad horizon that made him protagonist of nationalism and religious freedom. The first three years after he left college were spent in voracious reading in theology, history, and constitutional law. His motto may well have been "Study as if for life eternal; live prepared to die to-morrow."

Such was the youth who, in May, 1776, entered the Virginia Convention at Williamsburg to begin his life-work as the member from Orange. "He was five feet six inches tall, and his body was thin and delicate. His pale face was lighted by a pair of hazel eyes which were ready to reflect a quiet humor, but his features were irregular and not handsome, and his countenance bespoke the suffering of bad health. His hair was light, combed back and gathered into a small queue behind, tied with a plain ribbon. He was clothed so soberly that he looked more like a dissenting divine than the heir of a planter of large estate." But under this modest and demure exterior were concealed a mind of remarkable powers of analysis and a fund of information on matters historical and political, probably second to none in America.

Madison's life may be divided into three periods: twenty-five years of preparation, forty years of activity (1776-1817), and twenty years of retirement. In the second period were twenty-five years of legislative activity and sixteen of administrative duty, consisting of two terms as Secretary of State and two terms as President. His career as an executive adds little to his fame. While he was by no means a "pale shadow of Thomas Jefferson," he was not suited by endowment or training for the Presidency, and he was especially unfortunate in being called to it in the midst of foreign complications and violent domestic controversies.

Madison's position as a man of letters, as well as his fame as a statesman, rests on his labors during the second quarter-century of his life. It was an age "of constructive statesmanship, a period when all men of extraordinary intellectual power devoted their genius, not to scientific or poetic inventions, but to earnest striving for truth as it concerns human rights and government." With the exception of a few utterances on agricultural and biological subjects, he has left only letters and political papers.

His first political efforts were in behalf of religious freedom and in defence of the free navigation of the Mississippi River. In the Virginia struggle against an establishment he fought at first almost alone. The first draft of the State Constitution was made to read: "All men should enjoy the fullest toleration in the exercise of religion"; and at the word "toleration" his mind rebelled. He argued that if a State may tolerate, its ultimate control is conceded. After a considerable battle, in which his powers of logic were for the first time fully recognized, the Constitution was finally adopted with the troublesome clause amended to read "all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion." Mention may be made in this connection of two papers in which the religious fight is continued:

"Memorial and Remonstrance against Religious Assessment" (1785), and "Petition against Church Establishment" (1786).

He fully realized the great importance of keeping the Mississippi open, and he never wavered in his position even when both Virginia and New England, first one and then the other, were willing to sacrifice the interests of the tramontane settlements to Eastern shortsightedness. His views are systematically presented in his "Instructions to John Jay relative to the free navigation of the Mississippi" (1780). His interest in the navigation of the Potomac, however, is more important to the biographer of Madison as leading directly to his *magnum opus*. The discussion that occasioned his "Resolutions touching the navigation of the Potomac" (1784) also brought about a meeting of representatives from several States to discuss interstate commerce. This meeting in turn led directly to the call for the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

After independence was assured the little national patriotism that had grown up during the war soon began to lose ground before local interests. Leading men realized that some respectable and efficient form of Federal Government must be devised if the results of the Revolution were not to be lost in petty bickering. Madison probably saw as clearly as anyone the direction that reform must take and welcomed an occasion for a convention that would do thorough work. In 1787 he wrote on "Vices of the Political System of the United States," which was followed almost at once by an essay "On Ancient and Modern Confederacies." It is unfortunate that his "Origin of the Constitutional Convention" remained a fragment. We know, however, that many of the men who assembled in Philadelphia in May, 1787, had little love for the government under which they were then living, and were prepared to revise without mercy. Among these reformers Madison and Hamilton were leaders. There are few who will deny to Madison his title, "Father of the Constitution." It was his infinite patience, tact, good spirit, and reasonableness in Philadelphia, and later at Williamsburg, that adjusted the differences between the contending factions, unraveled the multitudinous complications, and finally secured the submission and ratification of the instrument. His 'Journal of the Constitutional Convention,' a work of some eight hundred octavo pages, is his most important literary monument, and has been called the most valuable single work by any American. Its interest is wholly historical and political; but so long as the Federal Constitution continues to be an object of study this Journal will be the authority of first importance to the student.

The contest over the ratification of the Constitution evoked Madi-

son's most earnest efforts. The proceedings of the convention had wisely been kept secret; men knew nothing of what was being done, and when the work was finished no opinion was formed. The first necessity, therefore, was for the work to be explained and the results philosophically defended. This was undertaken by Madison, Hamilton, and Jay, who wrote for the press eighty-five articles, which were later collected and published as 'The Federalist.' The authorship of many of these papers is still unsettled. Madison certainly wrote fourteen, collaborated with Hamilton in three, and probably wrote three others. The style of the whole collection is so uniform, the arguments used are so similar, and the claims of authorship so conflicting, that a definite solution of the problem will probably never be obtained. Of the collection as a whole a distinguished jurist says: "I know not indeed of any work on the principles of free government that is to be compared, in instruction and intrinsic value, to the small and unpretending volume of 'The Federalist'; not even if we resort to Aristotle, Cicero, Machiavel, Montesquieu, Milton, Locke, or Burke. It is equally admirable in the depths of its wisdom, the comprehensiveness of its views, the sagacity of its references, and the fearlessness, candor, simplicity, and elegance with which its truths are uttered and commended."

Madison would doubtless have written a larger proportion of the papers had his services not been demanded in the Virginia campaign for ratification. His speeches before the State convention, where Patrick Henry was his chief opponent, are worthy of careful study. John Marshall, probably with those speeches in mind, said: "Eloquence has been defined as the art of persuasion. If it includes persuasion by convincing, Mr. Madison was the most eloquent man I ever heard." It was a battle of cogent logic against impassioned oratory. The climax of the great logician's life was reached when, on June 25, 1788, the Constitution was ratified. Henry, however, never forgave his conqueror, and, after preventing his election to the Senate, came near to keeping him out of the House of Representatives as well.

As soon as the Constitution was adopted division arose in the camp of its friends. Hamilton had accepted the Constitution as "a compromise with anarchy," and became at once the leading advocate of a "loose construction"; while Madison, as leader of the House of Representatives and as defender of the rights of the States which a "strict construction" would preserve, was his principal opponent. The latter presented his views on the subject in a number of speeches in Congress and in five letters to the press which he signed "Helvidius" (1793). These were in answer to similar

letters by Hamilton, signed "Pacificus," to defend President Washington's proclamation of neutrality. Madison took the ground that the proclamation was not properly an executive act, but one that should be performed by the legislative branch of the government. Written in great haste, in the midst of a Virginia summer, these papers represent their author's opinions rather than his style. Examples of his style of writing when not under stress may be found in the essays that he contributed in 1791 and 1792 to *Freneau's National Gazette* and in "Jonathan Bull and Mary Bull" (1821). This last is an allegorical account of the growing antagonism between the North and the South, and is unique among Madison's writings in that in it he allows some play to his imagination. Among his remaining writings may be mentioned the "Virginia Resolutions" (1799), with several papers called forth by the discussion of them; "An examination of the British Doctrine which subjects to Capture a Neutral Trade not open in time of Peace" (1806), and two papers on "Sovereignty" and "Nullification," both appearing in 1835. He died at Montpelier, Orange County, Virginia, June 28, 1836, the last production of his pen having been the "Nullification," in which he defends against the nullifiers that fabric of government his part in the creation of which is his title to fame.

Students of Madison's style have volunteered several explanations of it. Among other things, they say it was the result of his readings of Eighteenth Century literature, especially *The Spectator*. One of his biographers thinks that Dr. Witherspoon's influence is to be found in it. Such explanations are neither satisfactory nor necessary. Madison's temperament, training, the circumstances under which he wrote, and the objects for which he wrote determined his style; it would not, all things considered, have been other than it was. It is marked by dignity, appeal to the intellect alone, aptness of illustration, lack of humor or beauty, Latinized diction, and the long rhythmical sentences that also characterized Eighteenth Century writers; it is not forceful except in the force of his reasoning; it would be useless if resorted to in any but a righteous cause. It is the expression of the man.

The student of Madison's life and works is not well supplied with material. There is no adequate bibliography for his use; no satisfactory biography has been written; and, until recently, no complete edition of his writings has been undertaken. Gaillard Hunt's edition of his works, mentioned below, promises to be entirely satisfactory, and his biography is at least sympathetic. He promises a two-volume "Life" in the near future. John Fiske's essay, "James Madison, the Constructive Statesman," is the best estimate of the man and his work

at present available. Henry Adams's 'History of the United States' gives an excellent account of Madison's times, but must be taken with some allowance when Madison himself is under discussion. The principal works on Madison that are available are mentioned below.

Edgar Dawson.

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VESTED POWERS

From 'The Federalist.'

"To guaranty to every state in the union a republican form of government; to protect each of them against invasion; and, on application of the legislature or of the executive, (when the legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence."

In a confederacy founded on republican principles, and composed of republican members, the superintending government ought clearly to possess authority to defend the system against aristocratic or monarchical innovations. The more intimate the nature of such an union may be, the greater interest have the members in the political institutions of each other, and the greater right to insist, that the forms of government under which the compact was entered into, should be *substantially* maintained.

But a right implies a remedy; and where else could the remedy be deposited, than where it is deposited by the constitution? Governments of dissimilar principles and forms have been found less adapted to a federal coalition of any sort, than those of a kindred nature. "As the confederate republic of Germany," says Montesquieu, "consists of free cities, and petty states, subject to different princes, experience shows us, that it is more imperfect, than that of Holland and Switzerland. Greece was undone," he adds, "as soon as the king of Macedon obtained a seat among the Amphyctions." In the latter case, no doubt, the disproportionate force, as well as the monarchical form of the new confederate, had its share of influence on the events.

It may be possibly asked, what need there could be of such a precaution, and whether it may not become a pretext for alterations in the state governments, without the concurrence of the states themselves. These questions admit of ready answers. If the interposition of the general government should not be needed, the provision for such an event will be a harmless superfluity only in the constitution. But who can say, what experiments may be produced by the caprice of particular states, by the ambition of enterprising leaders, or by the intrigues and influence of foreign powers? To the second

question it may be answered, that if the general government should interpose by virtue of this constitutional authority, it will be of course bound to pursue the authority. But the authority extends no farther than to a *guaranty* of a republican form of government, which supposes a pre-existing government of the form which is to be guaranteed. As long, therefore, as the existing republican forms are continued by the states, they are guaranteed by the federal constitution.

Whenever the states may choose to substitute other republican forms, they have a right to do so, and to claim the federal guaranty for the latter. The only restriction imposed upon them is, that they shall not exchange republican for anti-republican constitutions; a restriction which, it is presumed, will hardly be considered as a grievance.

A protection against invasion is due, from every society, to the parts composing it. The latitude of the expression here used seems to secure each state, not only against foreign hostility, but against ambitious or vindictive enterprises of its more powerful neighbours. The history, both of ancient and modern confederacies, proves, that the weaker members of the union ought not to be insensible to the policy of this article.

Protection against domestic violence is added with equal propriety. It has been remarked, that even among the Swiss cantons, which, properly speaking, are not under one government, provision is made for this object; and the history of that league informs us, that mutual aid is frequently claimed and afforded; and as well by the most democratic, as the other cantons. A recent and well-known event among ourselves has warned us to be prepared for emergencies of a like nature.

At first view, it might seem not to square with the republican theory, to suppose, either that a majority have not the right, or that a minority will have the force, to subvert a government, and consequently, that the federal interposition can never be required, but when it would be improper. But theoretic reasoning, in this, as in most cases, must be qualified by the lessons of practice. Why may not illicit combinations, for purposes of violence, be formed as well by a majority of a state, especially a small state, as by a majority of a county, or a district of the same state; and if the authority of the

state ought in the latter case to protect the local magistracy, ought not the federal authority in the former to support the state authority? Besides, there are certain parts of the state constitutions, which are so interwoven with the federal constitution, that a violent blow cannot be given to one, without communicating the wound to the other. Insurrections in a state will rarely induce a federal interposition, unless the number concerned in them bear some proportion to the friends of government. It will be much better, that the violence in such cases should be repressed by the superintending power, than that the majority should be left to maintain their cause by a bloody and obstinate contest. The existence of a right to interpose, will generally prevent the necessity of exerting it.

Is it true, that force and right are necessarily on the same side in republican governments? May not the minor party possess such a superiority of pecuniary resources, of military talents and experience, or of secret succours from foreign powers, as will render it superior also in an appeal to the sword? May not a more compact and advantageous position turn the scale on the same side, against a superiour number so situated as to be less capable of a prompt and collected exertion of its strength? Nothing can be more chimerical than to imagine, that in a trial of actual force, victory may be calculated by the rules which prevail in a census of the inhabitants, or which determine the event of an election! May it not happen, in fine, that the minority of *citizens* may become a majority of *persons,* by the accession of alien residents, of a casual concourse of adventurers, or of those whom the constitution of the state has not admitted to the rights of suffrage? I take no notice of an unhappy species of population abounding in some of the states, who, during the calm of regular government, are sunk below the level of men; but who, in tempestuous scenes of civil violence, may emerge into the human character, and give a superiority of strength to any party with which they may associate themselves.

In cases where it may be doubtful on which side justice lies what better umpires could be desired by two violent factions flying to arms and tearing a state to pieces, than the representatives of confederate states, not heated by the local flame? To the impartiality of judges, they would unite the

affection of friends. Happy would it be, if such a remedy for its infirmities could be enjoyed by all free governments if a project equally effectual, could be established for the universal peace of mankind!

Should it be asked, what is to be the redress for an insurrection pervading all states, and comprising a superiority of the entire force, though not a constitutional right? The answer must be, that such a case, as it would be without the compass of human remedies, so it is fortunately not within the compass of human probability; and that it is a sufficient recommendation of the federal constitution, that it diminishes the risk of a calamity, for which no possible constitution can provide a cure.

Among the advantages of a confederate republic, enumerated by Montesquieu, an important one is, "that should a popular insurrection happen in one of the states, the others are able to quell it. Should abuses creep into one part, they are reformed by those that remain sound."

EXTENT OF THE UNION

From 'The Federalist.'

We have seen the necessity of the union, as our bulwark against foreign danger; as the conservator of peace among ourselves; as the guardian of our commerce, and other common interests; as the only substitute for those military establishments which have subverted the liberties of the old world; and as the proper antidote for the diseases of faction, which have proved fatal to other popular governments and of which alarming symptoms have been betrayed by our own. All that remains, within this branch of our inquiries, is to take notice of an objection, that may be drawn from the great extent of country which the union embraces. A few observations, on this subject, will be the more proper, as it is perceived, that the adversaries of the new constitution are availing themselves of a prevailing prejudice, with regard to the practicable sphere of republican administration, in order to supply, by imaginary difficulties, the want of those solid objections, which they endeavour in vain to find.

The errour which limits republican government to a narrow district, has been unfolded and refuted in preceding papers. I remark here only, that it seems to owe its rise and prevalence chiefly to the confounding of a republic with a democracy; and applying to the former, reasonings drawn from the nature of the latter. The true distinction between these forms, was also adverted to on a former occasion. It is, that in a democracy, the people meet and exercise the government in person: in a republic, they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents. A democracy, consequently, must be confined to a small spot. A republic may be extended over a large region.

To this accidental source of the errour, may be added the artifice of some celebrated authors, whose writings have had a great share in the forming of the modern standard of political opinions. Being subjects, either of an absolute, or limited monarchy, they have endeavoured to heighten the advantages, or palliate the evils, of those forms, by placing in comparison with them the vices and defects of the republican, and by citing, as specimens of the latter, the turbulent democracies of ancient Greece, and modern Italy. Under the confusion of names, it has been an easy task to transfer to a republic observations applicable to a democracy only; and, among others, the observation, that it can never be established but among a small number of people, living within a small compass of territory.

Such a fallacy may have been the less perceived, as most of the popular governments of antiquity were of the democratic species; and even in modern Europe, to which we owe the great principle of representation, no example is seen of a government wholly popular, and founded, at the same time, wholly on that principle. If Europe has the merit of discovering this great mechanical power in government, by the simple agency of which, the will of the largest political body may be concentered, and its force directed to any object, which the public good requires; America can claim the merit of making the discovery the basis of unmixed and extensive republics. It is only to be lamented, that any of her citizens should wish to deprive her of the additional merit of displaying its full efficacy in the establishment of the comprehensive

system now under her consideration. As the natural limit of a democracy is that distance from the central point, which will just permit the most remote citizens to assemble as often as their public functions demand, and will include no greater number than can join in those functions: so the natural limit of a republic, is that distance from the centre, which will barely allow the representatives of the people to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs. Can it be said, that the limits of the United States exceed this distance? It will not be said by those who recollect that the Atlantic coast is the longest side of the union; that during the term of thirteen years, the representatives of the states have been almost continually assembled; and that the members, from the most distant states, are not chargeable with greater intermissions of attendance, than those from the states in the neighbourhood of Congress.

That we may form a juster estimate with regard to this interesting subject, let us resort to the actual dimensions of the union. The limits, as fixed by the treaty of peace, are, on the east the Atlantic, on the south the latitude of thirty-one degrees, on the west the Mississippi, and on the north an irregular line running in some instances beyond the forty-fifth degree, in others falling as low as the forty-second. The southern shore of Lake Erie lies below that latitude. Computing the distance between the thirty-first and forty-fifth degrees, it amounts to nine hundred and seventy-three common miles; computing it from thirty-one to forty-two degrees, to seven hundred sixty-four miles and a half. Taking the mean for the distance, the amount will be eight hundred sixty-eight miles and three-fourths. The mean distance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, does not probably exceed seven hundred and fifty miles. On a comparison of this extent, with that of several countries in Europe the practicability of rendering our system commensurate to it, appears to be demonstrable. It is not a great deal larger than Germany, where a diet, representing the whole empire, is continually assembled; or than Poland before the late dismemberment, where another national diet was the depository of the supreme power. Passing by France and Spain, we find that in Great Britain, inferiour as it may be in size, the representatives of the northern ex-

tremity of the island have as far to travel to the national council, as will be required of those of the most remote parts of the union.

Favourable as this view of the subject may be, some observations remain, which will place it in a light still more satisfactory.

In the first place, it is to be remembered, that the general government is not to be charged with the whole power of making and administering laws; its jurisdiction is limited to certain enumerated objects, which concern all the members of the republic, but which are not to be attained by the separate provisions of any. The subordinate governments, which can extend their care to all those other objects, which can be separately provided for, will retain their due authority and activity. Were it proposed by the plan of the convention, to abolish the governments of the particular states, its adversaries would have some ground for their objection; though it would not be difficult to show, that if they were abolished, the general government would be compelled, by the principle of self-preservation, to reinstate them in their proper jurisdiction.

A second observation to be made is, that the immediate object of the federal constitution, is to secure the union of the thirteen primitive states, which we know to be practicable; and to add to them such other states, as may arise in their own bosoms, or in their neighbourhoods, which we cannot doubt to be equally practicable. The arrangements that may be necessary for those angles and fractions of our territory, which lie on our north western frontier, must be left to those whom further discoveries and experience will render more equal to the task.

Let it be remarked, in the third place, that the intercourse throughout the union will be daily facilitated by new improvements. Roads will every where be shortened, and kept in better order; accommodations for travellers will be multiplied and meliorated; an interiour navigation on our eastern side, will be opened throughout, or nearly throughout, the whole extent of the Thirteen States. The communication between the western and Atlantic districts, and between different parts of each, will be rendered more and more easy by those numerous canals, with which the beneficence of nature has intersected

our country, and which art finds it so little difficult to connect and complete.

A fourth, and still more important consideration, is that as almost every state will, on one side or other, be a frontier and will thus find, in a regard to its safety, an inducement to make some sacrifices for the sake of the general protection: so the states which lie at the greatest distance from the heart of the union, and which of course may partake least of the ordinary circulation of its benefits, will be at the same time immediately contiguous to foreign nations, and will consequently stand, on particular occasions, in greatest need of its strength and resources. It may be inconvenient for Georgia, or the states forming our western or north eastern borders, to send their representatives to the seat of government; but they would find it more so to struggle alone against an invading enemy, or even to support alone the whole expense of those precautions, which may be dictated by the neighbourhood of continual danger. If they should derive less benefit therefore from the union in some respects, than the less distant states, they will derive greater benefit from it in other respects, and thus the proper equilibrium will be maintained throughout.

I submit to you, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense which has so often marked your decisions, will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the errour on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice, which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many chords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice, which petulantly tells you, that the form of government recommended for your adoption, is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the widest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen, shut your ears against this

unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defence of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horrour at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts is that of rending us in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties, and promote our happiness. But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favour of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the revolution, for which a precedent could not be discovered; no government established of which an exact model did not present itself, the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must at best have been labouring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America, happily, we trust, for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new modelled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide. PUBLIUS.

A CANDID STATE OF PARTIES

From *The National Gazette,* September 26, 1792.

As it is the business of the contemplative statesman to trace the history of parties in a free country, so it is the duty of the citizen at all times to understand the actual state of them. Whenever this duty is omitted, an opportunity is given to designing men, by the use of artificial or nominal distinctions, to oppose and balance against each other those who never differed as to the end to be pursued, and may no longer differ as to the means of attaining it. The most interesting state of parties in the United States may be referred to three periods: Those who espoused the cause of independence and those who adhered to the British claims, formed the parties of the first period: if, indeed, the disaffected class were considerable enough to deserve the name of a party. This state of things was superseded by the treaty of peace in 1783. From 1783 to 1787 there were parties in abundance, but being rather local than general, they are not within the present review.

The Federal Constitution, proposed in the latter year, gave birth to a second and most interesting division of the people. Every one remembers it, because every one was involved in it.

Among those who embraced the constitution, the great body were unquestionably friends to republican liberty; tho' there were no doubt, some who were openly or secretly attached to monarchy and aristocracy; and hoped to make the constitution a cradle for these hereditary establishments. Among those who opposed the constitution, the great body were certainly well affected to the union and to good government, tho' there might be a few who had a leaning unfavourable to both. This state of parties was terminated by the regular and effectual establishment of the federal government in 1788; out of the administration of which, however, has arisen a third division, which being natural to most political societies, is likely to be of some duration in ours.

One of the divisions consists of those, who from particular interest, from natural temper, or from the habits of life, are more partial to the opulent than to the other classes of society; and having debauched themselves into a persuasion that man-

kind are incapable of governing themselves, it follows with them, of course, that government can be carried on only by the pageantry of rank, the influence of money and emoluments, and the terror of military force. Men of those sentiments must naturally wish to point the measures of government less to the interest of the many than of a few, and less to the reason of the many than to their weaknesses; hoping perhaps in proportion to the ardour of their zeal, that by giving such a turn to the administration, the government itself may by degrees be narrowed into fewer hands, and approximated to an hereditary form.

The other division consists of those who believing in the doctrine that mankind are capable of governing themselves, and hating hereditary power as an insult to the reason and an outrage to the rights of man, are naturally offended at every public measure that does not appeal to the understanding and to the general interest of the community, or that is not strictly conformable to the principles, and conducive to the preservation of republican government.

This being the real state of parties among us, an experienced and dispassionate observer will be at no loss to decide on the probable conduct of each.

The anti-republican party, as it may be called, being the weaker in point of numbers, will be induced by the most obvious motives to strengthen themselves with the men of influence, particularly of moneyed, which is the most active and insinuating influence. It will be equally their true policy to weaken their opponents by reviving exploded parties, and taking advantage of all prejudices, local, political, and occupational, that may prevent or disturb a general coalition of sentiments.

The republican party, as it may be termed, conscious that the mass of people in every part of the union, in every state, and of every occupation must at bottom be with them, both in interest and sentiment, will naturally find their account in burying all antecedent questions, in banishing every other distinction than that between enemies and friends to republican government, and in promoting a general harmony among the latter, wherever residing, or however employed.

Whether the republican or rival party will ultimately es-

tablish its ascendance, is a problem which may be contemplated now; but which time alone can solve. On one hand experience shews that in politics as in war, stratagem is often an overmatch for numbers; and among more happy characteristics of our political situation, it is now well understood that there are peculiarities, some temporary, others more durable, which may favour that side in the contest. On the republican side, again, the superiority of numbers is so great, their sentiments are so decided, and the practice of making a common cause, where there is a common sentiment and common interest, in spight of circumstantial and artificial distinctions, is so well understood, that no temperate observer of human affairs will be surprised if the issue in the present instance should be reversed, and the government be administered in the spirit and form approved by the great body of the people.

NECESSITY FOR THE CONSTITUTION

Speech in the Virginia Convention, 1788.

Give me leave to say something of the nature of the government, and to show that it is safe and just to vest it with the power of taxation. There are a number of opinions; but the principal question is, whether it be a federal or consolidated government: in order to judge properly of the question before us, we must consider it minutely in its principal parts. I conceive myself that it is of a mixed nature; it is in a manner unprecedented; we cannot find one express example in the experience of the world. It stands by itself. In some respects it is a government of a federal nature; in others it is of a consolidated nature. Even if we attend to the manner in which the constitution is investigated, ratified and made the act of the people of America, I can say, notwithstanding what the honorable gentleman has alleged, that this government is not completely consolidated nor is it entirely federal. Who are parties to it? The people—but not the people as composing one great body; but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties: were it as the gentleman asserts, a consolidated government, the assent of a majority of the people would be sufficient for its establishment, and as a majority, have adopted it already,

the remaining states would be bound by the act of the majority, even if they unanimously reprobated it: were it such a government as it is suggested, it would be now binding on the people of this state, without having had the privilege of deliberating upon it; but, sir, no state is bound by it, as it is, without its own consent. Should all the states adopt it, it will then be a government established by the thirteen states of America, not through the intervention of the legislatures, but by the people at large. In this particular respect the distinction between the existing and proposed governments is very material. The existing system has been derived from the dependent derivative authority of the legislatures of the states, whereas this is derived from the superior power of the people. If we look at the manner in which alterations are to be made in it, the same idea is in some degree attended to. By the new system a majority of the states cannot introduce amendments; nor are all the states required for that purpose; three-fourths of them must concur in alterations; in this there is a departure from the federal idea. The members to the national house of representatives are to be chosen by the people at large, in proportion to the numbers in the respective districts. When we come to the senate, its members are elected by the states in their equal and political capacity; but had the government been completely consolidated, the senate would have been chosen by the people in their individual capacity, in the same manner as the members of the other house. Thus it is of a complicated nature, and this complication, I trust, will be found to exclude the evils of absolute consolidation, as well as of a mere confederacy. If Virginia was separated from all the states, her power and authority would extend to all cases: in like manner were all powers vested in the general government, it would be a consolidated government; but the powers of the federal government are enumerated; it can only operate in certain cases; it has legislative powers on defined and limited objects, beyond which it cannot extend its jurisdiction.

But the honourable member has satirised with peculiar acrimony, the powers given to the general government by this constitution. I conceive that the first question on this subject is, whether these powers be necessary; if they be, we are reduced to the dilemma of either submitting to the inconvenience,

or losing the union. Let us consider the most important of these reprobated powers; that of direct taxation is most generally objected to. With respect to the exigencies of government, there is no question but the most easy mode of providing for them will be adopted. When, therefore, direct taxes are not necessary, they will not be recurred to. It can be of little advantage to those in power, to raise money, in a manner oppressive to the people. To consult the conveniences of the people, will cost them nothing and in many respects will be advantageous to them. Direct taxes will only be recurred to for great purposes. What has brought on other nations those immense debts, under the pressure of which many of them labor? Not the expenses of their governments, but war. If this country should be engaged in war, and I conceive we ought to provide for the possibility of such a case, how would it be carried on? By the usual means provided from year to year? As our imports will be necessary for the expenses of government and other common exigencies, how are we to carry on the means of defence? How is it possible a war could be supported without money or credit? And would it be possible for a government to have credit without having the power of raising money? No, it would be impossible for any government, in such a case, to defend itself. Then, I say, sir, that it is necessary to establish funds for extraordinary exigencies, and give this power to the general government—for the utter inutility of previous requisitions on the states is too well known. Would it be possible for those countries, whose finances and revenues are carried to the highest perfection, to carry on the operations of Government on great emergencies, such as the maintenance of a war, without an uncontrolled power of raising money? Has it not been necessary for Great Britain, notwithstanding the facility of the collection of her taxes, to have recourse very often to this and other extraordinary methods of procuring money? Would not her public credit have been ruined if it was known that her power to raise money was limited? Has not France been obliged, on great occasions, to use unusual means to raise funds? It has been the case in many countries, and no government can exist, unless its powers extend to make provisions for every contingency. If we were actually attacked by a powerful nation, and our general gov-

ernment had not the power of raising money, but depended solely on requisitions, our condition would be truly deplorable —if the revenue of this commonwealth were to depend on twenty distinct authorities, it would be impossible for it to carry on its operations. This must be obvious to every member here; I think therefore, that it is necessary for the preservation of the union, that this power shall be given to the general government. But it is urged, that its consolidated nature, joined to the power of direct taxation, will give it a tendency to destroy all subordinate authority; that its increasing influence will speedily enable it to absorb the state governments. I cannot think this will be the case. If the general government were wholly independent of the governments of the particular states, then indeed usurpation might be expected to the fullest extent: but, sir, on whom does this general government depend? It derives its authority from these governments, and from the same sources from which their authority is derived. The members of the federal government are taken from the same men from whom those of the state legislatures are taken. If we consider the mode in which the federal representatives will be chosen, we shall be convinced, that the general, will never destroy the individual, governments; and this conviction must be strengthened by an attention to the construction of the Senate. The representatives will be chosen probably under the influence of the members of the state legislatures: but there is not the least probability that the election of the latter will be influenced by the former. One hundred and sixty members represent this commonwealth in one branch of the legislature, are drawn from the people at large, and must ever possess more influence than the few men who will be elected to the general legislature.

The reasons offered on this subject, by a gentleman on the same side [Mr. Nicholas] were unanswerable, and have been so full, that I shall add but little more on the subject. Those who wish to become federal representatives, must depend on their credit with that class of men who will be most popular in their counties, who generally represent the people in the state governments: they can, therefore, never succeed in any measure contrary to the wishes of those on whom they depend. It is almost certain, therefore, that the deliberations

of the members of the federal house of representatives will be directed to the interests of the people of America. As to the other branch, the senators will be appointed by the legislatures, and though elected for six years, I do not conceive they will so soon forget the source from whence they derive their political existence. This election of one branch of the federal by the state legislatures, secures an absolute dependence of the former on the latter. The biennial exclusion of one third, will lessen the facility of a combination, and may put a stop to intrigues. I appeal to our past experience, whether they will attend to the interests of their constituent states. Have not those gentlemen who have been honored with seats in Congress, *often signalized themselves by their attachment to their seats*? I wish this government may answer the expectations of its friends, and foil the apprehension of its enemies. I hope the patriotism of the people will continue, and be a sufficient guard to their liberties. I believe its tendency will be, that the state governments will counteract the general interest, and ultimately prevail. The number of the representatives is yet sufficient for our safety, and will gradually increase —and if we consider their different sources of information, the number will not appear too small.

MARY TUCKER MAGILL

[1830—1899]

J. R. GRAHAM

MARY TUCKER MAGILL was born August 21, 1830, at "Hazlefield," in Jefferson County, now West Virginia; and died in Richmond, Virginia, April 29, 1899.

She came of distinguished ancestry. Her father, Alfred Thruston Magill, M.D., held the chair of medicine in the University of Virginia from 1833 until his death, in 1837, at the early age of thirty-two years. Dr. Magill was the son of Colonel Charles Magill, an officer of the Revolution, a friend of Washington, a charter member of the Society of the Cincinnati, a district judge of the Federal Court, and for many years a leading lawyer and wealthy landowner of Frederick County, Virginia. His mother was the daughter of the Reverend (and Colonel) Charles Minn Thruston, who in 1776 left the ministry of the Church of England to take command of a regiment in the Colonial Army.

Miss Magill's mother was the eldest daughter of Henry St. George Tucker, presiding judge of the Court of Appeals of his State, and for many years the law professor of the University of Virginia. The late Hon. John Randolph Tucker was her uncle, and the present Bishops of the Diocese of Southern Virginia—Reverend A. M. Randolph and Reverend B. D. Tucker—are her cousins.

It may be said that our author's taste for literature came by inheritance. After the death of her gifted father, much of Miss Magill's early life was spent in the home of her grandparents, the Tuckers, at the University, and in Richmond; and in the schools of these places she was carefully educated. In the year 1848 Judge Tucker removed to Winchester, Virginia, and there Mrs. Magill and her family continued to reside until their home was broken up by the events of the Civil War.

From the beginning of that war the subject of this memoir ardently espoused the cause of the Confederacy; and like most of the ladies of Winchester, old and young, devoted herself to the relief and comfort of the sick and wounded of the army. Many Confederate soldiers, to this day, recall with gratitude her kindness to them in their suffering and need. When the Federal troops occupied the town, her zeal for the South attracted their notice, and in

the spring of 1863, in punishment for the imprudent use of her pen, she was sent under military escort through their lines. During the remainder of the war she served as clerk in a government department in Richmond.

The disasters of the war fell heavily on her family. Everything that the enemy did not destroy was invested in Confederate bonds; and when hostilities ceased almost every vestige of property had been swept away.

By the advice and with the aid and encouragement of friends, Mrs. Magill and her two (then) unmarried daughters opened in Winchester a boarding and day school for young ladies, the principal care and management of which devolved upon Miss Mary. For the responsibilities thus imposed, her strength of character and executive ability, combined with her own thorough education, admirably fitted her. This enterprise from the beginning was largely patronized and was eminently successful.

But our future author had already heard the call of the pen, and had begun her career as a writer. Her earliest efforts were limited to short articles—chiefly stories—which, as their merit became known, were eagerly taken by the literary journals and magazines of that day. The acceptance these fugitive pieces received, and the pleasure she herself took in this work, were allurements to larger undertakings. To this allurement she yielded; but in doing so much of her time was necessarily diverted from the duties of the school, of which she was practically the head; and, as these duties required her undivided attention, the school at length was given up and other employment secured that would allow more time for her literary pursuits. For a few years she taught in the Augusta Female Seminary at Staunton, Virginia. But there, too, she found her duties too exacting and resigned them for work in Washington, District of Columbia, which promised larger opportunities and better advantages for the employment of her pen. A few years later she removed to New York City, where the remainder of her active life was passed in giving lessons in elocution to private classes, lecturing on current events, and in other specialties.

During a part of this time Miss Magill traveled quite extensively; she made several trips to Europe, visiting nearly all places of special interest both in Great Britain and on the Continent. One summer was spent with friends on a ranch in California. A few years later she repeated her visit to the Pacific Coast, extending her trip to Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, spending most of the summer and part of the autumn in careful study of the country and of the customs and characteristics of the natives. She had a wide acquaint-

ance also with the older portions of our country, as there were few important places east of the Mississippi that she had not visited.

These visits were not made for pleasure merely, though she derived intense enjoyment from them. They were made mainly for that better equipment for literary work which personal observation and study would give. Her well-trained mind readily perceived whatever would most contribute to this end, and facts about persons, places, and events were carefully stored in her retentive memory to be afterward used for the gratification of her friends and the instruction of her classes. Much of the information gained by travel was given to the world in her published writings, which were widely read, and yet it was in her free and unrestrained intercourse with those who enjoyed her personal acquaintance that the most interesting and often amusing accounts of her observations and adventures were given; for in addition to being a woman of decided ability with her pen, Miss Magill was a brilliant talker. Her wide experience of the world, her careful observation of what she had seen, her command of language and of striking phrases, her keen wit and genial humor, and her copious fund of stories, made her an entertaining and accomplished *raconteuse*. To these attractive qualities, her sympathetic nature and the warmth of her friendship lent additional charms; and she was everywhere received as a welcome guest. In such demand were her visits that a considerable part of her time during the last few years of her life was spent in the homes of her many friends.

Among her numerous accomplishments Miss Magill's talent as an elocutionist should not be overlooked. In this attractive art her skill was quite remarkable and was early used for the entertainment of her friends. Later this gift was studiously cultivated, with such success that she employed it in various ways as a means of livelihood. Her repertoire embraced selections both humorous and pathetic. In the former, especially in "dialect" pieces, she excelled, her command of tones and her powers of imitation being of an order rarely surpassed.

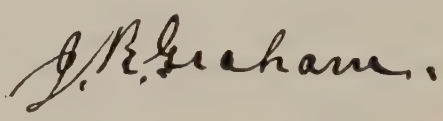
It is a pleasure to add that the great intellectual activities of this gifted and beloved woman were crowned with a Christian character of rare strength and loveliness. In her youth she had consecrated herself to God; and the engrossing pursuits of her busy life, though attended by many trials, never weakened her faith in her divine Redeemer or disturbed her hope of acceptance with Him.

Quite early in her career her vision became seriously impaired. Frequent treatments for cataract and glaucoma by skilful oculists brought no material relief, and for many years her work was car-

ried on under many painful disadvantages until at length her sight was almost entirely gone. Admonished then by the general failure of her health that she must give up the strenuous life she had hitherto led, she purchased in the suburbs of Staunton a modest but pleasant home, in the quietness and rest of which she purposed to spend the remainder of her life. And in this peaceful home, to the hospitality of which her friends were graciously welcome, a brief period of great intellectual and social enjoyment was passed.

The few months preceding her death were spent in a round of visits to her relatives in various places. In Norfolk, in the home of her cousin, Bishop Randolph, she was detained for a time by illness. Upon reaching Richmond she was taken seriously ill at the home of her kinsman, the late Joseph Bryan, and for several days scarcely a hope of her recovery was entertained. She grew stronger, however, and was preparing to return to her own home when, on the morning of the day she was to leave, she was stricken with apoplexy, and in a few moments her glorified spirit was at rest with God.

Her remains were taken to Winchester, Virginia, and on Tuesday, May 2, 1899, were laid by the side of her parents in Mount Hebron Cemetery.



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THE REVIEW

From 'Women: or, Chronicles of the Late War.' Copyright, Turnbull Brothers, and used by permission of the publishers.

A BACKGROUND of mountains which distance had robed in its azure, against which was clearly defined the darker shade of groves and forests. The enclosure within which they stood consisted of about four or five acres of level ground, well suited to the purpose for which it had been chosen. Within this space were collected about eight thousand men, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, whose new uniforms added not a little to the gaiety of the scene.

Many a glance was turned towards our little party, and not a few salutations were given from the ranks. The infantry stood in their long motionless lines, looking for all the world, Mary said, like the wooden soldiers you buy in little boxes out of toy-shops. They looked as if they were merged into one. No individuality, no difference; they formed one army, one body of men.

The cavalry were deployed on each side, their beautiful horses pawing and chafing at the enforced inaction, and snorting impatiently as if, like Job's war-horse, they "scented the battle afar off." In the rear the dark howitzers had their stations, their sombre appearance well suited to their work; they reminded one of the old guillotine, which was always hung with black when it dealt its death-blow. The gloom of their aspect was somewhat relieved, however, by the bright red fringes of the artillery uniform.

It was not only an interesting but a strange sight to see so many gathered on this little spot of ground, all with one aim and end; and notwithstanding the new and cheerful face put upon it, it was also a sad sight. Here the various callings of life had their representatives, and rank and wealth stood side by side with uneducated poverty. Man was man, each with a life to offer up, each with a courage to dare danger. Here were all the Southern States represented; the Lone Star of Texas and the Palmetto of South Carolina side by side with the White Pelican of Louisiana and the *Sic Semper Tyrannis* of Virginia, and all mingling with the common standard, the

"Stars and Bars," fit representative of the separate sovereignty of each State and their unity of purpose under one standard. "Distinct as the billows, one as the sea," a noble brotherhood, which adversity but bound the more closely, because cemented by blood, which is indissoluble.

Conspicuous amongst their fellows, even at this early stage of their career, were three figures, to whom I would call particular attention, both because of their after-career, which has introduced them to the world at large, and that they will be often mentioned in this story.

On the right of the mass of infantry, and in front of a regiment of cavalry, mounted upon a jet-black horse, conspicuous for its beauty, sat a young man of slight wiry figure, below rather than above medium height. There was a strange grace in the poise of his person; and although his horse was motionless, no one could have looked at him without pronouncing him a master in the art of horsemanship.

A swarthy complexion, whose pallor was rendered more striking from the long black beard which swept to his waist, full moustache and jetty hair, with which mingled the sweeping black ostrich feather which drooped from his military cap. His manner was grave and even sad, as his eagle eye, like a flash of lightning in a cloudy sky, roved restlessly in every direction, as if but following the habit of his life, even in this time of inaction, of allowing nothing to escape his notice. To those who shared this time of trial and danger, who in this border warfare remember the feeling of comparative security when General Turner Ashby was scouting in front of the army, it would not be worth while to name him; but for the benefit of others we pronounce his early death to have been one of the most severe blows our Confederacy suffered in its first years.

And now turn we to a second picture, a tall gaunt figure, ungainly in its proportions, awkward in its movements, sitting erect with military stiffness upon the saddle, whilst his knees were drawn up in an attitude which, although it might possibly have been comfortable, certainly was not graceful; features sharply defined, a mouth whose thin lips bespoke an iron will and firmness of purpose, and an eye whose mild hue was set at defiance by the fire which gleamed from it—there was that

in the whole man which stamped him a hero of indomitable courage, inflexible firmness, and resolute daring.

Reader, the portrait is drawn from one which is indelibly imprinted upon the memory of every Southern man and woman, whose eyes wept and whose hearts bled over his fall: it is that of Colonel Jackson, afterwards General "Stonewall" Jackson, the Christian soldier, who to the genius of the Great Napoleon united the purity and integrity of Washington.

The third figure sat at a distance thoughtfully reviewing the scene. Like Ashby, he was rather under the medium height, but of stouter, squarer proportions, with a broad intellectual brow, an earnest eye, and a grave, dignified appearance. You could imagine that grand combinations and far-reaching stratagems could have their birth in his brain. His eye wandered over the men, his army; he might have been gravely pondering their fate—who could foretell it?—but he knew that a few days must decide it for many of them.

Perhaps my reader guesses already that we point him to General Joseph E. Johnston.

THE EVACUATION AND BURNING OF RICHMOND

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Silently yet surely the day was striding on, big with the fate of the Southern cause, while rocked in false security the people dreamed not of its approach. They stopped their ears to warning voices, and wilfully closed their eyes to the truth, and went on laughing and singing on the very brink of destruction; and when at last the blast sounded, it sounded the knell of hope and faith and happiness.

Never did the sun rise more brilliantly than upon the morning of the 2nd of April, 1865, and never did it shine upon a people more unconscious of the fate that day had in store for them.

It was the Sabbath, and the sound of the bells ringing out the "call to prayer," broke sweetly upon the stillness, and the people in glad obedience to the summons poured into the churches.

"What news?" asked one friend of another in a passing greeting.

"All quiet," was the answer; "not even 'Sunday rumors' this morning. The croakers look peaceful, and were undisturbed by the shots along the lines a few hours since. I did see some stragglers looking at the bulletin board as I passed, but I did not stop."

"Ah!" answered the other, "officers of the Commissary Department say Richmond made a narrow escape a few weeks since; she was near being starved out. But all this stir has aroused the people at last, and they have been crowding provisions into the city, and I was assured this morning by Captain H—— that we had not been so safe for months."

"Oh yes, it's very cheering," said his friend. "I never have had any doubt of our success, and I think the other side must be pretty well convinced that we never intend to give up. We have given them a specimen of our invincible determination."

And they passed on into the churches, and heard not the voices everywhere crying, "Blind! blind! blind!" for even now the messengers were speeding onward with the awakening tidings.

It was the Sabbath for the administration of the Holy Communion at St. Paul's Church, and President Davis went up with the rest of the people of God to lay his burden of care at the foot of the Cross; but before the time for that service arrived, a soft-footed messenger sought him out and handed him a note. He glanced at it, and had not the congregation been devoutly attentive to their religious duties they might have seen a sudden spasm cross his pale face, and with faltering steps he left the church.

The note was from General Lee, conveying the intelligence that Richmond was no longer tenable!

At the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Hoge held the attention of his people in the strong grasp of his eloquence, so that they scarcely noted the summons which withdrew one member and another of the congregation from the church, first the Mayor of the city, then the Medical Director. The Reverend Doctor had finished his discourse and fervently commended his people to God, and was in the act of reading

the closing hymn, when the sexton handed him a note. Thinking it was some notice to be read, he laid it beside him a moment while he finished the hymn, and then in the act of turning to his seat, opened it. In a second, before the choir had time to sound the first note of praise, he turned back again, and those who saw him then can never forget the change which that one moment had wrought. Winters of sorrow seemed to have rolled over his soul.

So terrific was the transition, that as his congregation caught his expression they arose as one man to their feet, and waited with suspended shriek upon their lips to hear their doom. It was delayed a moment while the minister struggled for utterance, and then the voice came shaking and quavering, and broken with the agony which overwhelmed him, and in the terrible silence they heard:

"My dear friends, I have just received news: news which wrings my heart for myself, for you, and for your children; news which makes it improbable that I will meet you in this house again for a long time. I thank you for your unfailing kindness and love, which have brightened my life. Farewell: go quietly to your homes, and remember amidst these waves of sorrow that your Father holds the helm." He then pronounced the benediction.

There is a grief which scorches the tear-drops ere they fall; and the great groan which burst from the heart of that assembly of people was the only sound which demonstrated the agony of the moment. Faces were distorted, but the moisture which cools the brain was denied them. Friend grasped the hand of friend, as on the eve of a long parting, or a meeting where life's hopes lie dead; words were few and brief; comforters there were none, all were mourners. The men hurried out into the street to gain fuller intelligence, and the women, as if the fire already consumed their homes, hurried to the different departments of the Government. The Banks were open, and depositors eagerly embraced the opportunity to withdraw their gold, while the Directors superintended the removal of the bullion. Wagons drove hurriedly up to the doors of the different offices, were loaded and driven off, while others took their places, to be loaded in their turn and follow on. Officers rode madly about the streets, giving

orders. The female clerks stood sadly about the doors of their offices, or vented their feelings by giving energetic assistance in packing and burning the documents over which they had spent so many useless hours. Householders busily occupied themselves secreting their valuables, and preparing for the sacking of the city which every one predicted as certain; while the lower orders of people stood in squads about the streets, with lowering faces, watching the progress of events, and commenting thereon in low murmurs. So the day wore away, and night fell upon the grief-stricken city—a night whose horrors rarely have been surpassed. The evacuation by the army was fixed for eight o'clock, but it extended through the night, and the wail of agony rose for the first time over the partings between friends who scarce expected to meet again on earth. Hundreds of the citizens determined to leave the city with the army, and all the vehicles were pressed into service or hired at a premium exceeding belief.

At eleven o'clock at night the train on the Danville road bore off the officials of the Government and their valuables, and all who could, escaped in any way which presented itself.

But soon a more terrible master than the Federal Government ruled the city. Who gave the order for the firing of the Government tobacco warehouses is not known; the recklessness of the people to consequence alone could have justified it, as they occupied a position in the heart of the city, and the fire spread with fearful rapidity. To add to the horror of the scene, a mob of men, women and children went wildly from place to place, breaking open warehouses and bearing off whatever fell in their way. Wishing to prevent them from getting hold of the liquor which was stored by the Government, orders were issued by the city officials to pour it into the streets. The gutters ran with it, and the mad flame rejoicing in the approach of this, its kindred spirit, leaped to meet it, and soon, roaring, crackling, and dashing in blue, red, and yellow waves, the demon whirled down the streets, carrying destruction with it and driving the frightened crowd before it. At daybreak the city was shaken to its foundations by terrific explosions. It was the blowing up of the rams Richmond, Virginia, Beaufort, and Number 2, the navy whose advent had been greeted with so much hope. The scene pre-

sented at sunrise defies description. Soldiers crossed each other hurrying after the army or returning sullenly to their homes. Sometimes two would stop and talk earnestly, at one moment the eloquence of one would touch the waning honor in the breast of his comrade, or revive the dying love for the cause in his heart, and he would turn back and hurry on with him; at another the contrary would be the result, and fear, discouragement, or reluctance to leave his home would operate too powerfully upon the heretofore faithful soldier of the Confederacy. With a blush he would turn his back on the path of duty, and hanging his head, would seek his home, a dishonored man.

Hundreds and hundreds of men, women, and children poured up the streets with the spoils of the night upon them. Here is a man with a roll of cotton on his shoulder; another with a box of shoes or of bacon on his back; next comes a woman rolling a barrel of flour before her, and a child with a basket almost too full for him to carry; and over it all the lurid smoke rolls in angry clouds, and the rising sun shines red through its obscurity; and far away speeds the fugitive army to its fate, bearing the last hopes of a suffering and distracted people.

As the day progressed the horrors increased. Fugitives from the burning buildings, who had only escaped with their lives, filled the streets, now their only home. The fire had progressed fearfully, and some individual in reckless or devilish mood had cut the hose, and help was impossible had there been any to give it; but no one seemed to heed this pitiless foe while looking for another whom they feared still more. At length a succession of explosions like a heavy bombardment broke upon the startled ears of the people. Was the dreaded enemy upon them? and was this the beginning of his vengeance? No! it was the Arsenal, which was fast consuming with its murderous shot and shell, which, not to be balked of the object for which they had been made, wreaked themselves upon the helpless, dying city, and fired into the fire itself in a vain effort at revenge.

And as if the culmination of horrors was even yet to come, a new cry broke out which sent the blood shivering back to the heart. It was the eruption of the convicts from the

Penitentiary; and they came leaping and shouting with their parti-colored clothes, shorn heads, and diabolical countenances, where murder, robbery, and rapine were stamped in fearful characters. They were about four hundred in all, who had overcome their diminished guard, set fire to the building and escaped when there was no one to recapture them. Many a heart which had kept its courage up to this point died away at the sight; but fortunately they were too intent upon securing their new-gained liberty to attempt new crimes, and no immediate evils followed their appearance. At about ten o'clock in the morning the cry, "The Yankees! the Yankees!" startled all with new fears as the crowds fled up the streets with frightened faces.

But what had been apprehended as the greatest evil of all, proved in the end a blessing, as it brought an element into the storm of disorder and misrule which in some degree quelled it. So far from committing deeds of violence, the first act of the Federal force was an organized steady exertion to subdue the fire and restore order; and by night the flames began to succumb to their efforts, and the fire sank down exhausted, but glowing with smouldering rage which only watched an opportunity to break out again with renewed violence.

The scene of desolation was fearful to witness. It presented masses of ruined, blackened walls, with the fire still burning in their midst; suggesting to the imagination no inapt similitude to the heart of the nation, which now existed, a ruin pitiable to behold, with the smouldering fires of disappointment and bitterness glowing in the midst.

The fire had extended for miles, consuming everything which came in its way. The streets were mere piles of rubbish; all marks were lost whereby the pedestrian could conjecture his position, except the calm waters of the James, which rolled itself as quietly and peacefully along as if no such waves as war and violence had ever ruffled the surface of time.

The Capitol Square presented a strange, sad picture: the fire had consumed everything consumable around three sides of its lower area, and the old Capitol stood alone, as it were, in the midst of an island against the shores of which the waves of ruin beat.

Upon the green grass of the square sat, lay, or stood hundreds upon hundreds of human beings of all ages, sexes, and ranks of life, in various attitudes of despondency. They were the homeless outcasts of the fire; and above them waved and flapped the United States flag, the token of their defeat and humiliation, and around them the negro soldiers and the negroes of the city exulted and shouted over the triumphs of the day.

The destitution in the city was fearful; all of the lower part of it having been consumed, and with it such provisions as it contained. Numbers had escaped from their burning homes with only their lives, and the fact that the only money the mass of the people possessed was the Confederate currency, reduced all classes alike to absolute want.

THE BLACK PEOPLE BEFORE THE WAR

From 'The Holcombes: a Story of Virginia Home Life.' Copyright, J. B. Lippincott and used by permission of the publishers.

"The most important person in the family, not excepting Mr. Holcombe, I think, is the old Mammy. I believe her name is Judy, though she is never called anything but 'Mammy.'

"Imagine a very ugly old woman—yes, she is certainly, though I should not like to say so to Mr. Holcombe, and I really believe the children think she is beautiful—with the blackest face you ever saw, surmounted by a turban of bright-colored cotton. A dress of striped linsey-woolsey, with a check apron, and a white cotton handkerchief pinned across her breast. Mr. H. says she has nursed the past two generations, and played with our grandmothers; and certainly they do reward her for it. She only does what she pleases, which is to rub the silver and darn the stockings, and occasionally to do up a piece of lace or muslin. But if there is a spell of sickness in the family, she is never known to sleep. Of course, he says, she must, but it is sitting by the bedside of the patient. No office is beyond her there. She takes the whole duties upon herself. When Mr. Holcombe's mother died, one of her last requests was that, when Mammy's time came, she should have a neat coffin, and a hearse, and be car-

ried to the grave by the children she has been so faithful to. He says she was delighted, as there is nothing they think so much of as a 'pretty burying.' Their habits in this respect, by-the-by, are very funny. My maid, on Sunday last, asked permission to go to the funeral of her father, who had been dead sixteen years! They seem to keep these little last offices until there is a danger of their forgetting their friends, and then call them back to memory by having *the funeral*. Is it not strange? But what strikes me is the numbers there are about the house. Think of having six women for a family of eight or nine people, and that is besides the washerwoman and the cook! I have my maid, who is to do nothing but my pleasure. Lilia has her nurse, who is always at hand, either sitting by her with work or pushing her chair. Margaret and Mary have their maid; and then there is another who cleans the house generally; and a little girl to run on errands; and, besides, there is a man in the dining-room, with a boy to help him.

"Will I ever get used to these black people? They are a continual source of wonder to me. The grown ones are bad enough, but the children are worse. They look like monkeys. They have all the characteristics of the negro race unmodified. I wonder if it is mentioned as a fact in their natural history that their features do not grow after six years of age; for it seems to me the lips, noses, and eyes of the children of that age have attained their full size, and gradually afterward the body grows up to them. It seems so dreadful for them to be slaves, worth so much money apiece—as if money could buy a human soul. But, after all, the fault does not lie with this generation, but with those who put them here. We have just to accept and submit to the fearful responsibility imposed upon us by our forefathers; there seems no other way out of the difficulty. To free them now, of course, would be impossible: such a number of ignorant, helpless wretches, thrown upon our country in a condition of freedom, would be a curse to both races. It seems to me that, from the present state of things, the master is a greater sufferer than the servant—here, in Virginia, at any rate. Now, Mr. Holcombe has over fifty men, women, and children. The men do the hardest work in the fields; the women the lighter services, and the cooking,

washing, and sewing for the 'hands;' while the children, until they are about twelve years old, are useless and expensive appendages, having to be supported without bringing any profit into the concern. I have been surprised to see how comfortably they are provided for. Their cabins, though rough, are perfectly weathertight and comfortable: the fireplaces almost the width of the end of the houses, and the wide chimneys admitting floods of light all around. It is a scene for a painter to go into one of these places, and see the multitudes of children seated *inside* of the fireplaces upon benches put along the sides, and there the little wooly-heads nod and bob until it is a wonder they are not burned up. But oh, Robert, the wood! You see them bringing entire uncut logs for these fireplaces; and a good fire consists of a moderate sized wood-pile."

JULIA MAGRUDER

[1854—1907]

ELIZABETH W. P. LOMAX

JULIA MAGRUDER was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, September 14, 1854. She was the daughter of Allen B. Magruder, a man of distinction both in law and in letters, and a niece of General John Bankhead Magruder, an officer of note both in the Army of the United States and that of the Confederate States. General Magruder, widely known in England and in America as "Prince John," became the darling of barrack and boudoir because of his skill as a *raconteur* of innumerable stories.

After the Virginia household was closed, Miss Magruder's home was for some years with her sister, Mrs. Gibson, in North Carolina. Later in life she maintained an attractive home in Washington, D.C., though much of her time was spent abroad. She traveled extensively, but found time for long periods of rest with her friends. In Paris she was the guest of Madame Bunau-Varilla; in Scotland she visited at Inverlocky Castle in the North of Scotland, the home of her cousin, Lady Abinger, daughter of her uncle, George Magruder, who had formerly been a captain in the United States Navy; in Italy she sojourned with delight on beautiful Lake Maggiore, where her Virginia friend, the Princess Troubetskoy, had a summer home. It was on her native soil, however, that she died. This sad event occurred in St. Luke's Hospital, Richmond, Virginia, June 9, 1907; her body was brought to Charlottesville, Virginia, for burial; and after her wide wanderings over the earth, she sleeps not far from the spot where she was cradled.

Death is but life's renewal, but the pause,
Between two great thoughts of a loving God,
Full of mysterious tenderness; the calm
That follows on a marvelous harmony
The indrawn breath upon a shout of joy,
The backward movement of God's tidal love,
Which for its short withdrawal to the deep,
Comes voluming back with greater weight of hope
And vastless, fills the thirsty shore with peace.

From early girlhood she had written sketches and short-stories for magazines and newspapers, and was but seventeen years old when she made her initial success at literary work by winning a first prize for the best serial story in a competition inaugurated by the Baltimore *Sun*. It is said that no author can be understood until he creates his own atmosphere. Miss Magruder created hers in 1885, when her first serious work, 'Across the Chasm,' was published anonymously by the Scribners. This book was full of clever comedy, but it followed too close upon the fearful tragedy of civil conflict to elicit impartial judgment from North or South. Speaking of it, she herself once said: "The people of the North and the South look at things so differently." A British review, which had a long article on the subject under the head of American fiction, says: "It is a study of social conditions, perhaps one had better say of social conventions. And it is just. Rarely does one meet a book in which so burning a question is treated so fairly."

Following the publication of 'Across the Chasm,' half a score of novels came from Miss Magruder's pen. She had learned the art of writing with unvarying regularity and thereby of producing copy very rapidly. 'At Anchor,' 'Honored in the Breach,' 'A Magnificent Plebeian,' 'The Violet,' 'A Beautiful Alien,' 'A Realized Ideal,' 'A Manifest Destiny,' and 'The Thousandth Woman' followed each other in rapid succession. In the preparation of these books she made but one copy of the manuscript, writing for the printer in her own hand. Her next book, 'The Princess Sonia,' was written at the rate of three hours a day for eighteen days and completed in fifty-four hours of work. Mr. Gilder of *The Century Magazine* requested that a copy of this manuscript be made for safety before he examined it. It was written in Paris while the author was on a visit to Amélie Rives, and was published first serially and afterward in book form by the Century Company. By many this is considered her strongest achievement in literature. As an offset to what she termed her "unpardonable rapid production," there were long periods, extending sometimes from a half to two thirds of a year, in which she did not write at all.

Not long after 'The Princess Sonia' appeared, 'Dead Selves' and 'Struan,' the latter a favorite with the author, were written. Of 'Dead Selves' the London *Saturday Review* said in an article upon recent fiction: "It is so hard for the modern novelist of manners to bring originality into the drawing-room that we are not inclined to be grudging in our praise of Miss Magruder's very original and powerful story, which clearly proves her right to be included in the scanty handful of competent American novelists. The story

she has to tell is one of entirely spiritual conflict and development, and it is by no means a compliment to her skill to say that she has told it without the smallest suggestion of sanctimonious sentiment. The moral intention of the book is obviously high, but Miss Magruder's art as a story-teller is so considerable that her book is a really remarkable instance of good intention joined to competent execution."

As a writer of short stories Miss Magruder was thought by many to be at her best. A collection of these, published under the title of 'Miss Ayr of Virginia,' shows unusual versatility and artistic finish. The title of one of the sketches in this selection, "A New Thing Under the Sun," was suggested by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who, in company with Miss Magruder, Amélie Rives, and others, visited Oberammergau in 1890. The facts upon which this story was based were related by Miss Magruder, whereupon Mr. Crawford responded: "Well, that is a new thing under the sun."

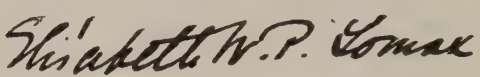
As a writer of stories for children she was particularly successful in 'Child Sketches from George Eliot,' 'A Labor of Love,' 'The Child Amy,' etc.

Miss Magruder was widely known in the United States as a woman of letters, and justly so, because of her painstaking care in whatever she was writing—novel, sonnet, sketch, or essay. She read and re-read the best authors, studying their writings with the keenest critical acumen, and gave to her own work her very best efforts.

Her sane, sound, and wholesome personality was helpful to all with whom she came in intimate contact, and she delighted them by her accomplished conversation, instinct with a keen sense of the humorous, with ready wit, and with a catholic appreciation of the good, beautiful, and true wherever she found it. Her generosity to those in distress was unbounded, and her philosophy was that of high optimism. As her years advanced she became of a more serious and thoughtful nature and gave more time to the problems of the day. She manifested particular interest in the educational problems of the South and in the child-labor situation in North Carolina, a State she defended in a series of articles contributed to *Collier's Weekly*. During her last illness she completed the manuscript of a book, as yet unpublished, called, I think, 'The Mystery of a Man.' This she regarded as the mature work of her best years.

About a year previous to her death, the French Government nominated Miss Magruder to the French Academy for the Order of Palms, a decoration bestowed upon those distinguished in the literary world and very rarely granted to any American writer. After

a long delay, due to a change of cabinet in the French Administration, this decoration reached her in the last week of her life, and her last public act was in acknowledgment of its receipt.



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The Thousandth Woman.

A Manifest Destiny.

A STUDY OF SOCIAL CONVENTIONS

From 'Across the Chasm.' Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons, and used here by permission of the publishers.

On Christmas-eve, after dinner, as General and Mrs. Gaston, Miss Trevennon and Mr. Louis Gaston were seated around the drawing-room fire, a card of invitation was brought in by Thomas, and delivered to General Gaston. As he took it and scanned it through his glasses, a perceptible gleam of satisfaction came into his eyes, and he handed it to Mrs. Gaston, saying:

"A card for General Morton's supper."

"Indeed!" returned his wife, with a reflection of his gratified expression. "Really, this is very kind."

As she took the card and looked at it, Margaret surveyed her wonderingly. Turning her eyes away from her cousin's face, an instant later, she saw that Louis Gaston was regarding her with a sort of deprecating amusement. He was seated near to her, and so he alone distinguished her words, when she murmured, in an undertone:

" 'How strange are the customs of France'!"

She smiled as she said it, and Cousin Eugenia, who saw the smile, but missed the words she had uttered, said explainingly:

"This supper of General Morton's is an annual affair. He has given one on New Year's night ever since he has been in Washington. They are limited to twenty-five gentlemen, and of course these are carefully selected. It is always the most *recherché* stag-party of the season, and one is sure of meeting there the most distinguished and agreeable people the city will afford. He has always been so kind in asking Edward, though of course the invitations are greatly in demand, and residents cannot always expect to receive them."

Nothing further was said about the matter just then, but it was evident that this attention from General Morton had put Mrs. Gaston in unusually high spirits, and her husband, on his part, was scarcely less elated.

A little later, when Louis and Margaret happened to be alone, the former said:

"I wish you would tell me what it was that amused you

about that invitation. The system of social tactics, of which you are the exponent, begins to interest me extremely. What was it that brought that puzzled look to your face just now?"

"Shall I really tell?" the girl asked, doubtfully.

"Pray do—frankly. I'm so interested to know."

"I was wondering who this General Morton could be, that a card to his supper should be deemed such an acquisition. I have discovered the fact that you Gastons are proud of your lineage, and, as I have heard it said that yours is one of the few really historical families of America, perhaps it should not be wondered at. Who then, can General Morton be, I was thinking, to be in a position to confer honor on the Gastons? I suppose he's some one very grand, but I'm such an ignoramus that I really don't know who the Mortons are, when they're at home."

"I believe Morton's origin was very common," said Louis. "Certainly he has no claim to aristocratic distinction. He has a high official position and is very rich and a very good-natured, sensible sort of man, but it is out of the question that he could, socially speaking, confer honor upon my brother."

"And yet it was evident," began Margaret, but she stopped abruptly, and Louis made no motion to help her out.

"Do you know," he said presently, "that through your influence, Miss Trevennon, I have been gradually undergoing certain changes in my points of view? I am getting an insight into your social basis and system, and, stubborn Yankee as I am, I must admit that there's something fine in it. I really think I begin to feel myself veering perceptibly. Until I met you, I had no idea what a difference there was between the Northern and Southern ideas of these matters."

"But I must not be taken as a strict representative of the Southern idea—nor you, I suppose, for a strict representative of the Northern idea," said Margaret. "At home, they think me a great radical. I have no special respect for pedigrees in general. That one's forefathers should have been honest is the first thing, it seems to me, and that they should have been social luminaries should come a long way after."

"You rather amaze me in that," said Louis. "I thought there were no sticklers for birth and ancestry like the Southerners."

"It is perfectly true of a large class of them," said Margaret; "but I have seen too much of the degeneration of distinguished families in the South, to have much sympathy with that idea. In too many cases they have lacked the spirit to save them from such degeneration, and that being the case, what does their blood go for? It ought to go for nothing, I think—worse than nothing, for if it has any virtue at all, it should make its possessors independent and manly."

"You have sometimes sneered a little gentle sneer at the Gaston pride—have you not?" said Louis; "and I have sometimes thought it odd, because I had always been told that the pride of the Southern people is unprecedented."

"It is of a different sort," said Margaret; "for instance—"

But she checked herself and colored.

"Oh, pray give me the example," said Louis, earnestly. "Illustrations are such helps. I beg you will not let any oversensibility prevent your speaking plainly. It may be that you've got the best of these social questions. I want to be able to judge."

"How honest and fair you are!" said Margaret, "and how rare that spirit is! I really think I'll tell you frankly what I was going to say. You know what an appreciation of your brother I have, and how entirely his fine qualities command my respect, but I will not deny that his bearing in the matter of this invitation has amazed me. I think I am safe in saying that no Southern man, in your brother's sphere of society, could possibly be found—no matter how insulated or behind the times he might be—no matter how poor or incapable or ignorant, who could be agitated and flattered by an invitation from General Morton or General anybody else. The notion would never penetrate their brains. But I am very bold," she said, checking herself suddenly. "I am afraid I have said too much."

"It would be too much for any one else to say to me certainly," said Louis, looking steadily at her, "and I cannot say the idea you suggest is exactly palatable; but I think I could hardly take offence at words of yours."

At that moment the door-bell rang, and presently Thomas announced General Reardon.

"Generals seem to be the order of the day," said Mar-

garet, with a smile, as the visitor was crossing the hall. "I might be back in Bassett for the prevalence of titles."

Miss Trevennon greeted General Reardon with great cordiality, and set herself at once to the task of entertaining him. He called only occasionally at the Gastons' house, as he did not enjoy their society any more than they did his. He had been in the United States Army before the war, and had been extremely popular among the officers, being possessed of a fund of anecdote and humor, which congealed instantly in the atmosphere of the Gastons' drawing-room, but flowed freely enough in camps and barracks. He was of a good Southern family, and essentially a gentleman. His visits, as has been indicated, were not especially inspiring to the Gastons, but Cousin Eugenia had detected in her husband a faint tendency to slight this cousin of hers, and it was just like her, after that, to treat him with greater distinction. General Gaston, in truth, found it a little difficult to ignore the fact that he was an officer in the Federal army who had gone with the South, and certainly did not enjoy his visits; but he stood in some awe of his wife, which enabled him partially to conceal the fact that he chafed under her cousin's companionship.

When Thomas had summoned his master and mistress to the drawing-room, Mrs. Gaston seated herself near General Reardon, and at once fell into fluent conversation with him. General Gaston, for his part, established himself half-way between this couple and the pair who were seated on the other side of the fire-place. He sat very straight and erect in his chair, occasionally making a rather forced remark to General Reardon, who, in his turn, was conscious of being bored and ill at ease, but entirely unconscious of being the object of any slight whatever. It occurred to him, perhaps, that his host's manner was peculiar, even unfortunate, but it would have taken a great deal to convey to his honest breast the suspicion that any gentleman alive could mean to slight a visitor in his own house.

Mrs. Gaston, when she chose, could talk agreeably to any one on almost any subject, and she was now discussing crops and market-gardening, and listening with great vivacity of expression, to a detailed account that General Reardon was giving of the reports his wife—whom he called "Loose," her

name being Lucy—related of the result of a little venture in the way of a market-garden which they had made.

"By the way, General," said the visitor, breaking off suddenly from his conversation with Mrs. Gaston, and turning to address her husband, as if struck with a sudden thought; "are you invited to this supper of General Morton's?"

Imperceptible bristles began to rise over General Gaston's surface. He drew himself still more erect, and cleared his throat once or twice before answering.

"Ah—I beg your pardon—ah—yes," said General Gaston, with an inflection that suggested that he was rather asking a question than answering one. He cleared his throat again and went on with a certain superciliousness that Margaret noted carefully. "General Morton has been kind enough to remember me and send me a card. There is always a very distinguished company at these suppers of his, and I shouldn't think of missing this."

"Loose wants me to go," responded General Reardon, in indolent, indifferent tones that set Margaret's blood a-tingling with delight; "but I don't care anything about it. I s'pose the men'll all wear swallow-tails, and I haven't got one. I'll tell Morton he'll have to let me off.—What I was going to tell you about the potato crop, is this," he said, returning to his conversation with Mrs. Gaston, as being the more interesting of the two. "Loose says, if we'd planted Early Rose—"

But Margaret listened no further. She knew Louis was looking at her, and she had drawn down the corners of her mouth, demurely, in her efforts not to laugh; but her eyes brimmed over with such sparkling merriment, that the mouth's quiescence went for little.

Mr. Gaston presently drew out his watch, and reminded Miss Trevennon of the fact that it was nearly time to set out for the theatre, in fulfilment of their engagement; so she excused herself, and went to put on her wraps.

When the two young people found themselves alone together, in the clear, bracing atmosphere of the city streets—they had chosen to walk—Margaret began the conversation by saying:

"Alan Decourcy called while we were out driving this morning. I hope we shall not happen to be in view of the

theatre-party to-night; it would be a little awkward, as we both refused to join it."

"Not at all," said Louis, "they need never know but that our engagement antedated their invitation. Don't give yourself any uneasiness about that."

When they had gone on a few moments in silence, Louis said in his pleasant voice, which even in the darkness indicated that he was smiling:

"Well, you had your little triumph this evening!"

"I did," returned Margaret, with a soft, little laugh, "and I must say I enjoyed it. But I was wondering how he happened to know General Morton."

"Oh, I dare say they were chums in the United States Army, before the war," said Louis. "Only think what a chance that man threw away! Why, if he had remained in the Union army he might have been a Major-General by this time."

"He is a Major-General, I think," said Margaret, demurely; "or is it only a Brigadier?"

"You impertinent little rebel!" said Louis. "How dare you say that to me? How do you know that I will submit to such audacity? You make heavy draughts upon my clemency."

"I'm afraid I do," said Margaret; "but I have always had them generously honored. But while we are on the subject, there's one thing that I do want to say to you. Do you know, I have observed that your brother never gives General Reardon his title? In speaking of him to me or Cousin Eugenia, he always says 'your cousin,' and in speaking to him he avoids calling him anything at all. Once only, when he had to say something, he called him 'Mr. Reardon.' He did indeed."

"Well, in point of fact, you know," said Louis, rather uncomfortably, "he's got no more right to the title of General than you have. The point has been definitely decided. It is only a matter of courtesy."

"I don't know who had the power to decide it," Margaret said; "but we are not considering the point of legal right. Its being, as you admit, a matter of courtesy, should settle the thing, I think. Don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I do. I'm not sure I always thought so, but I do now."

When they reached the theatre, they found the overture just begun. A few minutes later they saw Mrs. Vere's party enter and place themselves in their box. The dashing young hostess led the way, and seated herself *en évidence,* with a brilliant party grouped about her. One or two of these Margaret recognized, and Louis knew them all, naming them, without comment, to Margaret. There was some one whom they did not see, sitting in the shadow behind the curtain, and to this person Mrs. Vere directed a greater part of her attention. She constantly leaned to speak to him, or bowed her head to catch his utterances, casting towards him now and then the languishing looks which her peculiarly long eyelashes rendered so effective. Margaret felt that this person was Alan Decourcy, and at the end of the first act her suspicion was proved to be correct, as he then rose and came to Mrs. Vere's side to take a survey of the house. He looked very graceful and elegant, but, in some way, the great charm his appearance once had possessed for her was gone.

When she turned her eyes away from him, they rested, almost without any volition of her own, upon Louis Gaston's quiet profile. He was looking away from her, and so she could scan at leisure the earnest lineaments that had in them a genuineness and nobleness so much better than beauty. The more she felt her disappointment in Alan Decourcy, the more she believed in and rested upon Louis Gaston's friendship. Imperceptibly her regard for him had widened and deepened, until now merely to think of him was to feel peaceful and safe at rest. . . . .

He paused a moment, still looking at her. There was not a quiver in the still face pressed against the cushions, but at his last words the beautiful arm was uplifted and laid against her cheek, hiding her face from view, as the slim hand closed upon the top of the chair, above her head. It was an attitude full of grace. The white wrap had fallen back, leaving bare the lovely arms and shoulders, and revealing perfectly the symmetry of the rounded figure. Although the face was hidden, he could see every exquisite line and tint of it, in his mind's eye, almost as plainly as he saw, with his actual vision,

the soft masses of hair drawn back from the little shell-like ear, and the portion of white cheek and throat which her screening arm did not conceal.

In spite of strong repression, the hot blood overflowed the young man's bounding heart and sent a glow of dark color surging over his face. Something—a little fluttered movement of the breast—revealed to his confused consciousness that Margaret herself was not unmoved. He rose and advanced toward her.

"You know it," he said; "but let me put into words the sweet, despairing truth. I love you, Margaret. Oh, good and beautiful and true and sweet, how could I choose but love you!"

He dropped upon his knees before her, and in this low position he could see her lovely, tremulous lips. At something in their expression a sudden little flame of hope shot up in his heart.

"Margaret," he said, in a deep commanding tone that was almost stern, while all the time his hands were clinched together, so that he touched not so much as the hem of her dress—"Margaret, look at me. Let me see straight into your eyes."

There was no disobeying that tone, which he now used to her for the first time. She felt herself mastered by it, and, lowering her arm, she showed to him her loving eyes, her trembling lips, her entranced and radiant face. Instantly his arms were around her, his lips to hers, in an embrace so tender, a kiss so sweet, as can come only in that rare union of freshness and completeness for which all the past lives of these two young souls had been a preparation.

"You are wrong. I did *not* know," she said, presently, breaking the long silence and murmuring the words very softly in his ear.

"Then you have been dull and blind and deaf, my darling, my darling, my darling!" he said, lingering caressingly upon the repetition of the poor little word, which is the best we have to convey the tenderest message of our hearts. "Do you know it now, or do you need to have it proved to you still further? Let me look at you."

But she would not lift her head from its safe and happy

resting-place, and her eyes refused to meet his until he said again:

"Margaret," in that stern, sweet voice which thrilled and conquered her; and then she lifted up her eyes, and fixed them with a fervent gaze on his.

"God help me to deserve you, Margaret, my saint," he murmured, as he met that look of lovely exaltation. "It hurts me that you have to stoop so far."

"I do not stoop," she answered. "You have pointed me to heights I never dreamed of. We will try to reach them together."

Later, when their long talk, including the short explanation of their misunderstanding, was over, and they were parting for the night, with the blessed consciousness that they would meet to-morrow in the same sweet companionship—with the thought in the mind of each that the future was to be always together, never apart—Louis went with her into the hall, to watch her again as she ascended the stairs.

When she had gone but a few steps, she paused, leaning over the banister:

"Doesn't it seem funny," she said, the serious happiness her face had worn giving place to a merry smile, "such a Yankee and such a Rebel, as you and I! Let us set an example of letting by-gones be by-gones, and shake hands across the bloody chasm."

THE MUSICIAN AND THE CHILD

Extract from "His Heart's Desire," in 'Miss Ayr of Virginia.' Copyright, H. S. Stone and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

It was a beautiful country through which the Aroona River ran; so beautiful that at last, after ages of unmolested repose, a railroad had been built along the top of the mountain ridge, and tourists had begun to talk of its attractions. As yet, however, they knew the fertile little valley only from a distance. The point most admired by the passengers on those flying trains was that where the Aroona lay beneath them, like a great tin funnel on its side. They could see it, in one place, broad and placid, and could follow distinctly its sharp

and sudden compression into a passage forced between two great walls of rock, where it seethed and rushed through the contracted space representing the stem of the funnel. This was called The Narrows, and below it was the Falls—a foaming cataract that dashed relentlessly over great, dangerous-looking rocks.

Perhaps the passing tourists sometimes wondered what sort of men and women they were, who lived in the odd, misshapen little houses, bunched together to form the tiny village, which was not much more than a dot on the landscape. It soon passed out of sight, and they thought of it no more, and yet it is likely that they were more concerned about these obscure country people, whose very isolation made them interesting to speculative minds, than the latter allowed themselves to be concerned about the occupants of the trains, which, twice a day, darted along the high horizon line, almost as swift and mysterious meteors crossing the heavens. They were tranquil-minded, unimaginative people, and lived their lives and died their deaths in this distant valley of the earth, without much interest in what lay beyond.

On the outskirts of this village was a house conspicuously superior to the rest. It was built on a slight elevation of land, and had some claim to ornament and architectural display. It was also supplied with comfortable outhouses and enclosed grounds.

Back of this house, beyond the commodious barn, was a little well-worn pathway, which led through the large vegetable-garden down to what once had been an old dairy and spring-house. The spring was long since dried up, and the building would have perhaps fallen into disuse, had it not been that someone had taken possession of it and put it into a decidedly novel purpose. Almost one-half of it was occupied by a grand piano. Lying on top of this was a violin-case carefully closed, a lot of loose music, some bits of charcoal, some dilapidated paint-tubes, a very dirty palette, and other odds and ends of accumulated litter.

On the walls, and scattered all about in various stages of incompleteness, were sketches in oil, water color, and charcoal, all unmistakably bad, and yet with a quality in them that indicated that the mind had had something to express

in spite of the impotency of the hands. The room was dusty and disordered, and smelt strongly of tobacco, but the windows were open, and this odor was forced to give place, now and then, to the fresh, keen breath of the blooms of the honeysuckle vines, which hung in green density over the rickety porch without. There had been a heavy rain, and the wet sweetness was delicious.

The path through the old vegetable garden had been carefully cleared at the important period known as "garden-making time"; but now, in late summer, the weeds and grass had so encroached upon it as to make it almost as wet as the cabbage and potato patches on each side.

Down this path, stepping very cautiously, there came now a man and a child. The former was tall, thin, and much bent in figure. His hair and beard were scant in quantity, and almost white. He had deep lines in his face, such as could only have been made there by age or sorrow. His features were without beauty, and quite unremarkable, except the eyes, which had a look that caught and fixed the attention. That look, one of earnest beseeching, was turned now upon the child, whose little hand was clasped in his great bony one, and who kept up with his shuffling stride by a little skipping motion, which bobbed her bright head up and down and seemed directly connected with the inarticulate murmurs which came from her lips, expressive of a totally irrelevant and irresponsible joyousness. Her little calico frock was neatly made, well fitting and clean, while the clothing of the man looked, by contrast, almost piteously shabby and uncouth. His hair, too, was long, and straggled over his ears, meeting and mixing with his beard in confused disorder. The child was captivatingly pretty. Her nose was a queer little pug, her eyes were enormously big and round. Her flesh was deliciously smooth, and her hair was curly gold, that, freely exposed to the sunlight, gave back shining for shining. She was not more than four or five years old, plump and chubby in figure, and seemed to give out an exuberant happiness, brighter than birds or butterflies.

As the path got lower down the hillside, the dampness of the undergrowth increased, so that the child's feet were in danger of getting wet. Noticing this fact, the man stooped

and lifted her in his arms. Even this did not stop the sort of physical bubbling-over, which she had been keeping up, and she still dipped and nodded from her perch, and uttered her little gleeful gurgles, as if her heart had more joy than it could silently contain.

When they reached the gloomy little house, the man was very careful to close the door behind him, and his next action was to draw before the window the muslin curtains, which had once been white, but were now dust-stained and weather-beaten. Then, with the air of old habit, he placed the child among the tumbled cushions of the sofa, saying, as he carefully felt first one foot, and then the other:

"Rose-Jewel mustn't get her feet wet. Mamma wouldn't like that. No, they're all right. And now must I tell you a story?"

The child shook her head in decided rejection of this idea, and said in an imperious voice:

"No, play."

He did not speak at once, but reached up and took the shapeless old hat from his head, and, with a sudden jerk, shook backward the thin locks which straggled over his forehead. There was unmistakable gratification in his face, as of one who had received a welcome invitation for which he had been too humble to look.

One would have thought it likely that the child, when she spoke, would call him "Grandpapa," but she turned her insistent gaze upon him now and said peremptorily:

"Play, Papa, play!"

As he crossed over where his violin-case lay, there had come a sudden buoyancy into his figure, and as he lifted the instrument carefully from its case and began to tune it, his face, too, was fervid and alert. The fact became evident now, that he was not an old man. There was all the strength of youth in the sudden motion with which he braced his shoulder to the violin, and all the fire of youth was in his eyes.

The child looked upward into his face, and smiled. He returned the smile, and with a bright nod of encouragement and promise, he broke into the gay movement of a little dance tune, played with extraordinary brilliancy of execution.

"How's that, baby? Here we go! Now the pretty lady is going down the line and holding up her pink silk dress. Listen to that! And now they are all catching hands and whirling round and round, and everybody is laughing—and here goes the music like this!"

As he fiddled away at the merry tune, bending about, and jerking his head and elbows, the child got into a state of ecstatic glee, clapped her hands and laughed aloud, and finally slipped off the sofa, caught up her skirts, and began to dance. It was done with the tottering, uneven motion of a baby, but there was extraordinary vim in it, and as the music got every moment gayer and faster, she jumped and whirled about, until her companion, with a wild laugh of delight threw down violin and bow, and caught her up in his arms, covering her with kisses, and jumping about, himself, in rather a mad fashion, with the music in his blood, as well as hers. Then growing calmer, he put her back upon her cushions, and taking up his violin, said soothingly:

"Now Rose-Jewel's tired, and Papa's going to make her rested. Sit still, darling, a little while, and see if you don't feel as if you were in a lovely little cradle with soft blue ribbons on it, and a little bird singing on the window sill. Now listen for the little bird."

He drew the bow across the strings once, twice, with long minor tones, and then he began the bit of descriptive improvising. The child sank back in the cushions, and breathed a long sigh of ease. When the motion of the cradle was indicated, she rocked her little body slightly, from side to side, and closed her eyes luxuriously. Then, with his gaze fixed on her face, and with an intensity of fervid feeling that made him almost beautiful, the musician touched some short staccato notes that made a little cheeping sound, to which the child delightedly responded by saying:

"Birdie! Birdie! Birdie!" and made an infantine effort to snap her plump fingers.

The man's face grew radiant. Holding aside the violin in one hand and the bow in the other, he took a few steps toward her, bent down, and kissed first one, and then the other of the soles of her little shoes, which were covered with fine grains of damp sand, that he felt against his lips.

"The good God gave you to me, Rose-Jewel," he said. "Put your hands together while I play him a prayer of thanks."

Unquestioningly, the child placed her two hands palm to palm, and looked up reverently, as he began to play.

It was a strange, wild sweet *Te Deum* that rose now and filled the little room. The very heart of praise was in it, the very soul of thankfulness. The man's dark eyes, for the time, had lost sight of the gift in the Giver, and were turned upward to the dingy ceiling, that was soon obscured by tears. The large drops rolled from his lids and ran down his cheeks. His face grew strained and seamed with agitation, and a thick sob rose in his throat. Still he played on with that rapt, uplifted gaze, until a sound from the sofa recalled him, and he started, and lowered his bow-arm with a sudden movement of dismay.

There were tears in the eyes of Rose-Jewel, too, and her little heart, which he felt should know only the joy of praise, was tasting too soon its sorrow and solemnity. As one quick, sharp sob followed another he felt a sudden deep contrition stab him, and lifting his bow again, he began to play in a quieting, comforting, reassuring strain, interspersed with words that matched it.

"The dear God loves us both, Rose-Jewel," he said. "He wants us to be happy and bright, and not cry or get frightened. He sends us beautiful angels to take care of us, and make us go to sleep, and have sweet dreams. Listen to this now, and see if you don't hear them flying into the room."

The child ceased sobbing, and listened with earnest attentiveness, and by and by he had the joy of seeing her fall into a gentle sleep. He played on, pleasing himself with the idea that his music represented to her, in her sleep, the dreams the angels brought.

* * * * * *

A sound from behind aroused him. The door was suddenly thrown open. He turned, still clasping the child, and met the infuriated eyes of the wife and mother.

The scene that followed was one that roused him to a point of excitement he had never known before. It was very brief, but in these moments, in which Rose-Jewel clung about his neck, while her mother tried in vain to get possession of

her, while she seemed to appeal to him for protection, and the very appeal seemed to give him the power of response, he felt himself, for the first time since his marriage, a strong, self-reliant man, and a sense of exultation swelled upward with the surgings of his excited blood, until he felt able to do and dare everything for the sake of defending this child. His wife, scarcely recognizing him in this unfamiliar aspect, was for a moment surprised into silence, but the reaction after this made her more angry yet, and the long restrained indignation of years broke loose. She gave it full vent, and he heard his beloved art defamed and derided, and a possession of the musical gift called a misfortune, a nuisance, and a curse. It was enough, she said, to have borne with it in him, and to have had calamity brought through him into her life; but to go through it again, with her own child—was more than she could stand! She declared that her confidence had been abused—that Rose-Jewel should never be left one moment alone again with him—that it should be the object of her life, henceforth, to suppress every sign of musical talent the child might manifest—that she was resolved to do this, if she had to whip her, tie her, starve her, lock her up, a dozen times a day. She looked into his eyes defiantly, and warned him that the child should not be spared! As he heard these words come from her lips, he felt a tightening of the little arms around his neck. The fire of his passionate love for his baby was kindled into a keener flame, and he wished it were possible never to loose her from his arms. Her every second's absence from his sight would be torturing anxiety to his heart.

* * * * * *

A longing for the old isolation of freedom came upon him. They might have it once again! He reached for his violin and bow and put them into the case. Then, still holding the child pressed close against him, he took up the case with his free hand, and went out of the opened door.

It was a mild, overcast summer day. The very act of getting out of doors exhilarated and strengthened him. He spoke gay and encouraging words to the child, as he carried her down the little, well-worn path which led to the river, without going in sight of the house. They had often gone along

this path together, and when he reached the bank and loosed the little boat tied there, and put Rose-Jewel down on the cushion in the bottom, with the violin against her feet, they were only re-enacting old familiar scenes of companionship and delight.

Eastin took up the small paddle that lay in the boat, and pushed out into the stream. The river was perfectly placid on days like this, and it was his delight to get off with the child a little way from land and to play to her. The boat scarcely moved upon the water and they did not go out far enough to get into the current. It was in the wide and sleepy part of the stream above the narrows.

The child had grown completely quiet now, and looked up at him with a face of unclouded happiness as he laid down the paddle and took his violin out of its case. He put it in perfect tune, and then, with the radiant presence opposite him, began to play.

On his own heart the shadow of a great dread hung heavy. He felt that this hour separated the dear and beautiful past from a future full of pain and wrangling, and even of cruelty and harshness. He would have to make a desperate fight with his wife for the soul and body of the child, and he felt that everything was against him. It was inevitable that he should be conquered, and what would it all mean to his darling? He looked into her beautiful, confiding little face, and it almost broke his heart. He resolved that she should be happy, for this hour, at least.

He played to her gay dance music, and she clapped her hands in time to it, and rocked her little body about, until the boat moved with her motion, and made them seem to be dancing. Eastin helped this effect by patting his foot and shaking his head, and answering audibly her little cries of glee. He passed from waltz to polka, and from polka to *galop,* the child conforming to every change of time; and Eastin, remembering that it was their last free hour together, got intoxicated with the delight of it, and bewildered by the thought of its fleetingness played faster and faster, nodding his head in time to Rose-Jewel's motions, and never taking his eyes from her face.

At last, with a final scrape of the bow, the exciting measure

ended, and he dropped his arms with a wild and breathless laugh, to which the child responded.

But how was it that, although both their tired bodies had grown still and relaxed, the sense of movement continued? Eastin felt a spasm of fear at his heart, and looking about him he discovered that they were far from the shore, and in the very center of the stream, whose current was bearing them rapidly onward, and every moment becoming stronger and swifter. He realized, in one awful instant, that they had been drifting for some time, and were quickly getting into the narrows. He looked ahead and could see the high cliffs of rocks on either side, which, for unknown ages of time, had been the impregnable bounds of that crowding torrent of waves and spray and bubbling foam that rushed onward to the falls below.

He reached for the little paddle, but he felt it would be useless. Every moment the motion was becoming stronger and more irresistible. He scarcely felt the thin planks between him and the seething stream below. He put out the paddle, but one blow from that bounding water knocked it from his hand and hurled it away, and he could see it tossed from wave to wave, with a sportive motion that seemed to mock him.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him, at which his heart gave a great bound, and a light, as it had been from heaven, overspread his face. He knew that rescue was impossible, and the idea that God had planned for him and for Rose-Jewel this release from the pain of earth and this entrance into the glory of heaven swept over him with a wave of joy. There were no words that he had ever said more devoutly than, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," and he knew Rose-Jewel was already a companion for the angels. The vision of a certain ecstacy and bliss shone all around about him. O the freedom of it, the rapture, the music! Even the dread of physical death was nothing to him. Rose-Jewel would be his companion, and the journey would be short!

His one care was that the child should not be frightened. She had always answered to his control, and he took up the violin now and began to play.

"Listen, darling, listen!" holding her eyes with his own,

and drowning in a flood of rich, keen melody the noise of the rushing water.

And Rose-Jewel answered to the insistence of those swelling sounds of music as unquestionably as she had ever done. She forgot everything; as she bent forward to listen. He leaned close to her, that she might not lose one sound. The beauty of the music that swelled out over those turbulent waters was entrancing, even to himself. He did not know what he was playing—something he had never heard before, but something fit to play in those choirs of heaven to which he was going so quickly. He could not wonder that the child was under the spell of it. It came to him without one interruption—an unbroken strain of divinest sweetness, such as he had never heard before. In the very midst of it, the ever-narrowing, ever-quickening current gave the little boat such a wrench, that the violin was knocked out of his hand into the sleeping waters.

Then Rose-Jewel gave a little cry, and turned to look about her, but before she had faced the sight of those terrifying waves, he caught her in his arms. She felt her little golden head drawn down upon its sweet, familiar resting place, and the arms of her father folded close about her. Words of love and comfort and reassurance were whispered in her ear. She was being rocked into repose and rest quite naturally, as she had so often been before, upon her father's breast.

There was a sudden rush of something cold and strange—a swish of sound—a lurch—a fall—and then, still holding each other in the dear fondness of that close embrace, the musician and his little child sank together into death, and their spirits soared forth into infinite music.

WALTER MALONE

[1866—1915]

M. W. CONNOLLY

WALTER MALONE, the youngest of a family of twelve children, is a son of the late Dr. Franklin Jefferson Malone, and Mary Louisa (Hardin), his wife. He was born February 10, 1866, in De Soto County, Mississippi, about thirteen miles southeast of Memphis, Tennessee. His father, a surgeon in the Mexican War, and a member of the Mississippi Constitutional Convention in 1868, died January 24, 1873. The death of his father so soon after Walter's birth deprived him of many early advantages; but his mother, one of those women who rise equal to emergencies, managed to give her younger children such educational advantages as the country schools afforded.

Three miles across the line in Tennessee to the "old-field schoolhouse" young Malone trudged, and from the age of six to sixteen on these daily trips developed the faculty of thinking and of dreaming day-dreams. When not at school he was working in the corn and cotton fields, where he literally thought out his thoughts between the plow-handles. When the pictures which he had conjured up were firmly fixed in his mind, he made his first attempt, at the age of twelve years, to record them in verse. Always a severe critic of himself, he destroyed these productions as not to his liking.

However, the voice within him would not be stilled, and between the ages of thirteen and fourteen he wrote several articles which were published in the Louisville *Courier-Journal.* Thus encouraged, he began at the age of fourteen writing verse seriously, and continued up to 1882, when he was sixteen years old. Then appeared his first volume of Verses, 'Claribel, and Other Poems,' a book of three hundred pages, containing two long blank verse dramas, two long narrative poems in verse, and a number of short poems. This book was about such a production as a farmer's boy of latent genius and limited education might be expected to write if he were ambitious and fond of work. It was the largest book of verse ever printed by a boy under twenty-one, and it was much admired by many who liberally commended him for his achievements. No doubt he was proud of it, as he had a right to be; but in later years, with erring judgment, to be sure, he destroyed every copy he could lay hands on.

In 1883, at the age of seventeen, he entered the Preparatory De-

partment of the University of Mississippi, at Oxford. For this field of effort he was but ill equipped. While he had been an omnivorous reader, his studies in the elementary text-books had been desultory, and his day-dreams between the plow-handles and his musings at night under the stars were hostile to concentration, definiteness of purpose, and efficient training. Getting in touch with collegiate work was, therefore, difficult. The professors often told him to read less and study text-books more; but for the first two years he was sadly lagging in his studies. Mathematics, with the exception of geometry, he could never like nor learn; and, with many others, he wondered why an undesirable study was forced upon him. The last two years at college were eminently successful, and much progress was made. He won laurels in two college oratorical contests, and was for three years on the editorial staff of the college magazine—the last year serving as editor-in-chief.

In 1885, at the age of nineteen, he published a second volume of poems, entitled 'The Outcast, and Other Poems.' This book of three hundred and fifteen pages contained two blank verse dramas, two long narratives in verse, some lyrics, and a reprint of the lyrics in the first volume, though changed considerably. The second volume was a great improvement over the first, and its appearance elicited favorable comments in communications from Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Oliver Wendell Holmes; but because of its occasional crudities and immaturities, it, too, was consigned to the flames. Of this book, John Greenleaf Whittier wrote: "The book gives promise, but it is not what it would be were the author ten years older. Why, at thy age, I could not make a respectable rhyme." Fire, however, can no longer blot out the printed word. Recently a collector of rare books in Minneapolis, Minnesota, sent a copy of the first book, 'Claribel, and Other Poems,' with the request that the author inscribe something on the title-page. Mr. Malone, with characteristic modesty, complied by transcribing from Thackeray: "Be sure that if thou hast never been a fool, thou wilt never be a wise men." In later editions of his works Mr. Malone has included fragments and excerpts from his first two books, much altered and sometimes recast. The objection that Mr. Malone finds to his earlier writings is that they were produced when he knew nothing of the world, of nature, or of human nature. He had lived in a world of books, and all of his pictures were unreal, and obtained at second hand. A young Scotch poet on his deathbed at twenty-three bewailed the fact that his was not a life—" 'Twas but a shred of childhood thrown away"; but Mr. Malone's life was without childhood; he never was a child. He was a grown man in thought and action from early childhood. He had

no playmates and engaged in no childish sports. Youths of his age around him were beneath his social plane, and association with them was prohibited. He could play with the little negroes on the place, as was the custom, but he was seldom playfully inclined. He was always studious, always thoughtful and serious. His world was between written pages.

In 1887 graduation day came, and admission to the Bar at Oxford, Mississippi, shortly afterward. Moving to Memphis the same year, he formed a copartnership with his brother, the Honorable James H. Malone, now Mayor of Memphis (1908), and engaged in the practice of law. Law is a jealous mistress, and after sorrowfully reading Blackstone's "Farewell to His Muse" he set himself assiduously to work, and until the latter part of 1891 his pen was idle and his muse a "Leah the Forsaken."

The year 1892 saw the beginning of his best work. 'Narcissus, and Other Poems' appeared and attracted widespread attention. Two years later 'Songs of Dusk and Dawn' appeared. This book contained many new poems, and what was best in the volume of 1892, as well as what was best in the two juvenile books. In reviewing this book twelve years ago I wrote:

"His profusion of imagery, his reverence for the sublime and beautiful in nature, his felicity of expression and loftiness of sentiment, give him charter to undertake and power to execute tasks from which mere mediocrity would retire discomfited. His style is diversified and pleasing and his passion is pure, excepting when the exuberance of his fancy beguiles him into voluptuousness. Beginning to write poetry in early life, he has followed the avocation or diversion with care and patience. That he has not reached the meridian of his fame we may well agree without indulging too sanguine an expectation of his future success. A shifting of the scenes, a sharp bringing up against realities, the impact of adversity's missiles, or the ennobling and broadening influence of love and congenial association will dispel these clouds of misanthropy and give a brighter tinge and more cheerful tone to his lines."

In 1896 followed 'Songs of December and June,' a little volume of twenty lyrics, and 'The Coming of the King' (1897), a collection of eight short stories. This book received high praise from the press and from writers like Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Charles Dudley Warner, Edgar Fawcett, and others. In that year Mr. Malone retired from lucrative law practice and moved to New York, where he engaged in literary pursuits for three years, contributing to the leading magazines and weeklies of the metropolis. The Spanish War coming on, and the demand for such writing as he had to offer being limited

owing to the great demand for war literature, Mr. Malone returned to Memphis and resumed the practice of law.

In 1900 appeared 'Songs of North and South,' a volume containing the garnered work of the three preceding years. In this book the predictions made eight years before were fully verified. The volume introduced the author to Great Britain, and it was favorably received by Alfred Austin, Israel Zangwill, and the British and Scotch reviews. In 1904 appeared 'Poems,' a complete edition of all his poems up to that date, the early ones being rewritten and revised. In 1906 appeared his latest book, 'Songs of East and West,' a volume containing twenty-seven poems, many of them being pictures of travel in Europe, California, Florida, Cuba, and Mexico. His most widely quoted poem, "Opportunity," though by no means his best, according to the judgment of many who are competent authorities, appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* in March, 1905. This has been printed and reprinted time and again, in all English-speaking countries.

In 1905, on petition of practically all of the Memphis Bar, Mr. Malone was appointed Judge of the Second Circuit Court of Shelby County, Tennessee, and by election he has held the office ever since. As a jurist he has attained to an eminence equal to that which he won in the forum, which is saying much, because his knowledge of the law is phenomenal. Indeed, Judge Malone possesses an encyclopedic mind. It is stored with various knowledge, not thrown in helter-skelter, but arranged and orderly, indexed, and readily accessible at all times. Be it reading the sweep of the skies and telling the names and positions of the planets and their mythological meanings, noting the names and sex of the trees of the forest, denominating grasses, weeds, shrubbery, flowers, and the birds of the air, his information is copious and accurate. In spite of his modesty, this abundance of information crops out in his writings.

His consistent loyalty to his ideals has been most admirable. In this materialistic age, when everything is absorbed in money-getting, he has steadfastly remained true to his conception of art. Through the long dark night he has followed his ideal, in spite of the fact that serious poetry has been discountenanced and frowned upon. Utilitarianism has never influenced him. His battle for recognition has been in a day and age when poetic sentiment is trampled upon and crushed; and it is no small tribute to his lofty aims and loyalty to concept to say that he never sought to gain an ephemeral popularity by methods in vogue at any particular time. When it was the fashion to make every Southern writer do his work in the dialect of the negro or the mountaineer, he wrote no dialect. When it was "the thing" to flood the magazines and newspapers with flimsy at-

tempts at humor and banal society verse, all his work has been in a serious vein. During this day of cheap optimism, he has always held that man, like nature, must have his serious as well as his happy moods. Let it not be understood that because Judge Malone is disposed to serious literary work he is personally obsessed by puritanical austerity or exclusiveness. On the contrary, he is a genial companion whose presence is sunshine and whose voice has the tonal cheerfulness of a pæan. His generosity often crosses the threshold of imprudence, and his love of friends and of children is immeasurable.

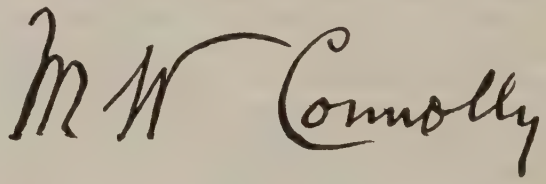
This seriousness, and the fact that he has never followed current fads and fashions in doing his work, has delayed his recognition for years. Had he indulged in cheap, sycophantic verse, continually praising men and movements whose popularity would only last an hour, he would have been much better advertised and much better known; but this he never has done and never will do. He has long been known to the choice and discerning few; and through these his works have filtered down to the masses. The Fates, parsimonious and wary, have doled out his rewards; but at last his measure is full to overflowing.

Judge Malone must be accorded full credit for being a pioneer among those pioneers in Southern literature who have made for it a firm foundation, based upon Southern life, Southern scenes, and nature as she appears in the South alone. The earlier writers of America harped on larks and nightingales, which they had never heard, and on rosemary and rue, which they had never seen. Like our early settlers who sent to Europe for building material, while at their feet lay inexhaustible supplies, their style, coloring, and ideas were imported. The mocking-bird was practically the only Southern bird known to literature; but the school of which Judge Malone is principal abandoned European books as sources of information and drew inspiration from the rich stores at hand. Judge Malone has taken the red-bird, the blue-bird, the woodpecker, the humming-bird, and others, and put them in the place of the feathered songsters of Europe of which we know nothing. He has taken the magnolia, the dogwood, the redbud, the passion-flower, the trumpet-flower, and others, and made them popular in literature.

Besides his poems and short stories, three plays are to his credit: "Poe and Chopin" is a mystical and subjective study; "The Valley of the Shadow" is a drama based upon one of the many tragedies that occurred in Memphis during one of the yellow fever visitations. This drama is sociological, and eminently daring in its bold presentations of the plea of the women of the underworld, one of whom is

its heroine. "Sam Davis" is a war drama, built around the name of the young Tennessee hero who declared on trial that he would rather be hanged a thousand times than to tell one lie or betray one friend; and who, scorning proffered freedom as the price of infidelity, was hanged as a spy by the Federal authorities. These plays have been highly commended by competent critics, and are soon to be produced.

Judge Malone's later poems are finished and classic. Whatever there may have been of the crude, the callow, or immature in his earlier writings has all vanished. His later productions are literary cameos. They betray infinite pains and striving for perfection. About them there is no suggestion of haste. "*Poco tiempo*" seems to have been his motto. The children of his fancy are not permitted to go forth into the world deformed, dowdily dressed or over-dressed. Over them all he has exercised a parental care, and in them he has taken the pride of the true artist. He is intensely Southern. Even his cosmopolitanism savors of the Southern soil; has the flair of Southern flowers, and its sheen reflects the glory of Southern suns. He has imagination, feeling, sincerity, and a charming indifference to the praise or blame of the unthinking multitude. In a sordid and material age, he has demonstrated that there remain soul and music in the land. For Judge Malone there is still much light. Eight years must elapse ere he reaches the age of fifty, the period beyond which no poet has ever done work as good as his best. In these eight years there is warrant to expect much.



OPPORTUNITY

First published in *Munsey's Magazine*, and used here by permission of the Frank A. Munsey Company.

[The first four poems are from 'Songs of East and West,' published by John P. Morton and Company, Louisville, Kentucky, 1906. The remaining selections are from 'Poems,' published by Paul and Douglass Company, Memphis, Tennessee, 1904. Copyright by Walter Malone, and used here by permission of author and publishers.]

They do me wrong who say I come no more
  When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
  And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
  Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
  At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
  To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
  But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
  I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
  But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
  Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
  And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
  Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
  Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

THE WOOD THRUSH

Bird of the brown wing and the dotted breast,
He dwells in deep woods, cool and dark and green;
In dewy, dim retreats he rears his nest,
By all save bare-foot truants left unseen.

In Spring and Summer, at the dusk and dawn,
He floods the forest with his liquid trill;
At burning noon, in solitude withdrawn,
The hours doze on while all his songs are still.

Like rival troubadours, from every spray,
To all his notes his brethren make reply;
They speed the splendid sunrise on his way,
And chant a requiem when the light must die.

When morning like a tulip flecked with fire,
In scarlet and in orange breaks in bloom,
Bird answers bird, and in one heavenly choir
They hail him from their forest-temple's gloom:

"O day of joy, haste, haste thy nimble feet!
All earth is happy, like a sweet love-story.
Come on, come on, where Youth and Pleasure meet,
To crown thee as thou risest in thy glory!"

When sunset lingers over Western hills
In ashen purple, like an exiled king,
Bird answers bird in melancholy trills—
Ah me, that song the wild wood-thrushes sing!

"O perfect day, how soon thy joys shall end!
Thou wilt return, O never, never, never;
Far, O how far, thy weary feet must wend;
O day of joy, farewell, farewell, forever!"

THE READING BOY

Sunk in the cushion of a high arm-chair,
A volume resting where his knees are crost,
With one hand slowly fumbling through his hair,
There sits the boy in magic pages lost.

At times he lifts a grave, though youthful face,
Revealing depths of eyes of liquid brown;
He seems a traveler from some far-off place
Who flees us as his flitting glance turns down.

O, dreamy boy, with fair May-morning brow,
What realms of wonders lure your restless feet?
In what far kingdom are you treading now?
What distant ocean bears your wandering fleet?

You sail with Sindbad through enchanted seas,
Your pockets stuffed with diamonds from his caves;
You and Aladdin gather gems from trees;
You give your orders to a thousand slaves.

With Crusoe you have rifled rich old wrecks,
You tame his parrot and you herd his goats;
With Captain Kidd you rake the foeman's decks,
And smiling, cut freebooting rivals' throats.

Columbus-like, you find another world,
You help Magellan sail the globe around;
Your flags with Drake and Raleigh float unfurled
From Dutch Guiana unto Puget Sound.

You sit with Alexander on his throne,
Yet conquer other worlds beyond his wake;
With Cæsar you have bridged the Rhine and Rhône,
Yet worn the crown which Cæsar dared not take.

And yet, my sturdy boy, you soon shall see
Youth's peerless poem dwindle into prose;
And soon your nimble feet, so wild and free,
Shall bleed from thorns of each caressing rose.

Boy-Cæsar, in the Future's sullen shade,
Some envious Casca plans his traitorous part;
Some lean and hungry Cassius whets his blade,
Some much-loved Brutus waits to stab your heart.

Yet I salute you, ere your dreams go wrong;
To you, young master, see my head bowed down;
O, prince of romance, story, and of song,
O, lord of gladness, glory and renown!

FLORIDA NOCTURNE

Through midnight shadows purple-brown,
The stars are peeping open-eyed;
There in her glowing, silvery gown
The moon comes like a radiant bride.
Now sweet and clear
From citron coppice near,
I hear a mocking-bird repine
In gurgle, gurgle, gurgle of his melodies divine.

From lemon orchards, starred with blooms,
And bending low with fragrant fruit,
Soft odors haunt the purple glooms
Like whispers of a lover's lute.
I wait alone
For you, for you, my own,
With love more spirit-like and sweet
Than all the fragile blossoms that I scatter at your feet.

Through green pomegranate trees
I see the swelling globes of gold;
Through jasmine vines I feel the breeze
Trip like a cherub, silken-stoled;
Magnolias loom
With creamy clouds of bloom;
With pining they are pale, my dear,
But not more pale with pining than the one who waits you here.

The orange fruit swings on the trees,
The sprays of orange scent the air;
Gold apples of Hesperides,
I bring their blooms to wreathe your hair!
Hark to the trill
Of yon lone whip-poor-will,
Reminding by his mournful tune,
That Youth and Love and Joy must pass, so soon, so soon, so soon!

The orange odors soon must faint,
The lemon blossoms soon must die,
The mocking-bird must end his plaint,
Magnolias, fading, flutter by.
Then come, sweet mate,
Before it be too late!
While Youth is blissful, Love divine,
O maiden of the flower-like face, be mine, be mine, be mine!

THE DEATH OF POETRY

They tell us that the poet's day is past,
That Song no more shall gush from human heart;
They tell us all the old dreams must depart,
The old ideals by the way be cast.
What babbling folly! Frailest dreams outlast
The noisiest jargon of the mightiest mart;
Great empires crumble, yet the realm of Art,
Unconquered, glorious, stands forever fast.

When Spring comes not in triumph as of yore,
When Earth's last rose her last sweet leaf hath shed;
When oceans cease to swell, and peaks to soar,
When man and maid no longer woo and wed;
When starry skies proclaim their God no more—
Not till that day shall Poesie be dead.

A MISSISSIPPI SWAMP

Here in this sultry Summer afternoon
The white light through the shade seems gloomy green;
Here lies, all motionless, the long lagoon,
Through twilight where no sun is ever seen.

What lonesomeness, what weight of solitude!
As solemn as those far primeval days
When earth was teeming with a giant brood,
Still unprofaned by man's intrusive gaze.

Huge turtles bask by yonder sluggish lake,
A hoarse bull-frog is croaking on the bank,
And like a jeweled necklace swings a snake
From dead limbs where a fallen cypress sank.

Here like a shipmast rooted in the soil,
A sycamore defies the future gales;
Gigantic grape-vines twisting coil on coil,
Have weaved his cordage and his mighty sails.

A scarlet splash of color, here and there
The trumpet-blossom's flag is all aflame;
Beside this stream, the cardinal flowers glare
Like eyes of tigers none can ever tame.

Here a magnolia with resplendent buds
Seems a green billow strewing peerless pearls,
Or bearing flocks of swans on emerald floods,
A-flutter in a maze of snowy swirls.

The sluggish waters, green with curdled scum,
Are glorified by lilied robes of white—
Lilies so pure, so lovely, that they come
Like myriad moons in some enchanted night.

The purple bunting that is glinting by
Seems like a pansy that can soar and sing;
The scarlet tanager that flutters nigh
Seems like a poppy warbling on the wing.

The redbird, like a crimson shooting star,
  Burns on the vision with a blaze intense;
And, like two jeweled daggers, from afar
  Two humming-birds pierce through the shadows dense.

The yellow-hammer for a moment glints,
  A golden-breasted, dotted Autumn leaf;
The oriole, in black and orange tints,
  Glows through the greenwood like a flaming sheaf.

The hermit-thrush, that forest Hamlet, sings,
  Asking the old, old questions, ever new,
Yet still unanswered by created things,
  And hid forever out of mortal view.

TO A FRIEND

Tormented sorely by the chastening rod,
I muttered to myself: "There is no God"!
But faithful friend, I found your soul so true,
That God revealed Himself in giving you.

"WHEN THOU ART NEAR"

When thou art near, when thou art near!
Life seems so sweet beside thee, dear.
I seem to touch an angel's wing,
I feel her arms around me cling;
Within my heart a lily blooms
And glimmers through the mournful glooms;
Peace, like a white dove, nestles there,
And soothes my deep and dumb despair
  When thou art near.

But when, O Love, thou art not near,
I shudder with a nameless fear;
I sit my lonely hearth beside,
Where Anguish and Despair abide;

I ponder in the solemn gloom,
And tremble at some coming doom,
I feel Temptation stealing nigh,
While Sin and Sorrow hover by,
And thou not near!

When thou art near, when thou art near!
Return and save, O save me, dear!
Thou knowest I am weak, indeed,
And how thy helping hand I need,
See how the shadows gather near,
And beckon thee to leave me, dear!
O come to me, refuse me not!
Then I may bless my hapless lot
When thou art near,
When thou art near!

THREE SOUTHERN SCENES

I

The Swamp

We ride through forests ever cool and green,
Where giant live-oaks join their boughs above,
All knit together by a thousand vines,
The trumpet-flower, with its blazing blooms,
Whose martial music flashes into flame,
The brier, bramble, and the poison oak,
Like scaly serpents thrusting forth their fangs,
While spiders, like the Sirens long ago,
Spread silken snares bedecked with dazzling dew
To tangle in the feet of foolish flies;
Through treacherous fens, by knotted cypress knees,
Above the black mould, ever dank and cold,
Burst through by lushy clumps of whitened sprouts,
Where lies concealed the deadly rattlesnake;
By greenly-mantled ponds, made beautiful
With multitudes of water lilies white.

And then a blue lake shimmers in the sun
Or quivers in the gloomy cypress shades;
A gorgeous wild duck floats upon the waves
With plumage polished like a coat of mail;
The snakes are twisted on the rotten limbs
Of dead trees that have fallen in the lake.
On yonder logs, the turtles in a line
Are drying broad backs in the burning sun;
The blue jay, like a noisy trooper, calls,
The red-bird flutters like a flower of flame;
The gaunt gar, like a Turkish scimitar,
Leaps from the lake, and circling sinks from sight.

II

An Autumn Morning

A rich October morning calm and still,
When saddened skies hang in a dreamy haze.
The red and yellow leaves dance in the light,
Arraying every hill in regal robes.
The flocks of squirrels gather ripening nuts,
The luscious wild grapes in blue clusters cling,
And bright woodpeckers whisk amid the leaves.
The dry broom-sedge grows over wasted fields,
Fringing red gullies and rough banks of clay;
Along the highway and the meadows brown
The golden-rod and asters are ablaze.
Here stands a planter's house amid his farms
Of snowy cotton and of golden corn,
Specked here and there by low-roofed negro huts,
Whose dusky denizens in fleecy fields
Sing with a sweet, mysterious melody
The songs of Salem in this western world
With all the fervor of its ancient bards.
Far, far above, amid the dreamy skies
The buzzard glides on still and stately wings,
While birds of passage, in a bending line
Fly from the far north to the southern seas.

III

THE OLD MANSION

I see a ghostly ruin of the past,
And tread its cedar-bordered avenues.
Around its porticoes the pillars tall
Stand like a row of trusty sentinels
Guarding the glories of a perished race
Amid its desolation and decay;
A few tall roses and magnolias stand
Around a fountain choked with water-weeds.
See the great rooms, whose mirrored walls are crushed
And marble mantels now are overthrown.
My footsteps falling in the haunted halls,
Seem waking from the dead and dusty years
The far-off echoes of a hunter's horn
Blown by the master of a thousand slaves.
Amid the shadows of this archway old
I see a beauteous, high-born lady stand,
And hear the rustle of her silken gown;
Amid the broken mirrors on the walls
The softest brown eyes ever seen on earth
Shine on me from their dewy, dusky depths
With starry splendors of a tropic night.
My whisper, stealing through the ruined rooms,
Brings back the laughter of the yester-years,
And all the revels of a nuptial night,
Until the dead bride from her mossy tomb
Comes treading by me in her robes of white;
Amid the cobwebs on the ancient stair
I see the shimmer of her snowy veil,
The withered orange blossoms on her brow,
And then, her sweet face swiftly vanishing
Amid the glimmer of her golden hair.

A PORTRAIT OF HENRY TIMROD

Strange eyes gaze sadly from that weary face,
Beneath a brow that shows the seal of care;
Defeat and Disappointment leave their trace
Upon the youthful visage pictured there.

The same old story here is handed down—
The true-born poet and the same old doom—
The bard who starves while rhymesters wear the crown,
Who finds his throne, erected in a tomb.

Gone are the glories of your halcyon days,
Gone are the heroes whom you sung of yore;
Their banners in the skies no longer blaze,
Their fervent shouts are stilled forevermore.

No more their white steeds paw the bloody field,
No more their trumpets rouse the raptured soul,
No more their ranks in fiery fight are wheeled,
No more their drums like sullen thunders roll.

Yet as I view your old-time picture, all
The proud past blossoms, though your day has fled;
Once more I hear your Stuart's battle-call,
And see your Stonewall rising from the dead.

I see their blazoned banners float like fire,
I hear their shouts sweep down the perished years;
I hear once more the throbbing of your lyre,
Ecstatic with a nation's hopes and fears.

And foes with friends now come to honor you,
O poet, free from blemish and from blame,
A wreath is yours as long as men are true,
As long as Courage wins the crown of Fame.

THE LORE OF LOVE

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I

When do I love thee? When the brooklets run
Through dandelion meadows of the June;
When horns of huntsmen greet the harvest moon,
And mellow Autumn's vintaging is done;
When Spring's triumphant marches have begun,
When Winter winds through haggard branches croon:
At solemn midnight and at silvery noon,
At blush of morning and at set of sun.

Thy youthful splendor unto me is dear,
But I shall love thee still when youth flits by;
I love thee when thine eyes know not a tear,
And love thee when Disaster hovers nigh;
My soul shall crave thee when the Dark draws near,
And still be loyal through eternity.

II

How do I love thee? As the slender lyre
Trills with emotion when the breezes blow;
As roses love the morning's golden glow
As dewy stars the dusky night desire;
As eagles to the heaven of heavens aspire,
As doves dream fondly, breast to breast, below;
As arctic pines love everlasting snow,
As tropic palms love everlasting fire.

I love thee as the victor loves his wreath,
The peasant loves his cottage, free from strife;
I love thee as Mortality loves breath,
The shepherd boy his harp and flute and fife;
As disappointed Hope loves welcome Death,
As human souls love Everlasting Life.

III

Why do I love thee? Ask the artist there
Why does he love fair faces that he paints;
Ask of the poet why his spirit faints
Before his heroines of the golden hair;
Ask of the singer, why his sweet despair,
His glorious gladness, his melodious plaints;
Ask the young priest, before his haloed saints,
To lay the secret of his worship bare.

I love thee; for I long to soar from sod,
And tread in glory of celestial grace;
To live beyond the time my grave is trod,
Proving a crown-prince of immortal race;
To emulate beatitudes of God,
To reach His kingdom, and behold His face.

THE WHISTLING BOY

First published in *Harper's Weekly*, and used here by permission of Harper and Brothers.

So keen, so clear,
Falls on the ear
The wild, sweet pipings of his lips,
So sharp, so tart,
I thrill and start,
And Fancy tingles to her finger-tips.

The dingy town
With walls of brown,
With grimy streets and pavements gray,
Its rush and roar
I note no more
And all its fierce commotions pass away.

Along the street
His brown, bare feet
Remind me of a baby faun,
By fern-fringed pool
In shadows cool
Leading a throng of fluting birds at dawn.

No hermit thrush
Through woodland hush
Could trill a tune more fresh and free;
No mocking-bird
More gladly heard
Through verdant vine-clad swamps of Tennessee.

I feel a breeze
Through cherry trees,
O'er dandelions wet with dew,
And on a rail
I hear a quail
Gladden an old peach orchard through and through.

Through hazy tears
I see old years
When I too, happy as a bird,
By bubbling streams
Dreamed boyish dreams—
The dear, dead dreams, so sweet and so absurd.

MOUNT MITCHELL

From "The Maiden and the Mountain."

Near the roadside, the waters of the Swanannoah River could be seen bubbling through the immense green wilderness at the foot of Mount Mitchell.

Its banks were fringed for miles with tangled rhododendrons, whose pink and purple blooms, scattered by every breeze, fell to the swiftly running waters below, to be carried to far-off regions whereof no man could tell. The clear blue waves leaped and laughed over grey stones half concealed in velvety masses of green moss. In their depths now and then could be seen a speckled trout, darting away in fear of some intruder.

The little river tumbled over cascade and cataract, in an ecstatic way, as though it had a soul free from every curse of care. Now and then a wood-lily lifted its tawny blossom above the banks; now and then a cluster of plumy ferns mir-

rored themselves below. But always it babbled through a green forest; always overhead were gigantic oaks and hickories and tulip-trees; always around it were the lonesomeness and silence of the great mountain wildwoods of western North Carolina.

A woodpecker, brilliant in black and red and white, sought a cheap notoriety with his ceaseless chatter and his monotonous drumming. A blue-jay, like a spoiled child, made himself noisily conspicuous for the mere love of being in mischief. But amid all this majesty of the wilderness, and amid all the assertive charm of brook and bird and flower and leaf, the sense of loneliness was such as to oppress the soul of any man who might wander there. Nature was here so stately, so peerless, so marvelous, that one's heart seemed repelled. One would be fascinated by her beauty, and yet kept at a distance by her self-poise and self-reserve. She seemed to be some great princess, and the man who had wandered here would feel as though he were a mere peasant, unworthy to touch her hand. Though these scenes were far more wonderful and inspiring than any the sojourner from the city had ever seen before, he would long to flee from them, to shun their overpowering solitude, to tread the streets of far-away towns once more, and see again the familiar faces of men and women.

Above it all arose the great peak of Mount Mitchell, whose summit is the highest point within two thousand miles, and whose scenery is among the most picturesque and beautiful in the whole world.

Unlike many mountain ranges, whose sides are leafless and barren, Mount Mitchell and his brethren are clothed from dome to foundation in dense forests, which are a delight and a marvel from June to December. Whether in the depths of summer, when verdant with maple and ash and elm below, and with pine and spruce and hemlock and laurel above, or in autumn, when robed in October glories of crimson and purple and saffron, or in winter, when white with snow and dim with misty clouds, Mount Mitchell is grander than any other peak, far or near. Its creamy cataracts, its mighty forest trees, its gigantic wild grape-vines, its giant ferns, its wild lilies and bluets and violets, its superb rhododendrons,

its mocking-birds and its thrushes—all these make it a wonder of wonders from year to year.

Amid its tangled thickets the bear may be hunted as in days before Raleigh had colonized Roanoke Island. Through its dense undergrowth, the deer still wanders undisturbed. When treading through the immense ferns, one is startled now and then to hear the call of the wild turkey to her young, and their quick cry and sudden flight in response. Now and then in the pine woods, you may hear the drumming of a grouse, or see the quivering of the lower limbs as he cuts his way through, flapping his great brown wings. Sometimes you see a hungry-looking wolf trotting away through the bushes, and sometimes, circling around other peaks far away, there is a glimpse of some majestic eagle.

* * * * * *

It was a cool, clear morning, such as would have filled the heart as well as the lungs of a city man with pure joy.

Here and there a grey squirrel would go scampering up a tree; here and there a cat-bird would fling his taunts at Emily. Sometimes a hare would leap up at her feet and disappear in the bushes lower down the mountain side. Her path led her through a great greenwood, whose magnificent trees towered dizzily high above; they were grey-limbed and rugged and gnarled, having defied the gales of the mountain for hundreds of years.

Often she passed silvery waterfalls, overhung by feathery ferns and the slender dappled wood lilies. Two or three times, with some difficulty, she forded the streams that tumbled across her path. They were as clear as crystal, their stones were green with moss and in their waves she could see the fishes darting away in fright. There were no houses on the way; no human beings passed her by. At one time she saw an open space, where a few rotting timbers showed that a farmhouse once existed there. At this place were a few apple trees which seemed to have grown wild for lack of a master. All this time she followed the little path which leads up to the summit of the mountain. Her practiced eye could easily tell that the mules of the wayfarers had gone this way. So far, there had been no deviation; they surely had not been lost.

up to this point. But she also noticed that there were no other tracks showing a journey in return. They were, therefore, in all probability on the mountain still.

She kept on until after noon, when she reached the site of the old "Half-way House." This was once an aristocratic mansion of the days before the Civil War, occupied during the summer by a wealthy family and their guests from Charleston. But it was now in ruins, without a semblance of that old-time glory for which it was once renowned. What gaiety, what wit, what brilliancy, what happiness had it once known! How luxurious must have been its table, how spacious its parlors, how splendid its halls! But they were all a dream now. The belles and beaux were gone, and never again would be heard the throbbing of their music, the peals of their laughter, or the measured fall of their dancing feet.

Out in the open space were a few scattered stones, some slanting posts, and the shattered barnlike structure, now fallen to earth, which had once formed part of the main building itself. A few cows were grazing near by. These afforded the only reminder of human life of to-day that Emily had seen on the whole journey.

She was weary, though accustomed for years to such mountain climbing. So she sat down to rest, and take a draught from an ice-cold spring which bubbled from some rocks by the way. She was so tired that she almost fell asleep. But rousing herself after the lapse of a half hour or so, she pressed forward again.

Just above this point, with magic suddenness, the vegetation became entirely changed. By walking a few moments, a hundred feet higher, one seemed to have entered another world. The woods were now filled almost entirely with trees which flourish in the colder climates. There were dark green pines, hemlocks, spruces, balsams, and firs; the mountain laurel often fringed her path. The trunks of fallen trees, the rocks, the ground itself, as well as the living trees, were all covered with long green mosses, unlike those lower down the mountain. But the ferns were most wonderful of all. They were now of gigantic size—so tall that they reached above her waist. They grew so thickly that she could scarcely find the pathway through them.

Then as she began to climb another steep elevation, she saw a great mist swooping down upon her from above. How swiftly it came rushing! She knew that it meant rain, and it found her unprepared. But one who expects to climb these mountains without getting drenched, will find himself misled. One moment more, and it was upon her in a torrent. It was not such a rain as one might encounter in the lowlands, for it not only fell from above, but the mist attacked one from all sides, saturating the body and clothing completely. In another moment it became fearfully cold, so cold that her limbs quivered and her teeth beat a tattoo. Dead logs were lying constantly across the way, and over these she stumbled awkwardly. But still she pressed on in the zigzag path, which curled in and out through the great wood of spruces and hemlocks, through the long green mosses, over fallen trees, by prodigious ferns, like a serpent with coil on coil. For the mountain was so steep that no one could ascend it abruptly in a straight line. A pathway which would carry one to an elevation of three or four hundred feet would twist and turn and wind in and out for over a mile.

At last a point was reached where she was startled to find that the mules had turned aside from the regular path. Branching off from the regular route, there was a little path, almost invisible, doubtless made by hunters. After following this for some time, it disappeared entirely, and one could easily see how the two had been lost. They had evidently determined to return home at this point, but had gone in the wrong direction, soon losing all trace even of the false path. Emily redoubled her exertions, and started in still more ardent pursuit. But even she, as strong as she was, and as accustomed to mountain-climbing, was soon nearly exhausted. Had the tracks not turned down the mountain, enabling her to walk with more ease, she could have gone no further.

It was now getting late. The rain had nearly ceased, and the setting sun was burning in the west. Then myriads of snow-birds, which live on these mountains through the summer, began to gather in the trees for the night, with the shrill cry which they make in the lowlands in December. What a chatter, chatter, chatter! It seemed that there must be legions of them. How weird, how thrilling were those cries far and

near through the great wilderness at the coming of the night! The tracks led steadily towards the west. Here Emily noticed that where the limbs of the trees were exposed to winds of the mountains, they grew only on one side. How fearful, she thought, must be the storms here, which allow limbs to grow only on one side!

It grew darker and darker still. But she followed the tracks made by the mules, though the recent rains and the gathering shadows almost effaced the marks of the path she pursued. It was now somewhat warmer, and an occasional glimmer of lightning helped her to find the tracks.

She remembered having heard of the fate of Mitchell himself. How he came to this wild country, a young preacher, a graduate of some New England college, full of enthusiasm and energy and zeal for science. She had heard how he loved these mountains, how he explored them, how he lived among them. She had heard how he got lost that fatal night forty years before; how he wandered over this very mountain, all alone in his distress; how his body had been found afterwards in a pool at the foot of a cascade over which he had fallen. She herself had seen his white monument at the top of this great mountain which is to bear his name for all time. She remembered how the monument was chained with four chains to the ground, lest the terrible storms of that summit should fling it down. There he sleeps to this day, amid the everlasting stillness of that sepulcher in the clouds, where the winds go flying by forever in their furious career, where the wild birds, the wild beasts and the wild flowers shall be his only companions to the day of judgment.

* * * * * *

But Mount Mitchell remains the same year after year, sublime in his unblemished youth, marvelous in the resurrections of uncounted springs which have perished, and which are yet to be. Summer after summer comes like a handmaiden whose heart he has won, to weave for him a royal robe of green, and to lave his feet in her bubbling waters. Autumn after autumn comes, like Cain of old, to heap on woodland altars the goodly fruits of the earth as a peace-offering, till the forests are overflowing with nuts and berries and grapes

and wild honey. Winter after winter mantles him in ermine and puts a snowy diadem upon his brow. And then another spring comes to love him like the sweet departed springs of the past, which he has neglected and forgotten.

So human beings may fade and flit away. But the great mountain, one of the elder sons of God, maintains the dignity of his divine ancestry, showing his greatness in the marvels of his wilderness, proving his might in the roar of his torrents, making known his strength in the grandeur of his storms, yet remains himself eloquent in eternal reticence, majestic in everlasting silence.

JOHN MARSHALL

[1755—1835]

A. J. MONTAGUE

AT Germantown, near Midland, a station on the Southern Railway, in the County of Fauquier, Virginia, almost in sight of what is now the Nation's capital, on September 24, 1755, John Marshall was born. His father, Thomas Marshall, a schoolmate of Washington, whom he aided in his surveys for Fairfax; several times a member of the House of Burgesses, and a colonel in the Continental Army, was a man of intellect and character. His mother was Mary Isham Keith, whose father was an Episcopal clergyman, and cousin-german to Field-marshal James Keith, a trusted lieutenant of the great Frederick. John was the first-born of fifteen children, and was especially noted for his obedience and his affectionate disposition.

His early education was limited. At twelve he had memorized much of Pope, was familiar with Dryden, Milton, and Shakespeare, and at fifteen was a ready reader of Virgil, Horace, and Livy. His father greatly aided him in mathematics and literature, while the swelling hills and the inspiring Blue Ridge of his home ennobled his ideals and aspirations.

He began the study of law at eighteen, soon to be interrupted by the Revolution; when under twenty he walked ten miles to the muster field, his brave dress consisting of "a plain blue hunting-shirt, and trousers of the same material fringed with white, and a round black hat with a buck-tail for a cockade." On this occasion, the captain not appearing, Lieutenant Marshall addressed the company, vividly stating the invasion of our liberties, and urging his comrades "to brighten up your firearms and learn to use them in the field." His first battle was Iron Hill, which was soon followed by promotion to captaincy, and by valiant participation in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and Stony Point.

At Valley Forge his patient endurance and unfailing cheerfulness won for him extraordinary popularity, and his judicial genius thus early found him arbiter of personal differences amongst the soldiery and deputy judge-advocate. This office was the beginning of his lasting friendship with Washington and Hamilton.

In the autumn of 1779 Marshall's command was sent South, while he himself went to Williamsburg to await the action of the General

Assembly in raising new troops. He employed this time in studying law at William and Mary College, under Chancellor Wythe, and natural philosophy, under Bishop Madison. Here he became a member of the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Upon the failure to raise troops, he repaired on foot to headquarters, reaching Philadelphia so disheveled as to be refused admittance at the inn. He returned to Virginia on its invasion by Leslie, and resigned from the service after the second invasion of his State by Arnold.

After the surrender at Yorktown, Marshall began the practice of law in his native county, rising rapidly to the front of his profession, only to be interrupted by an unsought election to the General Assembly in 1782, and, in the autumn, to the office of Privy Council or Council of State. Not long after this he took a permanent residence in Richmond, where litigation was more attractive, and where the Supreme Court of Appeals was more stimulating to his talents. His professional leadership was soon acknowledged, the Duc de Liancourt writing of him as "the most esteemed and celebrated counsellor" at the Richmond Bar.

There was not then a volume of published reports in America; but Marshall was well read in the decisions of Westminster Hall, and possessed that indescribable genius for resolving the most complex questions into simple and axiomatic statements, expressed always with personal detachment. He was engaged in the most important litigation of the day, the British Debt case being a notable example, his argument therein creating a profound impression. Washington offered him the district-attorneyship in 1789, the attorney-generalship and the mission to France in 1796, each of which he declined; his determination to remain at the Bar then appeared unalterable.

As a soldier, Marshall fought for the union of the colonies into one great republic; and as a statesman this was his dominating ideal. He tells us that associated as he was in the Army "with brave men from different states who were risking life fighting for a common cause believed by them to be most precious, I was in the habit of considering America my country and Congress my government." This opinion found expression in the Legislature of 1784, when, though a non-resident, he was the second time elected from Fauquier; again, in 1787, as Representative of Henrico, and notably in the Convention of June, 1788, when called to ratify or reject the Constitution of the United States. This convention had among its members Henry, Mason, Pendleton, Madison, Randolph, Nicholas and Henry Lee; and Madison himself was not more influential than Marshall in securing the ratification of the Constitution. In a public meeting in Richmond, to endorse the Jay Treaty, he took issue with his old teacher, Wythe, and demonstrated the error of the popular

contention that, in giving Congress the power to regulate commerce, the President was thereby denied the right to negotiate a commercial treaty. This speech gave him a national reputation.

In 1795 he was again elected to the General Assembly; and in May, 1797, was one of the three special envoys sent by Adams to France. In his new field, this democratic American was easily the master of the commission, resisting the blandishments and bribes of Talleyrand, and overwhelming the Directory with two letters which justly rank among the ablest of state papers. On his return, his services evoked the famous aphorism, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." Patrick Henry said: "Tell Marshall I love him because he has acted as a Republican and as an American"; and Adams declared: "He has raised the American people in their own esteem; and if the influence of truth and justice, reason and argument, is not lost in Europe he has raised the consideration of the United States in that quarter."

The next year the appointment of Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States was offered to him, but he declined it; for, in view of the expected war with France, he felt that he could better serve Washington in the Congress, assembling for the last time in Philadelphia, in December, 1799. His first duty was to announce to the House the death of Washington, and, despite his modesty, he soon found himself leading in the discussions of constitutional questions. His argument upon the surrender of Robins illumined the line separating executive from judicial power. Against his party and the wishes of the President, he asserted his independence by voting for the repeal of the Alien and Sedition Laws. But Mr. Adams was not thereby estranged, for soon after this he appointed Marshall Secretary of State, the duties of which office he discharged with rare distinction in the crisis of the war between France and Great Britain; indeed, his state documents upon the neutrality of America were distinct contributions to international jurisprudence.

He was appointed Chief Justice by President Adams on February 4, 1801, and continued for a while to perform the duties of that office as well as those of Secretary of State. His great career then began. Pinckney said he would have been the chief justice of any country in which he might have lived. Mr. Bryce declares that "no other man did half so much as Marshall, either to develop the Constitution by expounding it, or to secure the judiciary its rightful place in the Government as the living voice of the Constitution." This "living voice" has survived parties and wars. His work on the Supreme Bench may fall under four heads: (1) The famous case of Marbury v. Madison determines whether the court can declare void an act of Congress if contrary to the Constitution. Marshall's words are: "It

is a proposition too plain to be contested, that the Constitution controls any legislative act repugnant to it, or that the legislature can alter the Constitution by any ordinary act. Between these alternatives there is no middle ground. The Constitution is either a superior paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means, or it is on a level with ordinary legislative acts, and, like other acts, is alterable when the legislature shall please to alter it. If the former part of the alternative be true, then a legislative act contrary to the Constitution is not law; if the latter part be true, then written constitutions are absurd attempts on the part of the people to limit a power in its nature illimitable." This decision startled the country. Jefferson termed it a "judicial veto," But this function of the court has long been held the greatest safeguard of constitutional liberty. (2) This "living voice" was never so potential as when developing into a progressive organism the Constitution under the doctrine of implied powers. Upon this subject he delivered his greatest opinion in McCulloch v. Maryland. "Let the end," said he, "be legitimate; let it be within the scope of the Constitution, and all means which are appropriate, which are plainly adapted to that end, which are not prohibited, but consist with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, are constitutional." His famous *dictum* that "the power to tax involves the power to destroy" was made in this decision. He would be strict to find the power but liberal with the means to make it effective. (3) In Fletcher v. Peck and the Dartmouth College Case, he dealt with specific limitations upon the states, thereby imparting an expanding jurisdiction to the National Government. And (4) in Gibbons v. Ogden, and in Brown v. Maryland, he disclosed the potency and range of the power of Congress to regulate foreign and interstate commerce. His decisions are now practically a part of the Constitution, though it is more than likely he would have modified some of them could he have foreseen their application to times and conditions undreamed of by him.

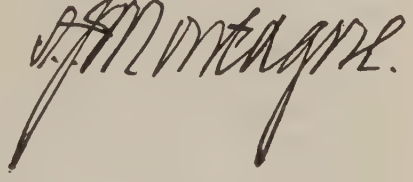
The conduct of Judge Marshall in the trial of Aaron Burr is an interesting episode in his career, as well as in the career of the Nation. His serene impartiality and courage are best exemplified in his own language used in this trial. He said: "That this court dares not usurp power is most true. That this court dares not shrink from its duty is not less true. No man is desirous of placing himself in a disagreeable situation. No man is desirous of becoming the peculiar subject of calumny. No man, might he let the bitter cup pass from him without self-reproach, would drain it to the bottom. But if he has no choice in the case, if there is no alternative presented to him but a dereliction of duty, or the opprobrium

of those who are denominated the world, he merits the contempt as well as the indignation of his country, who can hesitate which to embrace."

In 1829 he took his seat along with Madison and Monroe in the Virginia Constitutional Convention. There he gave an appreciation of the judiciary. He said: "I have always thought, from my earliest youth until now, that the greatest scourge an angry heaven inflicted upon an ungrateful and sinning people was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a dependent judiciary."

Soon after becoming Chief Justice he undertook to write his "Life of Washington," which appeared in five volumes from 1802 to 1804. He had little time for so great a task. His work is full of historical material, but in literary arrangement and vigor of style it is not comparable to his opinions, nor does it possess the charm of his few published letters. Later he republished the work in three volumes, the first volume being a history of the Colonial period.

His moral character was strong and lofty, his bearing simple but dignified. He was an attendant upon the Episcopal Church, and a Mason. He was strongly opposed to slavery. He married Mary Willis Ambler, with whom he lived happily for more than fifty years. His tenderness and devotion to his wife and children were unsurpassed. He died July 6, 1835, four years after the death of his wife, by whose side he rests in Shockoe Hill Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.



JUDICIAL OBLIGATION

Extract from the Opinion delivered in the Aaron Burr Trial.

The present indictment charges the prisoner with levying war against the United States, and alleges an overt act of levying war. That overt act must be proved, according to the mandates of the Constitution and of the act of Congress, by two witnesses. It is not proved by a single witness. The presence of the accused has been stated to be an essential component part of the overt act in this indictment, unless the common law principle respecting accessories should render it unnecessary; and there is not only no witness who has proved his actual or legal presence, but the fact of his absence is not controverted. The counsel for the prosecution offer to give in evidence subsequent transactions at a different place and in a different state, in order to prove—what? the overt act laid in the indictment? that the prisoner was one of those who assembled at Blennerhassett's island? No: that is not alleged. It is well known that such testimony is not competent to establish such a fact. The Constitution and law require that the fact should be established by two witnesses; not by the establishment of other facts from which the jury might reason to this fact. The testimony then is not relevant. If it can be introduced, it is only in the character of corroborative or confirmatory testimony, after the overt act has been proved by two witnesses in such manner that the question of fact ought to be left with the jury. The conclusion, that in this state of things no testimony can be admissible, is so inevitable that the counsel for the United States could not resist it. I do not understand them to deny that, if the overt act be not proved by two witnesses so as to be submitted to the jury, all other testimony must be irrelevant; because no other testimony can prove the act. Now an assemblage on Blennerhassett's island is proved by the requisite number of witnesses; and the court might submit it to the jury whether that assemblage amounted to a levying of war; but the presence of the accused at that assemblage being nowhere alleged except in the indictment, the overt act is not proved by a single witness; and of consequence all other testimony must be irrelevant.

The only difference between this motion as made and the motion in the form which the counsel for the United States would admit to be regular is this: it is now general for the rejection of all testimony. It might be particular with respect to each witness as adduced. But can this be wished? or can it be deemed necessary? If enough be proved to shew that the indictment cannot be supported, and that no testimony, unless it be of that description which the attorney for the United States declares himself not to possess, can be relevant, why should a question be taken on each witness?

The opinion of this court on the order of testimony has frequently been adverted to as deciding this question against the motion.

If a contradiction between the two opinions exist, the court cannot perceive it. It was said that levying war is an act compounded of law and fact; of which the jury aided by the court must judge. To that declaration the court still adheres.

It was said that if the overt act were not proved by two witnesses, no testimony in its nature corroborative or confirmatory was admissible or could be relevant.

From that declaration there is certainly no departure. It has been asked, in allusion to the present case, if a general commanding an army should detach troops for a distant service, would the men composing that detachment be traitors? and would the commander in chief escape punishment?

Let the opinion which has been given answer this question. Appearing at the head of an army would, according to this opinion, be an overt act of levying war. Detaching a military corps from it for military purposes might also be an overt act of levying war. It is not pretended that he would not be punishable for these acts. It is only said that he may be tried and convicted on his own acts in the state where those acts were committed, not on the acts of others in the state where those others acted.

Much has been said in the course of the argument on points on which the court feels no inclination to comment particularly; but which may, perhaps not improperly, receive some notice.

That this court dares not usurp power is most true.

That this court dares not shrink from its duty is not less true.

No man is desirous of placing himself in a disagreeable situation. No man is desirous of becoming the peculiar subject of calumny. No man, might he let the bitter cup pass from him without self reproach, would drain it to the bottom. But if he have no choice in the case, if there be no alternative presented to him but a dereliction of duty or the opprobrium of those who are denominated the world, he merits the contempt as well as the indignation of his country who can hesitate which to embrace.

That gentlemen, in a case the most interesting, in the zeal with which they advocate particular opinions, and under the conviction in some measure produced by that zeal, should on each side press their arguments too far, should be impatient at any deliberation, in the court, and should suspect or fear the operation of motives to which alone they can ascribe that deliberation, is perhaps a frailty incident to human nature; but if any conduct on the part of the court could warrant a sentiment that it would deviate to the one side or the other from the line prescribed by duty and by law, that conduct would be viewed by the judges themselves with an eye of extreme severity, and would long be recollected with deep and serious regret.

The arguments on both sides have been intently and deliberately considered. Those which could not be noticed, since to notice every argument and authority would swell this opinion to a volume, have not been disregarded. The result of the whole is a conviction, as complete as the mind of the court is capable of receiving on a complex subject, that the motion must prevail.

No testimony relative to the conduct or declarations of the prisoner elsewhere and subsequent to the transaction on Blennerhassett's island can be admitted; because such testimony, being in its nature merely corroborative and incompetent to prove the overt act in itself, is irrelevant until there be proof of the overt act by two witnesses.

This opinion does not comprehend the proof by two witnesses that the meeting on Blennerhassett's island was procured by the prisoner. On that point the court for the present

withholds its opinion for reasons which have been already assigned; and as it is understood from the statements made on the part of the prosecution that no such testimony exists. If there be such let it be offered; and the court will decide upon it.

The jury have now heard the opinion of the court on the law of the case. They will apply that law to the facts, and will find a verdict of guilty or not guilty as their own consciences may direct.

JUDICIAL VETO

From the Decision in the Case of Marbury v. Madison.

THE question, whether an act, repugnant to the Constitution, can become the law of the land, is a question deeply interesting to the United States; but, happily, not of an intricacy proportioned to its interest. It seems only necessary to recognize certain principles, supposed to have been long and well established, to decide it.

That the people have an original right to establish, for their future government, such principles as, in their opinion, shall most conduce to their own happiness is the basis on which the whole American fabric has been erected. The exercise of this original right is a very great exertion; nor can it, nor ought it, to be frequently repeated. The principles, therefore, so established, are deemed fundamental. And as the authority from which they proceed is supreme, and can seldom act, they are designed to be permanent.

This original and supreme will organizes the government, and assigns to different departments their respective powers. It may either stop here, or establish certain limits not to be transcended by those departments.

The Government of the United States is of the latter description. The powers of the Legislature are defined and limited; and that those limits may not be mistaken, or forgotten, the Constitution is written. To what purpose are powers limited, and to what purpose is that limitation committed to writing, if these limits may, at any time, be passed by those intended to be restrained? The distinction between a government with limited and unlimited powers is abolished,

if those limits do not confine the person on whom they are imposed, and if acts prohibited and acts allowed, are of equal obligation. It is a proposition too plain to be contested, but the Constitution controls any legislative act repugnant to it; or, that the Legislature may alter the Constitution by an ordinary act.

Between these alternatives there is no middle ground. The Constitution is either a superior paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means, or it is on a level with ordinary legislative acts, and, like other acts, is alterable when the Legislature shall please to order it.

If the former part of the alternative be true, then a legislative act contrary to the Constitution is not law: If the latter part be true, then written constitutions are absurd attempts, on the part of the people, to limit a power in its own nature illimitable.

Certainly all those who have framed written constitutions contemplate them as forming the fundamental and paramount law of the nation, and, consequently, the theory of every such government must be, that an act of the Legislature, repugnant to the Constitution, is void.

This theory is essentially attached to a written constitution, and, is consequently, to be considered, by this court, as one of the fundamental principles of our society. It is not therefore to be lost sight of in the further consideration of this subject.

If an act of the Legislature, repugnant to the Constitution, is void, does it, notwithstanding its invalidity, bind the courts, and oblige them to give it effect? Or, in other words, though it be not law, does it constitute a rule as operative as if it was a law? This would be to overthrow in fact what was established in theory; and would seem, at first view, an absurdity too gross to be insisted on. It shall, however, receive a more attentive consideration.

It is emphatically the province and duty of the judicial department to say what the law is. Those who apply the rule to particular cases, must of necessity expound and interpret that rule. If two laws conflict with each other, the courts must decide on the operation of each.

So if a law be in opposition to the Constitution; if both

the law and the Constitution apply to a particular case, so that the court must either decide that case conformably to the law, disregarding the Constitution; or conformably to the Constitution, disregarding the law; the court must determine which of these conflicting rules governs the case. This is of the very essence of judicial duty.

If, then, the courts are to regard the Constitution, and the Constitution is superior to any ordinary act of the Legislature, the Constitution, and not such ordinary act, must govern the case to which they both apply.

Those, then, who controvert the principle that the Constitution is to be considered, in court, as a paramount law, are reduced to the necessity of maintaining that courts must close their eyes on the Constitution, and see only the law.

This doctrine would subvert the very foundation of all written constitutions. It would declare that an act which, according to the principles and theory of our government, is entirely void, is yet, in practice, completely obligatory. It would declare that if the Legislature shall do what is expressly forbidden, such act, notwithstanding the express prohibition, is in reality effectual. It would be giving to the Legislature a practical and real omnipotence, with the same breath which professes to restrict their powers within narrow limits. It is prescribing limits, and declaring that those limits may be passed at pleasure.

That it thus reduces to nothing what we have deemed the greatest improvement on political institutions, a written constitution, would of itself be sufficient, in America, where written constitutions have been viewed with so much reverence, for rejecting the construction. But the peculiar expressions of the Constitution of the United States furnish additional arguments in favour of its rejection.

DOCTRINE OF IMPLIED POWERS

From the Decision of the Case of McCulloch v. State of Maryland.

We admit, as all must admit, that the powers of the Government are limited, and that its limits are not to be transcended. But we think the sound construction of the Constitution must allow to the national Legislature that discretion, with respect to the means by which the powers it confers are to be carried into execution, which will enable that body to perform the high duties assigned to it, in the manner most beneficial to the people. Let the end be legitimate, let it be within the scope of the Constitution, and all means which are appropriate, which are plainly adapted to that end, which are not prohibited, but consist with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, are constitutional.

That a corporation must be considered as a means not less usual, not of higher dignity, not more requiring a particular specification than other means, has been sufficiently proved. If we look to the origin of corporations, to the manner in which they have been framed in that government from which we have derived most of our legal principles and ideas, or to the uses to which they have been applied, we find no reason to suppose that a constitution, omitting, and wisely omitting, to enumerate all the means for carrying into execution the great powers vested in government, ought to have specified this. Had it been intended to grant this power as one which should be distinct and independent, to be exercised in any case whatever, it would have found a place among the enumerated powers of the Government. But being considered merely as a means, to be employed only for the purpose of carrying into execution the given powers, there could be no motive for particularly mentioning it.

The propriety of this remark would seem to be generally acknowledged by the universal acquiescence in the construction which has been uniformly put on the 3rd section of the 4th article of the Constitution. The power to "make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States," is not more comprehensive, than the power "to make all laws which shall be neces-

sary and proper for carrying into execution" the powers of the Government. Yet all admit the constitutionality of a territorial government, which is a corporate body.

If a corporation may be employed indiscriminately with other means to carry into execution the powers of the Government, no particular reason can be assigned for excluding the use of a bank, if required for its fiscal operations. To use one, must be within the discretion of Congress, if it be an appropriate mode of executing the powers of government. That it is a convenient, a useful, and essential instrument in the prosecution of its fiscal operations, is not now a subject of controversy. All those who have been concerned in the administration of our finances, have concurred in representing its importance and necessity; and so strongly have they been felt, that statesmen of the first class, whose previous opinions against it had been confirmed by every circumstance which can fix the human judgment, have yielded those opinions to the exigencies of the nation. Under the confederation, Congress, justifying the measure by its necessity, transcended perhaps its powers to obtain the advantage of a bank; and our own legislation attests the universal conviction of the utility of this measure. The time has passed away when it can be necessary to enter into any discussion in order to prove the importance of this instrument, as a means to effect the legitimate objects of the Government.

But, were its necessity less apparent, none can deny its being an appropriate measure; and if it is, the degree of its necessity, as has been very justly observed, is to be discussed in another place. Should Congress, in the execution of its powers, adopt measures which are prohibited by the Constitution; or should Congress, under the pretext of executing its powers, pass laws for the accomplishment of objects not entrusted to the Government; it would become the painful duty of this tribunal, should a case requiring such a decision come before it, to say that such an act was not the law of the land. But where the law is not prohibited, and is really calculated to effect any of the objects entrusted to the Government, to undertake here to inquire into the degree of its necessity, would be to pass the line which circumscribes the judicial de-

partment, and to tread on legislative ground. This court disclaims all pretensions of such a power.

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We find, then, on just theory, a total failure of this original right to tax the means employed by the government of the Union, for the execution of its powers. The right never existed, and the question whether it has been surrendered, cannot arise.

But, waiving this theory for the present, let us resume the inquiry, whether this power can be exercised by the respective States, consistently with a fair construction of the Constitution?

That the power to tax involves the power to destroy; that the power to destroy may defeat and render useless the power to create; that there is a plain repugnance, in conferring on one government a power to control the constitutional measures of another, which other, with respect to those very measures, is declared to be supreme over that which exerts the control, are propositions not to be denied. But all inconsistencies are to be reconciled by the magic of the word CONFIDENCE. Taxation, it is said, does not necessarily and unavoidably destroy. To carry it to the excess of destruction would be an abuse, to presume which, would banish that confidence which is essential to all government.

But is this a case of confidence? Would the people of any one State trust those of another with a power to control the most insignificant operations of their State government? We know they would not. Why, then, should we suppose that the people of any one State should be willing to trust those of another with a power to control the operations of a Government to which they have confided their most important and most valuable interests? In the Legislature of the Union alone, are all represented. The Legislature of the Union alone, therefore, can be trusted by the people with the power of controlling measures which concern all, in the confidence that it will not be abused. This, then, is not a case of confidence, and we must consider it as it really is.

If we apply the principle for which the State of Maryland contends, to the Constitution generally, we shall find it

capable of changing totally the character of that instrument. We shall find it capable of arresting all the measures of the Government, and of prostrating it at the foot of the States. The American people have declared their Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, to be supreme; but this principle would transfer the supremacy, in fact, to the States.

If the States may tax one instrument, employed by the Government in the execution of its powers, they may tax any and every other instrument. They may tax the mail; they may tax the mint; they may tax patent rights; they may tax the papers of the custom-house; they may tax judicial process; they may tax all the means employed by the Government, to an excess which would defeat all the ends of government. This was not intended by the American people. They did not design to make their government dependent on the States.

Gentlemen say, they do not claim the right to extend State taxation to these objects. They limit their pretensions to property. But on what principle is this distinction made? Those who make it have furnished no reason for it, and the principle for which they contend denies it. They contend that the power of taxation has no other limit than is found in the 10th section of the 1st article of the Constitution; that, with respect to everything else, the power of the State is supreme, and admits of no control. If this be true, the distinction between property and other subjects to which the power of taxation is applicable, is merely arbitrary, and can never be sustained. This is not all. If the controlling power of the States be established; if their supremacy as to taxation be acknowledged; what is to restrain their exercising this control in any shape they may please to give it? Their sovereignty is not confined to taxation. That is not the only mode in which it might be displayed. The question is, in truth, a question of supremacy; and if the right of the States to tax the means employed by the general Government be conceded, the declaration that the Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, is empty and unmeaning declamation.

THE PRINCIPLE OF INTERPRETATION

This instrument contains an enumeration of powers expressly granted by the people to their government. It has been said that these powers ought to be construed strictly; but why ought they to be so construed? Is there one sentence in the Constitution which gives countenance to this rule? In the last of the enumerated powers, that which grants expressly the means for carrying all others into execution, Congress is authorized to make all laws that shall be necessary and proper for the purpose. But this limitation on the means which may be used is not extended to the powers which are conferred, nor is there one sentence in the Constitution which has been pointed out by the gentlemen of the bar, or which we have been able to discern, that prescribes this rule. We do not therefore think ourselves justified in adopting it. What do gentlemen mean by a strict construction? If they contend only against that enlarged construction which would extend words beyond their natural and obvious import, we might question the application of the term but should not controvert the principle. If they contend for that narrow construction which, in support of some theory not to be found in the Constitution, would deny to the Government those powers which the words of the grant, as usually understood, import, and which are consistent with the general views and objects of the instrument; for the narrow construction which would cripple the Government, and render it unequal to the objects for which it is declared to be instituted, and to which the powers given, as fairly understood, render it competent; then we cannot perceive the propriety of this strict construction, nor adopt it as a rule by which the Constitution is to be expounded.

* * * * * *

Powerful and ingenious minds, taking as postulates that the powers expressly granted to the Union are to be contracted by the construction into the narrowest possible compass, and that the original powers of the States are retained, if any possible construction will retain them, may, by a course of well digested but refined and metaphysical reasoning founded on these premises, explain away the Constitution of our country

and leave it a magnificent structure indeed to look at, but totally unfit for use. They may so entangle and perplex the understanding as to obscure principles which were before thought quite plain, and induce doubts where, if the mind were to pursue its own course, none would be perceived. In such a case it is peculiarly necessary to recur to safe and fundamental principles, to sustain those principles, and when sustained to make them the tests of the arguments to be examined.

THE APPRECIATION OF THE JUDICIARY

Extract from an Address before the Virginia Convention of 1829.

I AM not in the habit of bestowing extravagant eulogies upon my countrymen; I would rather hear them pronounced by others; but it is a truth that no State in the Union has hitherto enjoyed more complete internal quiet than Virginia. There is no part of America where less disquiet and less ill-feeling between man and man is to be found than in this Commonwealth; and I believe most firmly that this state of things is mainly to be ascribed to the practical operation of our county courts. The magistrates who compose those courts consist in general of the best men in their respective counties. They act in the spirit of peacemakers, and allay rather than excite the small disputes and differences which will sometimes arise among neighbors. It is certainly much owing to this that so much harmony prevails amongst us. These courts must be preserved; if we part with them, can we be sure that we shall retain among our justices of the peace the same respectability and weight of character as are now to be found? I think not. . . .

I have grown old in the opinion that there is nothing more dear to Virginia or that ought to be dearer to her statesmen, and that the best interests of our country are secured by it. Advert, sir, to the duties of a judge. He has to pass between the government and the man whom that government is prosecuting; between the most powerful individual in the community and the poorest and most unpopular. It is of the last importance that, in the exercise of these duties, he should

observe the utmost fairness. Need I press the necessity of this? Does not every man feel that his own personal security and the security of his property depend on that fairness? The judicial department comes home, in its effects, to every man's fireside; it passes on his property, his reputation, his life, his all. Is it not to the last degree important that he should be rendered perfectly and completely independent, with nothing to influence or control him but God and his conscience? . . . We have heard about sinecures and judicial pensioners. Sir, the weight of such terms is well known here. To avoid creating a sinecure you take away a man's duties when he wishes them to remain; you take away the duty of one man and give it to another; and this is a sinecure. What is this in substance but saying that there is and can be and ought to be no such thing as judicial independence. . . . I have always thought, from my earliest youth until now, that the greatest scourge an angry Heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and sinning people was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a dependent judiciary. Our ancestors thought so; we thought so till very lately; and I trust the vote of this day will show that we think so still. Will you draw down this curse on Virginia?

THE EXACT COMPOUND

Extract from an Address in the Virginia Convention of 1829.

No person in the house can be more truly gratified than I am at seeing the spirit that has been manifested here to-day; and it is my earnest wish that this spirit of conciliation may be acted upon in a fair, equal, and honest manner, adapted to the situation of the different parts of the Commonwealth which are to be affected. As to the general propositions which have been offered, there is no essential difference between them. That the Federal numbers and the plan of the white basis shall be blended together so as to allow each an equal portion of power seems very generally agreed to. The difference is that one party applies these two principles separately, the one to the Senate, the other to the House of Delegates; while the other party proposes to unite the two principles, and to carry them in their blended form through the whole legislature.

One gentleman differs in the whole outline of this plan. He seems to imagine that we claim nothing of republican principles when we claim a representation for property. Permit me to set him right. I do not say that I hope to satisfy him, or others who say that republican government depends on adopting the naked principle of numbers, that we are right; but I think we can satisfy him that we do entertain a different opinion. I think the soundest principles of republicanism do sanction some relation between representation and taxation. Certainly no opinion has received the sanction of wiser statesmen and patriots. I think the two ought to be connected. I think this was the principle of the Revolution, the ground on which the colonies were torn from the mother country and made independent states.

I shall not however go into that discussion now. The House has already heard much said about it. I would observe that this basis of representation is a matter so important to Virginia that the subject was reviewed by every thinking individual before this convention assembled. Several different plans were contemplated. The basis of white population alone; the basis of free population alone; a basis compounded of taxation and white population (or, which is the same thing, a basis of Federal numbers); two other bases were also proposed, one referring to the total population of the State, the other to taxation alone. Now of these various propositions, the basis of white population and the basis of taxation alone are the two extremes. Between the free population and the white population there is almost no difference. Between the basis of total population and the basis of taxation there is but little difference. The people of the east thought that they offered a fair compromise, when they proposed the compound basis of population and taxation, or the basis of the Federal numbers. We thought that we had republican precedent for this—a precedent given us by the wisest and truest patriots that ever were assembled. But that is now past. We are now willing to meet on a new middle ground, beyond what we thought was a middle ground and the extreme on the other side. We considered the Federal numbers as middle ground, and we may, perhaps, now carry that proposition. The gentleman assumed too much when he said that question was decided.

It cannot be considered as decided until it has come before the House. The majority is too small to calculate upon it as certain in the final decision. We are all uncertain as to the issue. But all know this, that if either extreme is carried, it must leave a wound in the breast of the opposite party which will fester and rankle and produce I know not what mischief. The majority also are now content once more to divide the ground and to take a new middle ground. The only difficulty is whether the compromise shall be effected by applying one principle to the House of Delegates and the other to the Senate, or by mingling the two principles and applying them in the same form to both branches of the legislature. I incline to the latter opinion. I do not know and have not heard any sufficient reason assigned for adopting different principles; and there will be just the same divisions between the two, as appears in this convention. It can produce no good, and may, I fear, produce some mischief. It will be said that one branch is the representation of one division of the State, and the other branch of another division of it. Ought they not both to represent the whole? Yet I am ready to submit to such an arrangement, if it shall be the opinion of a majority of this House. If the convention shall think it best that the House of Delegates shall be organized in one way and the Senate in another, I shall not withhold my assent. Give me a constitution that shall be received by the people; a constitution in which I can consider their different interests to be duly represented, and I will take it, though it may not be that I most approve.

The principle, then, which I propose as a compromise is, that the apportionment of representation shall be made according to an exact compound of the two principles of the white basis and of the Federal numbers according to the census of 1820.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

From 'The Life of George Washington.'

GEORGE WASHINGTON was rather above the common size, his frame was robust, and his constitution vigorous . . . capable of enduring great fatigue, and requiring a considerable degree of exercise for the preservation of his health. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness.

His manners were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve when carried to an extreme; and on all proper occasions, he could relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation, and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent but always respectful.

His temper was humane, benevolent, and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to anything apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and to correct.

In the management of his private affairs he exhibited an exact yet liberal economy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill-examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial though costly improvements. They remained therefore competent to that expensive establishment which his reputation, added to a hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him; and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence.

He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius constituted the most prominent feature of his character.

As a military man, he was brave, enterprising, and cautious. That malignity which has sought to strip him of all the higher qualities of a general, has conceded to him personal courage,

and a firmness of resolution which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. But candour will allow him other great and valuable endowments. If his military course does not abound with splendid achievements, it exhibits a series of judicious measures adapted to circumstances, which probably saved his country.

Placed, without having studied the theory, or been taught in the school of experience, the practice of war, at the head of an undisciplined, ill-organized multitude which was unused to the restraints and unacquainted with the ordinary duties of a camp, without the aid of officers possessing those lights which the commander-in-chief was yet to acquire, it would have been a miracle indeed had his conduct been absolutely faultless. But, possessing an energetic and distinguishing mind, on which the lessons of experience were never lost, his errors, if he committed any, were quickly repaired; and those measures which the state of things rendered most advisable were seldom if ever neglected. Inferior to his adversary in the numbers, in the equipment, and in the discipline of his troops, it is evidence of real merit that no great and decisive advantages were ever obtained over him, and that the opportunity to strike an important blow never passed away unused. He has been termed the American Fabius; but those who compare his actions with his means will perceive at least as much of Marcellus as of Fabius in his character. He could not have been more enterprising without endangering the cause he defended, nor have put more to hazard without incurring justly the imputation of rashness. Not relying upon those chances which sometimes give a favourable issue to attempts apparently desperate, his conduct was regulated by calculations made upon the capacities of his army, and the real situation of his country. When called a second time to command the armies of the United States, a change of circumstances had taken place, and he meditated a corresponding change of conduct. In modelling the army of 1798 he sought for men distinguished for their boldness of execution, not less than for their prudence in counsel, and contemplated a system of continued attack. "The enemy," said the General in his private letters, "must never be permitted to gain foothold on our shores."

In his civil administration, as in his military career, were

exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense, of that sound judgment which is perhaps the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind. Devoting himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing no object distinct from the public good, he was accustomed to contemplate at a distance those critical situations in which the United States might probably be placed; and to digest, before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be proper to observe. Taught to distrust first impressions, he sought to acquire all the information which was attainable, and to hear, without prejudice, all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was suspended until it became necessary to determine, and his decisions, thus maturely made, were seldom if ever to be shaken. His conduct therefore was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pursued.

Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices; and though far from being regardless of popular favour, he could never stoop to retain by deserving to lose it. In more instances than one, we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, that course which had been dictated by a sense of duty.

In speculation, he was a real republican, devoted to the Constitution of his country, and to that system of equal political rights on which it is founded. But between a balanced republic and a democracy, the difference is like that between order and chaos. Real liberty, he thought, was to be preserved only by preserving the authority of the laws, and maintaining the energy of government. Scarcely did society present two characters which, in his opinion, less resembled each other than a patriot and a demagogue.

No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action

whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. No truth can be uttered with more confidence than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments and to his own countrymen were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction which forever exists between wisdom and cunning, and the importance as well as truth of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy."

If Washington possessed ambition, that passion was, in his bosom, so regulated by principles, or controlled by circumstances, that it was neither vicious nor turbulent. Intrigue was never employed as the mean of its gratification, nor was personal aggrandizement its object. The various high and important stations to which he was called by the public voice were unsought by himself; and in consenting to fill them, he seems rather to have yielded to a general conviction that the interests of his country would be thereby promoted, than to his particular inclination.

Neither the extraordinary partiality of the American people, the extravagant praises which were bestowed upon him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he experienced, had any visible influence upon his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind.

In him, that innate and unassuming modesty which adulation would have offended, which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, and which never obtruded upon others his claims to superior consideration, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion, he could maintain the happy medium between the arrogance which wounds, and

that facility which allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it.

It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States under the auspices of Washington, without ascribing them, in some measure, to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war, against a successful termination of which there were so many probabilities? of the good which was produced, and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances and of passions could produce? of the constant favour of the great mass of his fellow citizens, and of the confidence which, to the last moment of his life, they reposed in him? the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for political fame.

Endowed by nature with a sound judgment, and an accurate discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide: and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right, which would tolerate the employment only of those means that would bear the most rigid examination; by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise: and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted, but unsuspected.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY

From a Letter to Judge Story, October 6, 1834.

On my return, a day or two past, from an annual visit to our mountains, I had the real gratification of receiving a number of the *New England Magazine* for August last, containing an Essay, entitled "Statesmen: their Rareness and Importance," forwarded to me by yourself, and thank you truly for the real pleasure afforded by its perusal. The justness and solidity of its sentiments, the distinguished individual who is selected as an example of the real statesman, and the kind notice taken of an old friend who is under so many obli-

gations to you, designate the author as certainly as if his name had been affixed to the work.

It is in vain to lament, that the portrait which the author has drawn of our political and party men is, in the general, true. Lament it as we may, much as it may wound our vanity or our pride, it is still, in the main, true; and will, I fear, so remain. . . . In the South political prejudice is too strong to yield to any degree of merit; and the great body of the nation contains, at least appears to me to contain, too much of the same ingredient. To men who think as you and I do, the present is gloomy enough; and the future presents no cheering prospect. The struggle now maintained in every State in the Union seems to me to be of doubtful issue; but should it terminate contrary to the wishes of those who support the enormous pretentions of the Executive, should victory crown the exertions of the champions of constitutional law, what serious and lasting advantage is to be expected from this result? In the South (things may be less gloomy with you) those who support the Executive do not support the Government. They sustain the personal power of the President, but labor incessantly to impair the legitimate powers of the Government. Those who oppose the violent and rash measures of the Executive (many of them nullifiers, many of them seceders) are generally the bitter enemies of a constitutional government. Many of them are the avowed advocates of a league; and those who do not go the whole length, go great part of the way. What can we hope for in such circumstances? As far as I can judge, the Government is weakened, whatever party may prevail. Such is the impression I receive from the language of those around me.

THOMAS FRANCIS MARSHALL

[1801—1864]

BASIL W. DUKE

THOMAS FRANCIS MARSHALL was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, June 7, 1801. His father, Dr. Louis Marshall, a younger brother of the great Chief Justice John Marshall, was the son of Colonel Thomas Marshall of Westmoreland County, Virginia, a personal friend of George Washington. The Marshalls, an Irish family of Cavalier principles, emigrated to America in 1650, to escape Cromwellian rule, and settled in Virginia, which was then loyal to the exiled King. This Colonel Marshall, who married Mary Randolph Keith in Fauquier County, Virginia, was a Kentucky pioneer, though his eleventh child, Louis, was born in Virginia.

Louis Marshall, having chosen medicine as his profession, was educated in Edinburgh and in Paris. He was in the latter city during the most exciting days of the "Terror," and through his characteristic ardor and indiscretion narrowly escaped the guillotine. He practiced medicine successfully for many years and achieved considerable local ability both as physician and surgeon, but his best work was as a teacher. Here his skill led to his election as president of Washington College at Lexington, Virginia (1838), and later of Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky (1855).

In 1800 Dr. Marshall married Agatha Smith, of Frankfort, Kentucky, a lovely woman of superior mental qualities, and especially of such vivacity and grace of speech that it was often said her son inherited from her his peculiar and extraordinary power of oratory.

Mr. W. L. Barre, who edited an incomplete but reliable collection of the speeches and writings of Thomas Francis Marshall, the only one of any value which has been published, says that "his early education was conducted by his mother until his twelfth year, when he entered a grammar school and commenced a study of the dead languages. When he was about fourteen years of age, his father procured an accomplished classical scholar as teacher in his family. . . . . Our author, under his father's directions, pursued his classical studies till he was twenty years of age, and was never sent to the University or to any public college. At twenty, he was sent to Virginia to study history as the basis of jurisprudence and of moral and political philosophy. It was not the Chief Justice, but Mr. James Marshall of Frederick County, Virginia, with whom he studied, a recluse student,

and a man of great and varied erudition. . . . He was twenty-five years of age when he commenced the study of law, under the tuition of the Honorable John J. Crittenden of Kentucky. At twenty-seven he obtained a license to practice law in the courts of Kentucky. His proclivities are always said to have been toward politics as a science, and oratory as an art. He had seen little of the world. Educated at home in the country, then sent to a secluded country place, then sickening almost to death, at last having fitted himself in the law, at least far enough to obtain a license, he settled down in the little village of Versailles. In 1829 he went to Virginia to attend the debates of the Convention then sitting in Richmond. Madison, Monroe, Chief Justice Marshall, Randolph, Leigh C. Johnson, Littleton, Tazewell, and a host of others of scarcely less renown were there. He heard them all for nearly five months, residing for the most part with the Chief Justice. This was the best school he had ever seen."

Although his attention was directed chiefly to politics, he ranked very high as a lawyer. No member of the Kentucky Bar, among his contemporaries, was his superior in legal attainment or surpassed, if indeed equaled him, in logic and capacity for forensic debate. His popular reputation for eloquence was in a large measure acquired by his arguments in the important law-suits in which he was engaged, and in which he was opposed to very formidable antagonists. Unfortunately none of these speeches was written or reported, and tradition preserves only the effect which they produced. This is true also of his political orations, the famous "stump speeches," of which he delivered a vast number, and of his lectures, or, as he termed them, "discourses on history."

In 1832, after the veto of the United States Bank, Marshall was elected to the Legislature as a supporter of Mr. Clay. In the following spring he went to Louisville, sincerely intending, doubtless, to devote himself exclusively to his profession. But politics had for him an irresistible attraction. He twice represented Louisville in the Legislature, and in 1837 ran as an independent candidate for Congress against the nominee of the Whig party, and was of course overwhelmingly defeated. This so disgusted him that he immediately left Louisville and returned to Woodford County. The following year he ran again for the Legislature from Woodford and was elected without opposition, but was refused the seat because ineligible for lack of a full year's residence in the district. He was elected again without opposition, and also for the succeeding term.

The ablest men in the State were at that period sent to the Legislature, and during these sessions he earned extraordinary distinction in the debates upon the many important questions which were discussed in that body.

He was elected to Congress in 1841, and although his service there covered only one term it was unquestionably brilliant. Only two of Marshall's Congressional speeches were reported: one on "Public Lands" and the other on the "Resolution to Censure John Quincy Adams." To the original resolution offered by Gilmour of Virginia, Marshall had offered a more explicit and detailed substitute, looking, however, to the same end.

This Congressional episode seems to us now, after the lapse of many years and the tremendous experience of the Civil War, as almost trivial; but it excited profound interest and was deemed important then. Mr. Marshall supported his resolutions in a speech of unusual energy and ability. Mr. Adams defended his own action with equal fire, although not equal logic. No more spirited discussion, perhaps, has ever occurred upon the floor of the National House of Representatives. The range of the debate was extended much beyond the text of the resolutions. The entire sectional controversy in its existing attitude—every question at issue and every reason for altercation between the Northern and Southern States—was touched upon, with more or less emphasis, during its continuance.

Underwood of Kentucky, Botts of Virginia, and Arnold of Tennessee, all very able men, defended Mr. Adams, induced to do so doubtless more by respect for his high character and recollection of his eminent services than by any sympathy with his political opinions, or real belief that his conduct in offering the objectionable petition was not censurable. Wise of Virginia spoke with the force and animation which always characterized his utterances, but apparently more with the purpose of presenting the extreme Southern view of some of the topics introduced than with regard for the question directly involved. Marshall replied to all of them, and defended his contention with an eloquence and amplitude of historic illustration, and a convincing logic, surpassing, perhaps, any other effort of his life; and no one can read this notable debate without admitting that he had altogether the best of it.

During this session Mr. Marshall declined to act with the Whig party on several important measures. He voted against Mr. Clay's Bank Bill, and, it is said, spoke strongly against it in the House. He favored the establishment of a Bank of the United States, but objected to the proposed form of the charter. Mr. Adams agreed and voted with him in this matter. He voted against the Bankruptcy Law. In brief, he separated himself almost entirely from his party, contending, however, that he was still a Whig, but that the Whig party had forsaken its original principles and purposes. He spoke with stinging sarcasm of the administration of Mr. Tyler, and said that it might be best described when the history of the country was

written in the terms of Lindley Murray's definition of a parenthesis as "a clause of a sentence enclosed between black lines or brackets, which should be pronounced in a low tone of voice, and might be left out altogether without injuring the sense."

There can be no doubt of his sincerity any more than of his candor. Indeed, the temper of his mind inclined him always to independence in politics rather than to partisan allegiance. But he had deeply offended the great leader of his party, and he made no concealment of the fact that he cared little that he had done so. Upon his return home after the expiration of the Twenty-seventh Congress, he declined to be a candidate for a second term, and publicly announced that he would not support Mr. Clay for the Presidency. He also differed with Mr. Clay in 1844, upon the question of the annexation of Texas, insisting upon the immense value to the United States of the territory between the Sabine and the Rio Grande, and stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. In the ensuing Presidential canvass he voted for Polk. He again ran for Congress in 1845, but was beaten.

In 1846 he was elected captain of a company of volunteer cavalry, recruited for the war with Mexico, and served in that capacity for twelve months. Defeated for election to the third constitutional convention of Kentucky, in 1849, because of his opposition to the importation of slaves into the State, he used *The Old Guide,* a Frankfort paper he was editing, in opposition to its adoption. The editorial articles contributed to this publication are perhaps the best of his written compositions.

In 1855 he strenuously opposed the candidates of the American or "Know-Nothing" party in Kentucky and combated the proscriptive policy which they advocated, more ably, perhaps, than any other speaker in the country, with the exception of Governor Wise of Virginia.

In 1856 he went to Chicago with the purpose of permanently residing there and devoting himself to his profession. He returned to Kentucky, however, in August of that year, and having consented, at the urgent solicitation of many of his friends, to take part in the Presidential canvass then in progress, in opposition to Mr. Buchanan, was so prostrated in health by the fatigue and exposure he underwent, following, as it did upon long years of dissipation, that he never physically recovered. He married, late in life, Miss Bettie Yost of his native county; but lived only a short time with his wife, and no children were born of the marriage. He died near Versailles, in Woodford County, September 22, 1864.

Although the best of Marshall's productions are doubtless to be found in the collection of Barre, it is to be regretted that much else

has been irrevocably lost. Barre's compilation was prepared while Marshall was living and it was probably submitted to his revision.

It is simple truth to say that Marshall's capacity—the intellectual characteristics in which he was unquestionably superior—were not generally appreciated by his contemporaries; nor, perhaps, can full justice ever be done him because of the loss of so much on which a fair judgment might be based. He was given credit by comparatively few for that in which he really excelled. He was more esteemed by a crowd of admirers as a brilliant declaimer, readily uttering sparkling sentences and pungent, caustic witticisms, than for the far rarer and higher mental qualities which he possessed.

He is remembered more particularly as an attractive orator; he is entitled to be held in higher estimate, not only as a writer of eloquent English, but as a reasoner always sound and cogent, and frequently irrefutable. When speaking he was sometimes induced, by the desire of applause or fervor of the moment, to appeal to passion or prejudice, and his keen humor too often degenerated into buffoonery. But in no instance can he be justly charged with these faults when he wrote; and, however inconsistent his political conduct may have seemed, his writings evince perfect consistency in his opinions, and profound conviction. The compositions on which he bestowed most care will impress every reader, I think, with a sense of his genuine, constant perception and broad comprehension of principles —of what Carlyle calls the "verities"—and of his philosophic grasp and treatment of the topics considered.

In his later years, when his judgment had become marred and his taste vitiated by intemperance, Marshall's style grew turgid and at times sank almost into bathos. In his prime, however, and even after the partial decay of his powers, he was, when aroused by some special occasion or incentive, nearly unrivaled either as a popular speaker or before more select assemblages.

His unusually wide range of reading, especially of English and ancient literature, and an extensive acquaintance with history—for his devotion to historical study was incessant—aided by a singularly retentive memory, furnished him with an inexhaustible fund of illustration, and he utilized it to the utmost. He had all the physical requisites of the orator; a handsome and expressive face; a tall, erect and extremely graceful figure; a striking and histrionic manner and gesture; and his elocutionary skill and resonant, melodious voice rendered his lofty and stirring declamation peculiarly effective.

Basil W. Duke

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF RICHARD H. MENEFEE

Extracts from an Address delivered before the Law Society of the Transylvania University, April 12, 1841.

GENTLEMEN OF THE LAW SOCIETY:—I am not here to recount in set phrase, and with that courtesy which the living always pay to the dead, the virtues, real or supposed, of one around whose fate, youth, and interesting private relations alone have cast a transient interest. I come not merely to acquit me of a duty to one whom I personally loved and admired, to weave a fading garland for his tomb, or scatter affection's incense over his ashes. Mine is a severer task, a more important duty. I stand here, gentlemen, as a member of a great commonwealth, amid the assembled thousands of her citizens, to mourn with them the blow, sudden and overwhelming, which has fallen upon the country. He about whose young brows there clustered most of honor—he, around whose name and character there gathered most of public hope—the flower of our Kentucky youth, "the rose and expectancy of the fair state," lies uprooted. He, who by the unaided strength of his own great mind, had spurned from his path each obstacle that impeded and rolled back the clouds which darkened his morning march—who in his fresh youth had reached an eminence of fame and of influence, which, to a soul less ardent, might have seemed the topmost pinnacle, but which to him, was only a momentary resting place, whence, with an undazzled eye and elastic limb, he was preparing to spring still upward and nearer to the sun of glory which glowed above him; while the admiring crowd below were watching, with intensest interest, each movement of his towering step, each wave of his eagle wing.

> . . . Why sudden drops his crest?
> The shaft is sped, the arrow's in his breast.

Death canonizes a great name and the seal of the sepulchre excludes from its slumbering tenant the breath of envy. I might fling the reins of fancy and indulge in the utmost latitude of panegyric without offense; the praises of the dead threat not the living. But I am not here upon an ordinary oc-

casion to pronounce a pompous eulogy in set terms of general praise. You have directed me to draw the life and character, to delineate the very form and figure of the mind of one, whose moral likenesses you wish to inscribe in enduring and faithful colors upon your archives, not only as a memorial of one loved and lost, but as an example and model for the study and imitation of yourselves and successors. It is not a sample of rhetoric but a perpetuation of his image that you seek, as the monument best suited to the subject, as a real and historic standard by which the youth of after times may measure and elevate the idea and the stature of excellence. And surely, if ever there were mirror in which young genius could glass and fashion itself; if ever there were mold in which the forming intellect could be cast in just and full proportions of graceful energy and perfect strength, he, of whom we are to speak this day was that mirror and that mold. Would that the artist were equal to his work, would that his mind were fully up to the dignity of his subject; then indeed would I gladly obey your high command, and give to posterity embodied in my land's language, the very form and lineament, the breathing attitude, the intrepid port, the beaming hope, the dauntless energy of a genius which poverty and disease could not impair and which death itself destroyed, rather than subdued. Ah! had he but lived! on that broad pedestal laid already, he would himself have raised a statue colossal and historic, an individual likeness, but a national monument, than which never did the Grecian chisel from out the sleeping marble awake a form of grander proportions or of more enduring beauty. He meditated such a work, and was fast gathering around him eternal materials. Type of his country, he sought to mingle himself with her existence and her fame, and to transmit his name to remote generations as an epitome of her early genius and her history, and as the most signal example of the power of her institutions, not only for the production, but for the most perfect development of the greatest talents and the most exalted virtue.

In the Fall of 1831 he was enabled to attend the law lectures, when he became a distinguished member of your society. In the Spring of 1832 he received the appointment of commonwealth's attorney, and in August before he had

attained his twenty-third year, he was married to the eldest daughter of the late Matthew Jouitt. It is not among the least interesting circumstances which concentrate in the union of these two orphans, that the dowerless daughter of Kentucky's most gifted artist should have found a tutor in her childhood every way adequate to form her taste and fashion her understanding, and that in the dawning graces of her first womanhood, reflecting back upon its source the light she had borrowed, should have drawn and fastened to her side as friend and protector through life, that same boy preceptor from whose precocious mind her own hand had drawn its nutriment and its strength. JOUITT AND MENEFEE! What an union of names, what a nucleus for the public hopes and sympathies to grow and cluster round, to cling and cleave to. And they are united in the person of a boy, a glorious, beauteous boy—upon whose young brow and every feature is stamped the seal of his inheritance. I have seen this scion of a double stock, through whose young veins is poured in blending currents the double tide of genius and of art. Bless thee, Jouitt Menefee, and may heaven which has imparted the broad brow of the statesman orator along with the painter's ambrosial head and glowing eye, may heaven shield and preserve thee, boy, from the misfortunes of thy house! . . .

Regarding him, as I have already said, with the deepest interest, and under circumstances very favorable for observation, I describe him as he impressed himself upon me. The great characteristic of his mind was strength, his predominant faculty was reason, the aim of his eloquence was to convince. With an imagination rich, but severe and chaste, of an elocution clear, nervous and perfectly ready, he employed the one as the minister and the other as the vehicle of demonstration. He dealt not in gaudy ornament or florid exhibition; no gilded shower of metaphors drowned the sense of his discourse. He was capable of fervid invective, vehement declamation, and scathing sarcasm; but strength, strength was the pervading quality; and there was an argument even in his denunciation. "No giant form set forth his common hight"; no stentor voice proclaimed a bully in debate; yet did he possess the power of impression, deep, lasting impression, of interesting you in not only what he said, but in himself, of stamping

upon the memory his own image, in the most eminent degree, and in the most extraordinary manner, of any man of his age whom it has been my fortune to encounter. "*Bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter.*"

Although removed the farthest possible from the affectation of mystery, or any asserted and offensive pretension to superiority over other men, and although his manner was exempt entirely from the charge of haughtiness, still, as he appeared at that time, he loved not familiarity and courted no intimacy. He was bland, courteous, and perfectly respectful in his intercourse; still, there was a distance and undefinable sort of reserve, unmixed with pride, but full of dignity, keeping frivolity aloof, and attracting at once your curiosity and your interest. Upon his forehead which was broad, and full and very commanding, were traced the indisputable lines of intellect and genius. His pale and delicate brow was stamped with the gravity and care of premature manhood. About his lip and mouth were the slight, but living and indelible traits of a resolved and ambitious spirit. The whole countenance was that of a man who had suffered and struggled, but who had conquered the past and was prepared to grapple fearlessly with the future. But the master expression, the natural language which breathed from his face, form, step, gesture, and even the almost feminine tone of his voice, which contrasted so strangely with the delicacy of the whole, was energy, unfainting, indomitable, though curbed and regulated energy; which could sustain him through all danger and under all fortune, and which would and must bear him on to the utmost mark at which his ambition might aim, and to which his talents were at all adequate. There was nothing restless or impatient about him. His was deliberate, concentrated, disciplined energy. He had that managed calmness of general manner, which so often betokens a fiery and excitable temperament, but under the most perfect control. Never man was more entirely master of himself than Mr. Menefee.

His conversation corresponded with and deepened the impression made by his public speeches, and a close examination of his whole appearance. He had all the quickness and penetration of a man of true genius, but without a spark of wildness or eccentricity. There was no dreamy idealism, no shad-

owy romance, no morbid sentimentalism about him. The occasional splendor of his illustration proved him, to be sure, possessed of an imagination grand and lofty but exquisitely sensible of the beautiful and the soft, but it was the ally, not the principal; and an ally upon which his sovereign reason, abounding in its own resources, leaned but little and drew but seldom. His fancy drew her inspiration from the natural fountain around and within him. It was not even tinged with the sickly light of modern fiction. His whole mind was eminently healthy. His was the seriousness of determination unmixed with gloom or melancholy. The purity of his language, which was remarkable for its beauty as well as its precision, declared a mind imbued with elegant letters, but there was an antique severity in his taste, a marble firmness as well as smoothness in his style, which spoke of the hardihood and muscle of the Grecian masters, those first teachers and eternal fountains of poetry and eloquence. But neither Mr. Menefee's conversation nor his attainments, nor his talents, eminent as they all were, surprised me so much as the matured and almost rigid tone of his character, the iron control which he exercised over himself, the cool, practical and experienced views which he took of the world, and the elevation, consistency and steadiness of his purposes. These were the qualities which made his talents useful; these were the qualities which, young as he was, gave him such absolute hold and command of the public confidence; these were the qualities which adapted him to the genius and bound him to the hearts of his countrymen, without which he might have been brilliant, but never could have been great.

He had early ranged himself with that great party in politics, whose protracted and arduous struggles have at last found their consummation and whose principles have been ratified by the judgment of the nation in the election of General Harrison to the presidency. He belonged to that class of minds, who, in every country and under every form of government, are found the unflinching advocates of rational and regulated liberty, a liberty founded in principles fixed and eternal, and which is only safe under the shield and cover of a law, changeless and inviolable by the government, equally supreme and binding upon the rulers and upon the people. The imperial

maxim, "*Voluntas principis habet vigorem legis,*" he rejected utterly. He loathed despotism in all its forms, and wherever lodged, whether in the hands of one, the many, or the few. Born in a monarchy, he would have died as Hampden died, in the assertion of legal limitation upon the prerogative. Born in a republic, he clung to the constitutional restrictions upon the rapacious passions of faction. He regarded the courtier cringing at the footstool of a throne, and a demagogue lauding the absolute power of a mob, as equally the foes of freedom and the just object of patriot execration. He understood the term "people" as comprehending every interest and every individual, and looked upon that system alone as free, which protected each against the arbitrary power, even of the whole. He regarded government as something framed for the defense of the weak against the strong, of the few against the many, and considered human rights as only safe, where fixed laws, and not the fluctuating caprices of men and parties, were supreme. Strength and numbers are absolute in a state of savage nature; they need no laws nor magistracy for their support. The rights of the weak and the few can only be secured by the incorporation of the eternal principle of liberty and justice in a constitution impassable to power and immutable by party. The splendid popularity of a favorite chief blinded not his reason, the roar of triumphant faction deafened not his conscience, the proscribing genius of a power which punished with inexorable severity, or rewarded with unbounded profusion, appalled not his moral courage, nor shook for one moment his native integrity. Young, poor, talented and aspiring, still he followed where his principles led him, and battled long on the side of a feeble and almost overwhelmed minority of his countrymen. To the cause which he espoused, through all its fortunes, he adhered with unbroken faith and consistency, and lived just long enough to witness its final and complete success.

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The same destiny (for it seemed no less) attended him in Congress, which had marked his entrance upon state legislation. There were no gradations in his congressional history. He comprehended at once, as if by instinct, the new scene in which he was called to act; and no sooner did he appear, than he was recognized as a statesman and a leader. The intrepid

boldness of his character, and the precocious strength of his genius, seemed to have smitten all parties with astonishment. Some of the leading men of the political party to which he was opposed, pronounced him the most extraordinary man of his age, who had till then, appeared in Congress. He encountered hostility in his upward flight, (when did soaring genius fail to do it?) and meaner birds would have barred him from his pathway to the skies. With crimsoned beak and bloody talons, he rent his way through the carrion crew, and moved majestically up to bathe his plumage in the sun. Never did a career more dazzlingly splendid open upon the eye of young ambition than burst upon Mr. Menefee. The presses teemed with his praise, the whole country was full of his name; yet did he wear his honors with the ease of a familiar dress. He trod the new and dizzy path with a steady eye, and that same veteran step which was so eminently his characteristic. Around his path there seemed to have been thrown none of those delusions which haunt the steps of youth and inexperience. All was stern reality and truth. He maintained his character undimmed, and his position unshaken, till the end of his term, and then this wonderful man imposed upon himself his spirit and his ambition, that iron control of which I have spoken, and voluntarily retired from a theater the most elevated and commanding, upon which genius and ambition like his could engage in a gigantic strife for undying honor.

At twenty-nine years of age, Mr. Menefee felt himself upon a summit to which the dreams of youth and hope could scarce have aspired. He alone seemed neither astonished nor confounded by the height to which he had arisen. In 1837, an obscure young lawyer, scarce beyond the precincts of his native highland district; in 1839, he stood forth on the world's greatest theater in acknowledged greatness, the predictions of his first tutor realized, the prayer of his childhood granted. He stood on that eminence so long and so gloriously occupied by the man whose name he once bore and whose fame had been the pillar of fire by which he guided his footsteps through the long, dark, perilous and unfriended night of his boyhood; and he stood there at an age which threw even that example into the shade. The draught which he drank, so far from intoxicating his understanding, served only to refresh and invigorate

his spirit for the work set before him. He surveyed calmly, from the height on which he stood, the prospect stretched beneath him, he quaffed the full beams of the sun of glory which glowed above him, then turning to the gentle flower at his side, which he had vowed to shelter and defend, to her who had loved and trusted him in obscurity and penury, before the world, now ready to do him homage, had learned his transcendent talents and inestimable worth, and folding her, all bright and blushing in the light of her husband's glory, to his bosom, he descended without a sigh to vindicate her confidence and toil for her support.

ESTIMATE OF HENRY CLAY

From *The Louisville Journal*, November 27, 1851.

I HAVE studied his life, his speeches, his actions, his character; I have heard him at the bar and in the Senate; I have seen him in his contests with other men, when all the stormy passions of his tempestuous soul were lashed by disappointment and opposition to the foaming rage of the ocean, when all the winds are unchained, and sweep in full career over the free and bounding bosom of the deep. He owes less of his greatness to education or to art than any man living. He owes less of his commanding influence to other men than any great leader I have ever known, or of whom I have ever read. He consults nobody, he leans upon nobody, he fears nobody; he wears nature's patent of nobility forever upon his brow; he stalks among men with an unanswerable and never doubting air of command; his sweeping and imperial pride, his indomitable will, his unquailing courage, challenge from all submission or combat. With him there can be no neutrality. Death, tribute, or the Koran, is his motto. Great in speech, great in action, his greatness is all his own. He is independent alike of history or the schools; he knows little of either and despises both. His ambition, his spirit, and his eloquence are all great, natural, and entirely his own. If he is like any body, he does not know it. He has never studied models, and if he had, his pride would have rescued him from the fault of imitation. He stands among men in towering and barbaric grandeur; in all

of the hardihood and rudeness of perfect originality; independent of the polish and beyond the reach of art. His vast outline, and grand, but wild and undefined, proportions, liken him to a huge mass of granite, torn, in some convulsion of nature, from a mountain's side, which any effort of the chisel would only disfigure, and which no instrument in the sculptor's studio could grasp or comprehend.

OPPOSITION TO THE KNOW-NOTHING ORGANIZATION

Extract from a Speech delivered at Versailles, Kentucky, June 25, 1855.

THE power claimed by the British parliament to tax the colonies was as every one knows, the question which brought on the War of the Revolution. The grounds upon which the colonies denied the power was, that they were not represented in that parliament. They asserted the principle retrospectively, and contended that the colonies had always been independent of the British legislature, and such was the historical fact. In its grand extension, it embraces and distinctly recognizes the eternal truth, the basis of all liberty, that no legislation can justly bind, unless the subject of it consent to the law by himself or his representative. The principle is cardinal and is absolutely inseparable from the American idea of civil liberty. Tear it away, and the idea and the fact—the principle and the liberty—are gone.

From a profound policy, then, as well as an enlarged benevolence, (things which the truly wise have ever held to be identical,) they thought it safer, as well as more humane, to impart to the stranger all the blessings of freedom which they themselves enjoyed. An alien by birth, they determined to make him a citizen by adoption, and to bind him to the country of his choice by the strong cords of gratitude and affection, as well as interest. They did not think it either wise or safe to have a large number of foreigners always foreigners, in the bosom of a republic, always in full view of the most perfect civil liberty, yet deprived of its enjoyment; for liberty is an enjoyment as well as a right. To them it would be no republic. Excluded from office and from honor, with no voice in

the councils, no power to hold real estate, no representation in the legislature of such rights as might remain to them, in what do persons thus situated differ from the subjects of an absolute despotism? They do differ in one, and that a most material circumstance.

Under the absolute government of a single person, whose will is the sole law, all above him are at least equal. It is some comfort to a man, if it be a slave, at least to feel and know that it is the common lot. The subjects of a single master are peers in servitude. Of all the forms of oppression, the most unbearable to human thought, yet the most irresponsible, insolent and irresistible, is the tyranny of an exclusively privileged class. Reason and experience, fact and theory, speculation and practice, agree in this, that the tyranny of caste over caste is the most corrupting to those above, the most crushing and intolerable to the heart and soul of those below, of any of the corrupting and crushing forms of tyranny heretofore known among men.

Our ancestors, therefore, did not mean to divide American society into horizontal strata by a boundary line of religion and of blood, with those who had happened to be born in another part of the earth, and those of the Catholic religion, no matter where born, (these being of a faith so accursed that not even American birth and education can purify the taint) safely stowed away below, while the favorites of heaven, the protestants elect, securely seated on top, booted, spurred and mounted on the backs of the degraded class, might rule and ride, a dominant and regnant party, armed with exclusive rights of office and of suffrage—in other words, with power absolute and irresistible, save by arms.

They believed that a republic, founded upon the most perfect equality of rights among those subjected to its laws and government, was not only the most just and free, the most productive of happiness and improvement, the best calculated to develop the faculties, intellectual and moral, the most favorable to science and to virtue, but also that it was the most permanent and secure, whether from external force or from internal disorder. They believed in liberty sincerely, devoutly, without hypocrisy or doubt, as the fountain of all good things, as that which gives to the individual dignity and courage, to

the state strength and grandeur, safety and permanence. Without it, in their judgment, there could be no patriotism, no love of country.

A state which reposes in the honest love of its citizens, a love founded in the private interest which each individual has in its preservation, is safer without revenue or arms, surrounded by a rampart of hearts, than an oppressive, unjust and unequal government, with all the guards and garrisons, the bayonets and fortresses which money, wrung by force from an unwilling and enslaved people, can build or buy.

Make the foreigner a citizen, and he enters upon the practical enjoyment of all the rights of other men. He is incorporated with the State, and feels himself a part of it. He loves it as his country in peace, he defends it with honor in war. Keep him a foreigner, and he hates you, as all those of a degraded caste loathe what is above them. He is a domestic enemy, ripe for revolution. If your enemy be his former master, and he fights for you in war, he fights with a halter round his neck. Captivity dooms him to the death of a felon. Your flag is not his flag, it does not cover him. In a land of liberty, he is a slave; in the home of his choice, he is a stranger; in peace, he has no civil rights; in war no hope of honor.

Without representation, our ancestors believed that there could be no civil liberty without an entire, total and permanent separation of the ecclesiastical state from the political, of the church from the civil government, of religion from the temporal power of the priest, no matter of what faith, and his dogmas, from the laws and the magistracy, there could be no religious liberty.

Our ancestors were not heathens or infidels. Devoted and Christian men, they believed that in founding a state without a religion, and in establishing perfect toleration, they were in fact establishing Christianity, and providing for the purity of the church and the extension of the gospel, according to its own free genius and the precepts of its founder.

Never yet has Christianity leaned upon the arm of human government and force for support, that it has not been tainted and defiled by the alliance. Engaged in the struggle for wealth and power, embroiled in the passion and turmoil of earthly strife and mundane politics, the church abdicating her office,

abandons her trust, and finally quits the conflict, with her holy vestments stained and polluted, her divine lineaments erased, and her just and appropriate influence overthrown.

The political weakness of the church constitutes its moral strength and grandeur.

Seeking no participation in the temporal power, coveting not the treasures of this world, she comes, with a more commanding voice to soothe the passion in which she does not share, to arbitrate in the strifes to which she is no party.

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

[1866—]

EVELYN SNEAD BARNETT

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN, the daughter of Francis and Ann Louise McKenzie Madden, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, May 3, 1866. She is of Scotch and Irish descent—the first through her South Carolina mother, the second through her father. She was a sensitive child—imaginative, impressionable, conscientious—qualities still hers in a rare degree. Owing to delicate health, her education was desultory—a month or two at a time in the public schools. Perhaps her most fruitful impressions were fixed by these detached school periods, interrupted by trips to the far South in search of health; each new teacher and school experience stood out by itself instead of making the continuous record usual to childhood. The result is shown in her best work.

So interesting is Mrs. Martin's personality, her Boswell has to resist many temptations. Perhaps she most resembles a fine violin, responsive to the lightest touch, but even in discordance giving out a true tone. Her face has been described as having "no features and all expression." She is fair-skinned, blue-eyed, sunny-haired, tall but delicately built. She has a superfluity of nervous energy, and lives on her nerves. Fond of society, and always charming, she can go long and far. In both appearance and mind she offers perplexing diversities. Hers is one of the most complex natures possible to be imagined. If she were simple she never could have portrayed simplicity as she has in Emmy Lou and Letitia, her two best characters. Perhaps the keynote of her character may be found in her ever-present desire to be surrounded by an atmosphere of happiness. From a desire to make her friends happy and have things "go smoothly," she is ready on the instant to sacrifice her own comfort or predilections. She makes and keeps many friends.

In 1892 she married Mr. Atwood R. Martin, an officer in a trust company of Louisville, a man of marked literary taste and critical ability. Three years after her marriage Mrs. Martin published her first story. The *Youth's Companion*, that discerning critic and friend to young authors, saw in "The Story of Don Soldier" the promise since made good.

Mrs. Martin's style is an anomaly—unmistakable, insistent rather

than energetic, yet reflecting changes like a prism. She paints nature as she sees it, which is far out of the common range of vision. She delights in contrast and variety, choosing the psychical rather than the physical. While every character of her creation wears its distinctive mark, it also always bears the stamp of introspection. Her sense of humor is pervading, delicate, and charms by its unexpectedness. Her work is too fine and refined ever to be listed in the wildly popular, sweeping-the-earth class. In the mass, the public is too ignorant of literature as literature to appreciate fully such stories as hers. They attract the general reader by their humaneness. It is only in the higher courts, where good work counts, that her inability to slight, her careful technique, and conscientious revision, have received their full measure of praise.

Her early style inclined to mannerisms. She had a tendency to avoid pronouns, repeating proper names wearingly. This tendency in 'Emmy Lou' was happily used, imparting the effect of simple-mindedness for which she strove. Carried to excess in stories of adults it often delayed the action. But while her later work may show greater ease she has lost some of the "effervescence" that characterized 'Emmy Lou.' With this her critics have something to do. Her taste, reflecting her character, is for delicate detail, for complicated, hidden currents; and it is a mistake to urge her to leave her natural bent for the broader, so-called dynamic springs of life.

Perfection is not claimed for Mrs. Martin's work, but it is this critic's opinion that it offers one of the most interesting studies of literary evolution to be found in American literature. She is emphatically a modern product. In style she most resembles Henry James, though where he has glitter she has feeling. Her 'Emmy Lou' is in line with James's 'What Maisie Knew.' Both see adult life through a child's eyes, but where Mr. James has created a lovely but unfortunate child, Mrs. Martin has made a lovely but happy one.

Perhaps Mrs. Martin's chief lack is her inability to see life as a whole. She sees it episodically, and for that reason her books are lacking in plot. The short story, that most difficult branch of fiction, is emphatically her forte. 'Emmy Lou' and 'Letitia' are far better than the 'House of Fulfilment,' her one continuous narrative. This is because her art recognizes the delicate, inner emotions, taking but little count of outer media. Her characters live moment by moment, each moment being carefully portrayed; they grow, but the reader has no sense of gradual progression to a foreordained ending.

In considering Mrs. Martin's work in detail, it will easily be seen why 'Emmy Lou' is so far her best. She was a creation, and with the 'Boyville Stories' introduced a type that has since had many imi-

tators. Emmy Lou was born to be loved, and her counterpart exists in many a home; in increasing numbers, since her character has furnished a key unlocking the understanding of ambitious but mistaking parents.

Running serially in *McClure's Magazine* during 1900, 'Emmy Lou' was, in 1902, presented in book form. To teachers, parents, and pupils it was a revelation. It called forth praise from all advanced teachers and caused anger to those who saw in their profession only a way—often the only way—of earning a livelihood. In addition to its general appeal it fascinated an audience of higher critical powers than the omnivorous and vagarious-minded reader. After six years of publicity it remains that delight of the publisher, a "steady seller." It has just gone into its fifteenth edition.

'Abbie Ann' is the only story for children that Mrs. Martin has ever written. 'Emmy Lou' and 'Letitia' are both about childhood, but in the light of adult retrospection; 'Abbie Ann' is from the point of view of the little heroine herself. Many critics have seemed to miss this point in comparing 'Abbie Ann' with the former studies.

According to recent statistics, most literary masterpieces have been produced by authors between the ages of fifty and sixty. Mrs. Martin has just passed forty, hence it is fair to predict that with her powers still in their upward growth her greatest and best work will be produced in the years to come.

Evelyn Snead Barnett

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HARE AND TORTOISE

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THERE was head and foot in the Second Reader. Emmy Lou heard it whispered the day of her entrance into the Second Reader room.

Once, head and foot had meant Aunt Cordelia above the coffee tray and Uncle Charlie below the carving-knife. But at school head and foot meant little girls bobbing up and down, descending and ascending the scale of excellency.

There were no little boys. At the Second Reader the currents of the sexes divided, and little boys were swept out of sight. One mentioned little boys now in undertones.

But head and foot meant something beside little girls bobbing out of their places on the bench to take a neighbor's place. Head and foot meant tears—that is, when the bobbing was downward and not up. However, if one bobbed down to-day there was the chance of bobbing up to-morrow—that is with all but Emmy Lou and a little girl answering to the call of "Kitty McKoeghany."

Step by step Kitty went up, and having reached the top, Kitty stayed there.

And step by step, Emmy Lou, from her original alphabetically-determined position beside Kitty, went down, and then, only because further descent was impossible, Emmy Lou stayed there. But since the foot was nearest the platform Emmy Lou

took that comfort out of the situation, for the Teacher sat on the platform, and Emmy Lou loved the Teacher.

The Second Reader Teacher was the lady, the nice lady, the pretty lady with white hair, who patted little girls on the cheek as she passed them in the hall. On the first day of school, the name of "Emma Louise MacLaurin" had been called. Emmy Lou stood up. She looked at the Teacher. She wondered if the Teacher remembered. Emmy Lou was chubby and round and much in earnest. And the lady, the pretty lady, looking down at her, smiled. Then Emmy Lou knew that the lady had not forgotten. And Emmy Lou sat down. And she loved the Teacher and she loved the Second Reader. Emmy Lou had not heard the Teacher's name. But could her grateful little heart have resolved its feelings into words, "Dear Teacher" must ever after have been the lady's name. And so, as if impelled by her own chubby weight and some head-and-foot force of gravity, though Emmy Lou descended steadily to the foot of the Second Reader class, there were compensations. The foot was in the shadow of the platform and within the range of Dear Teacher's smile.

Besides, there was Hattie.

Emmy Lou sat with Hattie. They sat at a front desk. Hattie had plaits; small affairs, perhaps, but tied with ribbons behind each ear. And the part bisecting Hattie's little head from nape to crown was exact and true. Emmy Lou admired plaits. And she admired the little pink sprigs on Hattie's dress.

After Hattie and Emmy Lou had sat together a whole day, Hattie took Emmy Lou aside as they were going home, and whispered to her.

"Who's your mos' nintimate friend?" was what Emmy Lou understood her to whisper.

Emmy Lou had no idea what a nintimate friend might be. She did not know what to do.

"Haven't you got one?" demanded Hattie.

Emmy Lou shook her head.

Hattie put her lips close to Emmy Lou's ear.

"Let's us be nintimate friends," said Hattie.

Though small in knowledge, Emmy Lou was large in faith. She confessed herself as glad to be a nintimate friend.

When Emmy Lou found that to be a nintimate friend

meant to walk about the yard with Hattie's arm about her, she was glad indeed to be one. Hitherto, at recess, Emmy Lou had known the bitterness of the outcast and the pariah. Emmy Lou had stood around, principally in corners, to avoid being swept off her little feet by the big girls at play, and had gazed upon a paired-off and sufficient-unto-itself world.

Hattie seemed to know everything. In all the glory of its newness Emmy Lou brought her Second Reader to school. Hattie was scandalized. She showed her Reader soberly encased in a calico cover.

Emmy Lou grew hot. She hid her Reader hastily. Somehow she felt that she had been immodest. The next day Emmy Lou's Reader came to school discreetly swathed in calico.

Hardly had the Second Reader begun, when one Friday the music man came. And after that he came every Friday and stayed an hour.

He was a tall, thin man, and he had a point of beard on his chin that made him look taller. He wore a blue cape, which he tossed on a chair. And he carried a violin. His name was Mr. Cato. He drew five lines on the blackboard, and made eight dots that looked as though they were going upstairs on the lines. Then he rapped on his violin with his bow, and the class sat up straight.

"This," said Mr. Cato, "is A," and he pointed to a dot. Then he looked at Emmy Lou. Unfortunately Emmy Lou sat at a front desk.

"Now, what is it?" said Mr. Cato.

"A," said Emmy Lou obediently. She wondered. But she had met A in so many guises of print and script that she accepted any statement concerning A. And now a dot was A.

"And this," said Mr. Cato, "is B, and this is C, and this D, and E, F, G, which brings us naturally to A again," and Mr. Cato with his bow went up the stairway punctuated with dots.

Emmy Lou wondered why G brought one naturally to A again.

But Mr. Cato was tapping up the dotted stairway with his bow. "Now, what are they?" asked Mr. Cato.

"Dots," said Emmy Lou, forgetting.

Mr. Cato got red in the face and rapped angrily.

"A," said Emmy Lou hastily, "B, C, D, E, F, G, H," and was going hurriedly on, when Hattie, with a surreptitious jerk, stopped her.

"That is better," said Mr. Cato, "A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A—exactly—but we are not going to call them A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A—" Mr. Cato paused impressively, his bow poised, and looked at Emmy Lou—"we are going to call them"—and Mr. Cato touched a dot—"do"—his bow went up the punctuated stairway—"re, mi, fa, sol, la, si. Now what is this?" The bow pointed itself to Emmy Lou, then described a curve, bringing it again to a dot.

"A," said Emmy Lou. The bow rapped angrily on the board, and Mr. Cato glared.

"Do," said Mr. Cato, "do—always do—not A, nor B, nor C, never A, nor B, nor C again—do, do," the bow rapping angrily the while.

"Dough," said Emmy Lou, swallowing miserably.

Mr. Cato was mollified. "Forget now it was ever A; A is do here. Always in the future remember the first letter in the scale is do. Whenever you meet it placed like this, A is do, A is do."

Emmy Lou resolved she would never forget. A is dough. How or why or wherefore did not matter. The point was, A is dough. But Emmy Lou was glad when the music man went. And then came spelling, when there was always much bobbing up and down and changing places and tears. This time the rest might forget, but Emmy Lou would not. It came her turn.

She stood up. Her word was Adam. And A was dough. Emma Lou went slowly to get it right. "Dough-d-dough-m, Adam," said Emmy Lou.

They laughed. But Dear Teacher did not laugh. The recess-bell rang. And Dear Teacher, holding Emmy Lou's hand, sent them all out. Every one must go. Desks and slates to be scrubbed, mattered not. Every one must go. Then Dear Teacher lifted Emmy Lou to her lap. And when she was sure they were every one gone, Emmy Lou cried. And after a while Dear Teacher explained about A and do, so that Emmy Lou understood. And then Dear Teacher said, "You may come in." And the crack of the door widened, and in came

Hattie. Emmy Lou was glad she was an intimate friend. Hattie had not laughed.

But that day the carriage which took Dear Teacher to and from her home outside of town—the carriage with the white, woolly dog on the seat by the little colored-boy driver and the spotted dog running behind—stopped at Emmy Lou's gate. And Dear Teacher, smiling at Emmy Lou just arriving with her school-bag, went in, too, and rang the bell.

Then Dear Teacher and Aunt Cordelia and Aunt Katie and Aunt Louise sat in the parlor and talked.

And when Dear Teacher left, all the aunties went out to the gate with her, and Uncle Charlie, just leaving, put her in the carriage, and stood with his hat lifted until she was quite gone.

"At her age—" said Aunt Cordelia.

"To have to teach—" said Aunt Katie.

"How beautiful she must have been—" said Aunt Louise.

"Is—" said Uncle Charlie.

"But she has the little grandchild," said Aunt Cordelia; "she is keeping the home for him. She is happy." And Aunt Cordelia took Emmy Lou's hand.

That very afternoon Aunt Louise began to help Emmy Lou with her lessons. And Aunt Cordelia went around and asked Hattie's mother to let Hattie come and get her lessons with Emmy Lou.

And at school Dear Teacher, walking up and down the aisles, would stop, and her fingers would close over and guide the laboring digits of Emmy Lou, striving to copy within certain ruled lines upon her slate the writing on the blackboard:

The pen is the tongue of the mind.

Emmy Lou began to learn. As weeks went by, now and then Emmy Lou bobbed up a place, although, sooner or later, she slipped back. She was not always at the foot.

But no one, not even Dear Teacher, who understood so much, realized one thing. The day after a lesson, Emmy Lou knew it. On the day it was recited, Emmy Lou had lacked sufficient time to grasp it.

With ten words in the spelling lesson. Emmy Lou listened, letter by letter, to those ten droned out five times down

the line, then twice again around the class of fifty. Then Emmy Lou, having already labored faithfully over it, knew her spelling lesson.

And at home, it was Emmy Lou's joy to gather her doll children in line, and giving out past lessons, recite them in turn for her children. And so did Emmy Lou know by heart her Second Reader; as far as she had gone she often gave the lesson with her book upside down. And an old and battered doll, dearest to Emmy Lou's heart, was always head, and Hattie, the newest doll, was next. Even Emmy Lou must square with Fate somehow.

Along in the year a new feature was introduced in the Second Reader. The Second Reader was to have a Medal. Dear Teacher did not seem enthusiastic. She seemed to dread tears. But it was decreed that the school was to use medals.

At recess Emmy Lou asked Hattie what a medal was. The big Fourth and Fifth Reader girls were playing games from which the little girls were excluded; for the school was large and the yard was small. At one time it had seemed to Emmy Lou that the odium, the obloquy, the reproach of being a little girl was more than she could bear. But she would not change places with any one, now she was an intimate friend.

Emmy Lou asked Hattie what it was—this medal.

Hattie explained. Hattie knew everything. A medal was —well—a medal. It hung on a blue ribbon. Each little girl brought her own blue ribbon. You wore it for a week—this medal.

That afternoon Emmy Lou went round the corner to Mrs. Heintz's little fancy store. Her chin just came to Mrs. Heintz's counter. But she knew what she wanted—a yard of blue ribbon.

She showed it to Hattie the next day, folded in its paper, and slipped it for safety beneath the long criss-cross stitches which held the calico cover of her Second Reader.

Then Hattie explained. One had to stay head a whole week to get the medal.

Emmy Lou's heart was heavy—the more that she had now seen the medal. It was a silver medal that said "Merit." It was around Kitty McKoeghany's neck.

And Kitty tossed her head. And when, at recess, she ran, the medal swung to and fro on its ribbon. And the big girls all stopped Kitty to look at the medal.

There was a condition attached to the gaining of the medal. Upon receiving it one had to go foot. But that mattered little to Kitty McKoeghany. Kitty climbed right up again.

And Emmy Lou peeped surreptitiously at the blue ribbon in her Second Reader. And at home she placed her dolls in line and spelt the back lessons faithfully, with comfort in her knowledge of them. And the old battered doll, dear to her heart, wore oftenest a medal of shining tinfoil. For even Hattie, in one of Kitty's off weeks, had won the medal.

It was late in the year when a rumor ran around the Second Reader room. The trustees were coming that day to visit the school.

Emmy Lou wondered what trustees were. She asked Hattie. Hattie explained. "They are men, in black clothes. You daren't move in your seat. They're something like ministers." Hattie knew everything.

"Will they come here, in our room?" asked Emmy Lou. It was terrible to be at the front desk. Emmy Lou remembered the music man. He still pointed his bow at her on Fridays.

"Of course," said Hattie; "comp'ny always comes to our room."

Which was true, for Dear Teacher's room was different. Dear Teacher's room seemed always ready, and the Principal brought company to it accordingly.

It was after recess they came—the Principal, the Trustee (there was just one Trustee), and a visiting gentleman.

There was a hush as they filed in. Hattie was right. It was like ministers. The Principal was in black, with a white tie. He always was. And the Trustee was in black. He rubbed his hands and bowed to the Second Reader class, sitting very straight and awed. And the visiting gentleman was in black, with a shiny black hat.

The Trustee was a big man, and his face was red, and when urged by the Principal to address the Second Reader class, his face grew redder.

The Trustee waved his hand towards the visiting gentle-

man. "Mr. Hammel, children, the Hon. Samuel S. Hammel, a citizen with whose name you are all, I am sure, familiar." And then the Trustee, mopping his face, got behind the visiting gentleman and the Principal.

The visiting gentleman stood forth. He was a short, little man—a little, round man, whose feet were so far back beneath a preponderating circumference of waist line, that he looked like nothing so much as one of Uncle Charlie's pouter pigeons.

He was a smiling-and-bowing little man, and he held out his fat hand playfully, and in it a shining white box.

Dear Teacher seemed taller and very far off. She looked as she did the day she told the class they were to have a medal. Emmy Lou watched Dear Teacher anxiously. Something told her Dear Teacher was troubled.

The visting gentleman began to speak. He called the Second Reader class "dear children," and "mothers of a coming generation," and "molders of the future welfare."

The Second Reader class sat very still. There seemed to be something paralyzing to their infant faculties, mental and physical, in learning they were "mothers" and "molders." But Emmy Lou breathed freer to have it applied impartially and not to the front seat.

Their "country, the pillars of state, everything," it seemed, depended on the way in which these mothers learned their Second Readers. "As mothers and molders, they must learn now in youth to read, to number, to spell—exactly—to spell!" And the visiting gentleman nodded meaningly, tapped the white box, and looked smilingly about. The mothers moved uneasily. The smile they avoided, but they wondered what was in the box.

The visiting gentleman lifted the lid, and displayed a glittering, shining something on a bed of pink cotton.

The visiting gentleman, as if struck by a happy thought, turned to the blackboard. He looked about for chalk. The Principal supplied him. Fashioned by his fat, white hand, these words sprawled themselves upon the blackboard:

The best speller in this room is to recieve this medal.

There was silence. Then the Second Reader class moved. It breathed a long breath.

A whisper went around the room while Dear Teacher and the gentleman were conferring. Rumor said Kitty McKoeghany started it. Certainly Kitty, in her desk across the aisle from Hattie, in the sight of all, tossed her black head knowingly.

The whisper concerned the visiting gentleman. "He is running for Trustee," said the whisper.

Emmy Lou wondered. Hattie seemed to understand. "He puts his name up on tree boxes and fences," she whispered to Emmy Lou, "and that's running for trustee."

The rumor was succeeded by another. "He's running against the Trustee that's not here to-day."

No wonder Kitty McKoeghany was head. The extent of Kitty's knowledge was boundless.

The third confidence was freighted with strange import. It came straight from Kitty to Hattie, who told it to Emmy Lou.

"When he's trustee, he means the School Board shall take his pork house for the new school."

Even Emmy Lou knew the pork house which had built itself unpleasantly near the neighborhood.

Just then the Second Reader class was summoned to the bench. As the line took its place a hush fell. Emmy Lou, at its foot, looked up its length and wondered how it would seem to be Kitty McKoeghany at the head.

The three gentlemen were looking at Kitty, too. Kitty tossed her head. Kitty was used to being looked at because of being head.

The low words of the gentleman reached the foot of the line. "The head one, that's McKoeghany's little girl." It was the Trustee telling the visiting gentleman. Emmy Lou did not wonder that Kitty was being pointed out. Kitty was head. But Emmy Lou did not know that it was because Kitty was Mr. Michael McKoeghany's little girl that she was being pointed out as well as because she was head. For Mr. Michael McKoeghany was the political boss of a district known as Limerick. And by the vote of Limerick a man running for office could stand or fall.

Now there were many things unknown to Emmy Lou,

about which Kitty, being the little girl of Mr. Michael McKoeghany, could have enlightened her.

Kitty could have told her that the yard of the absent Trustee ran back to the pork house. Also that the Trustee present was part owner of that offending building. And further that Emmy Lou's Uncle Charlie, leading an irate neighborhood to battle, had compelled the withdrawal of the obnoxious business.

But to Emmy Lou only one thing was clear. Kitty was being pointed out by the Principal and the Trustee to the visiting gentleman because Kitty was head.

Dear Teacher took the book. She stood on the platform apart from the gentlemen, and gave out the words distinctly but very quietly.

Emmy Lou felt that Dear Teacher was troubled. Emmy Lou thought it was because Dear Teacher was afraid the poor spellers were going to miss. She made up her mind that she would not miss.

Dear Teacher began with the words on the first page and went forward. Emmy Lou could tell the next word to come each time, for she knew her Second Reader by heart as far as the class had gone.

Emmy Lou stood up when her time came and spelled her word. Her word was "wrong." Emmy Lou spelled it right.

Dear Teacher looked pleased. There was a time when Emmy Lou had been given to leaving off the introductory "w" as superfluous.

On the next round a little girl above Emmy Lou missed on "enough." To her phonetic understanding, a *u* and two *f*'s were equivalent to an *ough*.

Emmy Lou spelled it right and went up one. The little girl went to her seat. She was no longer in the race. She was in tears.

Presently a little girl far up the line arose to spell.

"Right, to do right," said Dear Teacher.

"W-r-i-t-e, right," said the little girl promptly.

"R-i-t-e, right," said the next little girl.

The third stood up with triumph preassured. In spelling, the complicated is the surest, reasoned this little girl.

"W-r-i-g-h-t, right," spelled the certain little girl; then burst into tears.

The mothers of the future grew demoralized. The "pillars of state" of English orthography at least seemed destined to totter. The spelling grew wild.

"R-i-t, right."

"W-r-i-t, right."

Then in the desperation of sheer hopelessness came "w-r-i-t-e, right," again.

There were tears all along the line. At their wits' end, the mothers, dissolving as they rose in turn, shook their heads hopelessly.

Emmy Lou stood up. She knew just where the word was in a column of three on page 14. She could see it. She looked up at Dear Teacher, quiet and pale, on the platform.

"R," said Emmy Lou, steadily, "i-g-h-t, right."

A long line of weeping mothers went to their seats, and Emmy Lou moved up past the middle of the bench.

The words were now more complicated. The nerves of the mothers had been shaken by this last strain. Little girls dropped out rapidly. The foot moved on up towards the head, until there came a pink spot on Dear Teacher's either cheek. For some reason Dear Teacher's head began to hold itself finely erect again.

"Beaux," said Dear Teacher.

The little girl next the head stood up. She missed. She burst into audible weeping. Nerves were giving out along the line. It went wildly down. Emmy Lou was the last. Emmy Lou stood up. It was the first word of a column on page 22. Emmy Lou could see it. She looked at Dear Teacher.

"B," said Emmy Lou, "e-a-u-x, beaux."

The intervening mothers had gone to their seats, and Kitty and Emmy Lou were left.

Kitty spelled triumphantly. Emmy Lou spelled steadily. Even Dear Teacher's voice showed a touch of the strain.

She gave out half a dozen words. Then "receive," said Dear Teacher.

It was Kitty's turn. Kitty stood up. Dear Teacher's back was to the blackboard. The Trustee and the visiting gentle-

man were also facing the class. Kitty's eyes, as she stood up, were on the board.

"*The best speller in this room is to recieve this medal.*" was the assurance on the board.

Kitty tossed her little head. "R-e, re, c-i-e-v-e, ceive, receive," spelled Kitty, her eyes on the blackboard.

"Wrong."

Emmy Lou stood up. It was the second word in a column on a picture page. Emmy Lou could see it. She looked at Dear Teacher.

"R-e, re, c-e-i-v-e, ceive, receive," said Emmy Lou.

One person beside Kitty had noted the blackboard. Already the Principal was passing an eraser across the words of the visiting gentleman.

Dear Teacher's cheeks were pink as Emmy Lou's as she led Emmy Lou to receive the medal. And her head was finely erect. She held Emmy Lou's hand through it all.

The visiting gentleman's manner was a little stony. It had quite lost its playfulness. He looked almost gloomily on the mother who had upheld the "pillars of state" and the future generally.

It was a beautiful medal. It was a five-pointed star. It said "Reward of Merit."

The visiting gentleman lifted it from its bed of pink cotton.

"You must get a ribbon for it," said Dear Teacher.

Emmy Lou slipped her hand from Dear Teacher's. She went to the front desk. She got her Second Reader, and brought forth a folded packet from behind the criss-cross stitches holding the cover.

Then she came back. She put the paper in Dear Teacher's hand.

"There's a ribbon," said Emmy Lou.

They were at dinner when Emmy Lou got home. On a blue ribbon around her neck dangled a new medal. In her hand she carried a shiny box.

Even Uncle Charlie felt there must be some mistake.

Aunt Louise got her hat to hurry Emmy Lou right back to school.

At the gate they met Dear Teacher's carriage, taking Dear Teacher home. She stopped.

Aunt Cordelia came out, and Aunt Katie. Uncle Charlie, just going, stopped to hear.

"Spelling match!" said Aunt Louise.

"Not our Emmy Lou?" said Aunt Katie.

"The precious baby," said Aunt Cordelia.

"Hammel," said Uncle Charlie, "McKoeghany," and Uncle Charlie smote his thigh.

THE CORPORAL ON DUTY

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ANOTHER pay-day was come and gone. The senior captain's wife was giving a bridge to-night.

"Don't you ever tire—" began papa on the afternoon of it. Papas, you see, have days of brooding dejection.

"Never," said mama.

"Don't you ever think of Letitia—"

Now and then, you see, papas thus do think of their Letitias.

"Always. I'm expecting you to get permission for Leg'ré as usual. Why this sudden concern for Letty?"

"I'm tired of it, tired to the soul," said papa, slim, trim papa, biting at his little fair mustache, "of it all—of myself, first. I—it meant something different to me from this at the start. I meant to—"

"I can go without you at any time, you know," said mama, accommodatingly. "The doctor, always, or Toddy, will be more than glad, or—"

But papa went with mama. Toddy was a bachelor, and a captain, and he came to drink afternoon tea and brought Letitia chocolates and Chinese beads. Yet papa did not like Captain Todd, but then, as Letitia tried to fight against admitting, papas seem to have a way of objecting to pleasant things. So papa went with her.

Corporal Leg'ré held mama's scarlet cloak for her as they were starting.

"It's bath-night, Letty," said she remindingly, which proves that she did think of Letitia, you see.

Now the first thing learned by a Letitia and a Corporal Leg'ré at the very beginning of life's setting-up, when they were but mere rookies both, is to obey.

So face about, up-stairs they went, and Letty squared around, and slowly but accurately Corporal Leg'ré slipped buttons out of holes. Then he found towels.

The passage to the bath-room was long and dim, so that Letitia, holding loosened garments with one hand, sought Corporal Leg'ré's hand with the other.

Then he, big and grave, filled the tub, which takes a bit of time.

Letitia knew company affairs like an old sergeant.

"And you haven't said *why* company's cookie is in guard-house?" she reminded him.

" 'Twas a question of that which they do call grammar, ma'am," said Corporal Leg'ré, as equal to equal in discussing company affairs and easing on the hot-water supply; "and which they do say too, no disrespect meant, ma'am, the off'cer in question ain't strong on. Says he to cookie, who'd had schoolin' 'fore his failin' led him to enlistin'—says he to cookie anent a small row in the kitchen—

" 'Was you the man that did it?' says he to cookie, up for trial.

" 'I *were*,' says cookie, solemn like. And there you are, and guard-house it was. And baker's bread and reveille is all we are like to get, reveille being dry hash, as you know, ma'am, and it being the extent of 'Sisty's repertoire, as far as we're finding out," and Corporal Leg'ré felt the temperature of the water with a judicious finger.

Then he went.

"Right outside the door," called Letitia.

"Here, ma'am," answered Corporal Leg'ré.

But a bath-room is a lonesome place, and water makes echoes.

"Corporal Leg'ré?"

"Ma'am, here."

"Whistle, so I'll know."

At attention, outside the door, Corporal Leg'ré whistled—first call, reveille, assembly, mess-call—

Now porcelain tubs are big and slippery, and Letitias are

but baby affairs, and so when, following a splashing sound which might be a fall, she cried out, it could be depended upon that she was hurt.

And so she was, and with her gleaming baby self lifted onto a towel on Corporal Leg'ré's big knees a moment after, gravely they examined the blue welt lifting on the little thigh.

And then, after she had raised her chin for Corporal Leg'ré to button the band of the gown slipped over her head, she remembered to cry some more. It is a rare luxury with a Letitia, you see.

Next Corporal Leg'ré led her back by the hand down the long, dim passage.

"Prayers," said he, not that he had instituted them but that, having learned what the manual of a Letitia is, a Corporal Leg'ré puts her through it unflinchingly.

"Prayers," said he.

"You too," said Letitia. It was the condition.

"Ma'am, yes," said he seriously as with one who knows his duty, and he and Letitia went down together. It was some preceding instructor's form of prayer Letitia favored, Corporal Leg'ré being no innovator.

Four corners to my bed,

said Letitia and the corporal together,

Four angels at my head.
One to watch and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
The bed be blest that I lie on.

When Letitia next spoke, it was from her pillow. "You won't go?" she asked.

Corporal Leg'ré had fetched in his superior officer's shoes and a shoe-brush.

"Ma'am, no," said he, getting to work.

On the return of papa and mama, something waked Letty. Perhaps it was mama's voice speaking sharply. "Better see him to his room, Leg'ré," she was saying.

But Letitia, unworried, was already asleep. It is the mere

routine of things that papas have to be helped to bed in a Letty's experience of them.

Cooks, following Christmas dinner, leave until next morning. Holidays spent at home seem gloomy affairs to papas and mamas too.

"Toddy has just sent for us to join the rest at his house for eggnog," said mama about dark.

"You told him we would not?" returned papa.

"I told him that we would."

"We'll stay home—with Letty," said papa.

"Leg'ré will, certainly," said mama.

"You shall not ask him to give up his Christmas evening —the men have a jollification on—"

"It's all arranged. Are you going with me, Buckner?"

Papa started up. "If you do, I'll go to town," said he; "I warn you."

"As you please," said mama, pleasantly. "You can't afford to play too high though, if you do, after *last month*—"

When papa went he was in civilian's clothes. The crash of the door after him sounded above the raging wind and the boom of the sea. Christmas nights on a post are depressing times when it storms.

Mama's dress, when she was ready, was scarlet and her slippers were scarlet too. Letty, standing on a chair, laid a gauzy red scarf about the lovely shoulders before the scarlet wrap should go on. She adored to wait on mama.

Afterward, because on Christmas night children are allowed to stay up, Letty and Corporal Leg'ré sat with the story-book before the down-stairs fire, she in his lap. Outside the wind and the sea raged. It made her creep close to her companion.

The story-book had been sent to her by the chaplain at the last post and moreover it was fairy-tales.

"By one Andersen who sets it down his being a Christian," explained the corporal, examining the volume: "the same, no doubt, ma'am, pleasing to a chaplain."

Corporal Leg'ré, left to himself, would read to one straight through a book, marking the place from time to time with a straw, but Letitia, on being consulted, preferred to choose. "The Red Shoes," which she elected to hear, he, after start-

ing, said he couldn't get onto, on account of its being mighty peculiar.

Letitia on the contrary thought she liked it, though at times she clutched the corporal close and heard it fearfully. Christmas nights seem to be creepy times at best.

In the story which the corporal read, so much of a passion for red shoes had lovely Karen and so averse was she to being parted from these shoes in which her feet tripped so charmingly, that she went in them to confirmation; and taking the golden cup of the sacrament from the priest's hands to her lips, she thought impatiently of the time lost from tripping it in her red shoes; these things, and others, did Karen; and again, grown older, stealing by night away from home, she danced at the ball while the one to whom she owed most, lay at home, dying. And so, dancing, dancing lightly in the red shoes, suddenly it was they dancing and not Karen at all, who herself had no power to stop; and it was the red shoes that danced Karen out of the ball-room and down the stairs and into the street and out of the town gate, in spite of herself.

She was frightened. She tried to pull off the red shoes, but they clung fast. She tore at her stockings, but the shoes were grown to her feet, and she was borne on, on, over field, over meadows, even to the churchyard. Never believe the dead dance in the churchyards! They are better employed! It is the Karens in their red shoes, the Karens whom you know, the Karens I know!

And while Karen would gladly have sat, for even one moment, and even on a pauper grave where the bitter fern leaves grow, for her there was no rest. And as she danced on past the church door, behold, it was no Gothic arched door filling the space, but an angel, his wings from his shoulders to the ground, enfolding him.

"Thou shalt dance," said he to Karen tripping it there among the dead, "dance in thy red shoes till thou art pale and cold and thy skin shrivels to thy skeleton. Thou shalt dance, and shall knock at doors where men and children live that they may hear and be afraid—"

But already the red shoes had borne Karen away across the fields and the highways, dancing, dancing, ever dancing—

There was more; but Letty buried her head in Corporal Leg'ré's blouse and they stopped. It was only the clock ticking—that noise—

No, not the clock—

"It's mama!" cried Letty, and she and Corporal Leg'ré hurried to open the door. Mama it was, and early, it being even more than an hour to taps!

The light from the red globe of the hall fell on her. The rain sparkled in her hair, a little disheveled now. And something sparkled in her eyes. Was it anger?

"What drunken brutes enlisted men are, Leg'ré," said mama sharply, dropping her cloak. "It's disgraceful! There's a big row on among them, most of them, I suppose, have been to town to-day, officers called out, all sorts of heads broken, the colonel furious—you're wanted—"

"Ma'am, yes, thank you." Corporal Leg'ré came to attention before turning to go, his big face perturbed. "It's sorry they'll be, to-morrow. I've been there myself, ma'am; it's sorry they'll be, the shame they've brought on the post and the off'cers."

And Corporal Leg'ré went out with haste.

"While as for *our* pleasure—" said mama. "What do you want, Letty?"

For Letitia was touching mama's hand as they two, alone, and at a creepy time like Christmas night, were left. Mere vagaries, such as are indulged in by human natures, com., non., or private, did not disturb Letitia, she had something that really mattered at heart.

"Was the little 'ush lonesome, mama, did you notice, as you came in?"

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

[1806—1873]

FRANCIS H. SMITH

THE names of distinguished persons are often suggestive. They may be an epitome of history, if such persons possess a memorable line of ancestry. The name which heads this sketch recalls the amazing folly of a great king, who drove from France a noble race to enrich other lands and impoverish his own. The Huguenots carried to England, Ireland, and America beautiful arts and high character. English writers dwell upon the new trades their country owed to the exiles; while in America we love to acknowledge the moral worth they brought to the struggling colonies. The Atlantic Ocean doubtless kept the mere artisan back. Without the Legarés, the Latanés, Maryes, Maurys, Fontaines and their brethren, our history would have been very different.

Matthew Fontaine Maury was the great-grandson of Matthew Maury, "a Huguenot gentleman," and Mary Ann Fontaine, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Fontaine, once pastor at Rochelle in France and afterward a refugee in Ireland, and author of 'The Memoirs of a Huguenot Family.' Her brother, John Fontaine, was one of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, who in 1716 rode with Governor Spottswood over the Appalachians to the Shenandoah. Her great-grandson, Matthew Fontaine Maury, was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, January 24, 1806, and died in Lexington, Virginia, February 1, 1873. His early life was spent in Tennessee, to which State his father removed when the boy was five years old. Here on the outskirts of civilization he was fortunate enough to add to the "old-field school" lessons of his companions the advantages of an academy, taught by a faithful man. Even thus his early opportunities were limited. He was to owe his swift success in life chiefly to his unappeasable thirst for knowledge, joined to healthy ambition and untiring industry. As he said afterward in a letter to his cousin, Frank Minor, "I don't think that so much depends upon intellect as is generally supposed; but industry and steadiness of purpose, they are the things."

It was doubtless the brilliant history, sadly shortened, of his oldest brother, Captain John Minor Maury of the United States Navy, which drew the young boy's attention to the public service. Amid

many discouragements—chiefly the disapproval of his father, who having just lost one son felt that he could not spare another—he persisted, and finally, at the age of nineteen, procured a midshipman's warrant and entered upon active service. It is interesting to note that his first cruise was in the ship which carried the Marquis La Fayette back to France, and that during the voyage he attracted the favorable notice of the distinguished guest.

After fourteen years of service afloat on many seas, marked by incessant observation and study and the preparation at intervals of a book on navigation, used for years as a text-book in the United States Navy, he was crippled for life in 1839 by an accident which to most men would have been the end, but to him was the beginning of his greatest work. While convalescing, he wrote for the *Southern Literary Messenger* a series of articles on the navy, entitled "Scraps from the Lucky Bag of Harry Bluff." In these he advocated with marked clearness and force, among other things, the adoption of steam as a motive power in ships of war, and the substitution of a few rifled guns of great size for the multitude of smooth-bore smaller pieces then found upon our large battle-ships. This was in 1839. These papers drew favorable attention from the public and from naval authorities. Their authorship could not be long concealed; and when, in 1841, Maury, though lame, applied for active service, the Secretary of the Navy, acting upon his own knowledge and with the private remonstrance of some of Maury's best friends, declined to grant his request. Soon afterward he was placed in charge of the depot of charts and instruments at Washington, on the recommendation of his brother officers.*

Although brought into this work without his own solicitation, he entered upon its development with characteristic energy. The title of the department, its previous history, and its accumulations suggested a line of work on which he had already spent much thought—the improvement of the faulty charts then supplied to the navy. On overhauling and comparing the "logs" collected in the depot, he was able to furnish a better chart to certain navigators who were willing to coöperate with him, resulting in a shortening of their voyages, which soon drew wide attention to his valuable labors. With this humble beginning, the enterprise grew, with the coöperation not only of the Government but of a great company of the masters of commercial vessels, who in return for the charts furnished them kept accurate logs, which they on their return passed over to the depot at Washington.

Maury was able to issue from year to year his celebrated "Wind

*'Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury,' by his daughter, Mrs. Corbin (p. 45).

and Current Charts and Sailing Directions," creating what Alexander von Humboldt called "the physical geography of the sea." It is not too much to say that for sailing vessels he did an incomparable work, in shortening voyages and making them safer, thus adding greatly to the wealth of maritime nations. The subject, which he attacked in a way that was a model of scientific method, was in some respects the most formidable department of physical science. In 1850 all knowledge of physical geography was immature; it had not passed the rhetorical stage common to all infant sciences. The great features of the continents, and the surface-circulation of the ocean were known well enough to interest the beginner and tempt the lecturer. Especially immature was that branch of it known as meteorology. This, dealing with a fluid so light and mobile as air, enveloping to an unknown depth both land and sea; accessible only at its base; subject to a multitude of interfering forces, only part of which are known, and those imperfectly, could scarcely, when Maury began his work, be called a science. It was hopeless to deal with it mathematically, as in the case of gravitational astronomy. In such a field, years of minute observation, accumulating vast stores of facts, must precede and support any sound generalizations. The atmosphere lying over the sea is in many ways under simpler conditions than that which is over the land, and offers the most promising area in which to begin the work. This truth young Maury had the sagacity to see. By his patient, expanding collection of facts through a series of years, and his masterly discussion of these facts, he not only gave the world a new science, of great, practical value, but he gave to students the best specimen, perhaps, which his century affords of the sound Baconian method in the discovery of natural truth. The beneficial results of his labors were quickly extended to the ships of foreign lands, and created such an interest that he was able to assemble at Brussels, in 1853, the first International Meteorological Congress, participated in by representatives of all the great commercial nations of the world, leading to the recommendation of a world-wide uniform system of observations at sea.

Maury returned from Brussels loaded with honors. No American ever had so prompt and so general a recognition of his merit from foreign governments. The Emperor of Russia made him a Knight of the Order of St. Ann; the King of Denmark made him Knight of the Dannebrog; the King of Portugal, Knight of the Tower and Sword; the King of Belgium, Knight of the Order of St. Leopold; the Emperor of France, Commander of the Legion of Honor, and Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Holland, Sardinia, Bremen, and France struck medals in his honor. The Pope conferred upon him a nota-

ble testimonial, and the Emperor of Mexico gave him a decoration. More than sixteen learned societies gave him honorary membership; while later the University of Cambridge, England, made him LL.D., at the same time with Tennyson.

Very early in these maritime researches he became convinced that the same method might with advantage be extended to a more difficult field—the land. By official reports and public lectures, as well as by private correspondence, covering the years between 1850 and 1860, he attempted to enlist the interest of men in authority, and especially of the farmers and lake-shore people, whose coöperation in observations his plans contemplated, in this new weather bureau. The point he insisted on was not the mere gathering of statistics to be used in some distant future, but daily reports to a central office, to be immediately digested and published so that people might be warned of the weather to be expected the next day. Others, like Colonel Meade of the army, and Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, were moving in the same direction; and the magnificent result of it all is seen in our National Weather Bureau and Signal Service, which many believe, with Senator Vest, "originated with Lieutenant Maury."

When Maury took charge of the depot of charts and instruments, there was already a movement to enlarge its scope, and Lieutenant Gillis had just returned from Europe with several important astronomical instruments. These his successor Maury soon had in use. Though fitted by his previous work rather for hydrography than for astronomy, he had an ambition to show scientists that the navy could take care of the latter science as well. He applied himself to its development with such success that with the coöperation of a number of able assistants the annual volumes of astronomical observations took rank side by side with those of Greenwich. The name "depot" was soon changed to Naval Observatory and Hydrographic Bureau. Astronomy then took the superior place in that institution, which it has ever since held.

But winds and currents and stars were not enough to occupy the whole time of this remarkable man. He early drew the attention of the Government to the importance of defences on the coast of Florida and at Memphis. They were afterward built. In 1843 he also pointed out the urgent need of a ship canal from the Illinois River to Lake Michigan, to connect with the Mississippi River and the Memphis Navy Yard. Again, his data gathered from mariners included many deep-sea soundings, with specimens of matter from the sea-bottom. He thus discovered the "telegraphic plateau," when Cyrus W. Field was pushing to completion preparations for the first Atlantic cable. Maury took hold of this enterprise with his usual

zeal and industry, giving Mr. Field the benefit of his best thought. So valuable was this help that at a dinner given in New York in 1858, to celebrate the arrival of the first message across the Atlantic, Mr. Field, in replying to a toast, declared that "Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, and I did the work."

In 1849 Maury's fertile brain revived the dream of the Spanish adventurers of two centuries before, looking to the piercing of the Isthmus of Panama and the union of two oceans. He urged in print the advantages of the Panama route, while not blind to those of the Nicaragua course. His publications led to the Darien exploring expedition under Lieutenant Strain, and helped to prepare our people to resume as an American enterprise the abandoned essay of De Lesseps. It is amusing now to know that in 1849 the estimated cost of the canal was twenty-five millions of dollars.

One of the most noteworthy events during the nineteen years of Maury's incessant and varied activity at the Washington Observatory was the preparation of a book, which he named, after Humboldt's suggestion, 'The Physical Geography of the Sea.' He embodied in it the results of his researches together with certain striking speculations as to the form and distribution of the great atmospheric currents, and the part played by magnetism in the meteorology of the sea. The book, which was intended rather for the educated many than for the scientific few, was written in a glowing and attractive style and in a reverent spirit. Maury believed with David that "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." He had felt this in his early cruises as a young midshipman, and he delighted to give utterance to such sentiments in his later writings. As to the rhetorical cast of some pages of his book, it is doubtless true that public taste, especially in books of a scientific character, is getting to be much more sober in these latter days, and that to enjoy and appreciate such a book as Maury's we must put ourselves back into the tone and temper of his times. Compared in style with some books of wide circulation, written by scientists of the first rank in those days, 'The Physical Geography of the Sea' appears to be severely pruned. A more serious objection to the work was made by some American physicists, who attacked several of the speculations put forward in it. They were presented as hypotheses, and not as ascertained truths. Their rejection would still leave unaffected the great facts which the author had reached. A fertile mind, like a vigorous tree, produces many germs that never fructify. Yet if one acorn brings an oak, we forget the rest.

The success of Lieutenant Maury's book was immediate and

brilliant. It was reprinted in England, where, we are told by Mrs. Corbin, it passed through more than twenty editions. It was translated into the Swedish, Spanish, French, Dutch, and Italian languages. It received the encomiums of great reviews, and the plaudits of leading scientists like Quetelet and Humboldt. Its last edition in this country was prepared during the closing years of the author's life (1872-'73).

When the distress of 1861 came on, Maury, like Lee, believed it to be his duty to follow his native State. He resigned with pain a post which he had filled to the honor of his country, and humbly took a station in which his great talents had no adequate field. When peace came, it found him with his family in England, without a home and without a country. After trying in vain to find both in Mexico, he availed himself of the Act of Amnesty, issued at Washington in 1868, and returned to Virginia. He had been offered the directorship of the Imperial Observatory at Paris, and the chancellorship of the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee. He declined both, but accepted the chair of physics in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and here he died February 1, 1873. A few months later his body was borne through the Goshen Pass "when the ivy was blooming," to be laid in the Virginia Valhalla at Hollywood, Richmond.

Of Maury's personality it may be said that no one that had the privilege of meeting him ever forgot the event. He had the winning manner and kindly address which seemed to belong to the men of his race and section. No worthy young fellow ever felt ignored or oppressed in his presence. He wore his honors easily, but while he valued the public tributes he received, he was not fond of displaying the insignia which came with them. He would put on those jewels sometimes in the privacy of home to gratify his children. He loved the little ones, and if to be childlike is to be perfect he was charmingly complete. His conversation was interesting to the thoughtful in the richness of the lessons he drew from common things. He would couple facts, regarded by others as unconnected, and thereby disclose unsuspected relations. It takes genius to make the rejected refuse of one generation the valuable ore of a succeeding one. This detection of a hidden meaning in the simplest matters shows the inexhaustible nature of truth, and is the mark of a superior mind.

We have spoken of the splendid acknowledgments promptly given to this great American by foreign countries and by European philosophers. To be candid, we must say that in his own land he was less fortunate. The American public honored him, but from official superiors and scientific compeers he often received scant

appreciation. Especially heavy has been the censure visited upon him, not so much by open rebuke as by silent neglect, by the victorious section in the Civil War. His name is carefully omitted in official records of the departments he created. Most of his comrades have been forgiven, and some advanced to Halls of Fame; but he, the lovable and brilliant American, remains apparently condemned. Public libraries may be found where no one of his works can be procured. But the world moves and moves upward. The day will come when in the city where his great work was done a column will arise to tell posterity that the American people are too great to forget the achievements of one of their greatest fellow-citizens.

Francis H. Smith

THE GULF STREAM AS THE STORM KING

From 'The Physical Geography of the Sea.'

The sea has its climates as well as the land. They both change with the latitude; but one varies with the elevation above, the other with the depression below, the sea level. The climates in each are regulated by circulation; but the regulators are, on the one hand, winds; on the other, currents.

The inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land; for the same Almighty hand which decked the lily and cares for the sparrow, fashioned also the pearl and feeds the great whale, and adapted each to the physical conditions by which His providence has surrounded it. Whether of the land or the sea, the inhabitants are all His creatures, subjects of His laws, and agents in His economy. The sea, therefore, we may safely infer, has its offices and duties to perform; so may we infer, have its currents, and so, too, its inhabitants; consequently, he who undertakes to study its phenomena must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of that exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of

order and the evidences of design; these make it a most beautiful and interesting subject for contemplation.

To one who has never studied the mechanism of a watch, its main-spring or the balance-wheel is a mere piece of metal. He may have looked at the face of the watch, and, while he admires the motion of its hands, and the time it keeps, or the tune it plays, he may have wondered in idle amazement as to the character of the machinery which is concealed within. Take it to pieces, and show him each part separately; he will recognize neither design, nor adaptation, nor relation between them; but put them together, set them to work, point out the offices of each spring, wheel, and cog, explain their movements, and then show him the result; now he perceives that it is all *one* design; that, notwithstanding the number of parts, their diverse forms and various offices, and the agents concerned, the whole piece is of *one* thought, the expression of *one* idea. He now rightly concludes that when the main-spring was fashioned and tempered, its relation to all the other parts must have been considered; that the cogs on this wheel are cut and regulated—*adapted*—to the rachets on that, etc.; and his final conclusion will be, that such a piece of mechanism could not have been produced by chance; for the adaptation of the parts is such as to show it to be according to design, and obedient to the will of *one* intelligence. So, too, when one looks out upon the face of this beautiful world, he may admire its lovely scenery, but his admiration can never grow into adoration unless he will take the trouble to look behind and study, in some of its details at least, the exquisite system of machinery by which such beautiful results are brought about. To him who does this, the sea, with its physical geography, becomes as the main-spring of a watch; its waters, and its currents, and its salts, and its inhabitants, with their adaptations, as balance-wheels, cogs and pinions, and jewels. Thus he perceives that they, too, are according to design; that they are the expression of One Thought, a unity with harmonies which One Intelligence, and One Intelligence alone, could utter. And when he has arrived at this point, then he feels that the study of the sea, in its physical aspect, is truly sublime. It elevates the mind and ennobles the man. The Gulf Stream is now no longer, therefore, to be regarded

by such an one merely as an immense current of warm water running across the ocean, but as a balance-wheel—a part of that grand machinery by which air and water are adapted to each other, and by which this earth itself is adapted to the well-being of its inhabitants—of the flora which decks, and the fauna which enlivens its surface.

Let us now consider the influence of the Gulf Stream upon the meteorology of the ocean.

To use a sailor expression, the Gulf Stream is the great "weather breeder" of the North Atlantic Ocean. The most furious gales of wind sweep along with it; and the fogs of Newfoundland, which so much endanger navigation in winter, doubtless owe their existence to the presence, in that cold sea, of immense volumes of warm water brought by the Gulf Stream. Sir Philip Brooke found the air on each side of it at the freezing point, while that of its waters was 80°. "The heavy, warm, damp air over the current produced great irregularities in his chronometers." The excess of heat daily brought into such a region by the waters of the Gulf Stream would, if suddenly stricken from them, be sufficient to make the column of superincumbent atmosphere hotter than melted iron.

With such an element of atmospherical disturbance in its bosom, we might expect storms of the most violent kind to accompany it in its course. Accordingly, the most terrific that rage on the ocean have been known to spend their fury within or near its borders.

Our nautical works tell us of a storm which forced this stream back to its sources, and piled up the water in the Gulf to the height of thirty feet. The Ledbury Snow attempted to ride it out. When it abated, she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree-tops on Elliott's Key. The Florida Keys were inundated many feet, and, it is said, the scene presented in the Gulf Stream was never surpassed in awful sublimity on the ocean. The water thus dammed up is said to have rushed out with wonderful velocity against the fury of the gale, producing a sea that beggared description. The "great hurricane" of 1780 commenced at Barbadoes. In it the bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth destroyed;

the very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted, and the waves rose to such a height that forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried about in the air like chaff; houses were razed, ships were wrecked, and the bodies of men and beasts lifted up in the air and dashed to pieces in the storm. At the different islands, not less than twenty thousand persons lost their lives on shore, while farther to the north, the "Stirling Castle" and the "Dover Castle," men-of-war, went down at sea, and fifty sail were driven on shore at the Bermudas.

Several years ago the British Admiralty set on foot inquiries as to the cause of the storms in certain parts of the Atlantic, which so often rage with disastrous effects to navigation. The result may be summed up in the conclusion to which the investigation led: that they are occasioned by the irregularity between the temperature of the Gulf Stream and of the neighboring regions, both in the air and water.

The habitual dampness of the climate of the British Islands, as well as the occasional dampness of that along the Atlantic coasts of the United States when easterly winds prevail, is attributable also to the Gulf Stream. These winds come to us loaded with vapors gathered from its warm and smoking waters. The Gulf Stream carries the temperature of summer, even in the dead of winter, as far north as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

One of the poles of maximum cold is, according to theory, situated in latitude 80° north, longitude 100° west. It is distant but little more than two thousand miles, in a northwestwardly direction, from the summer-heated waters of this stream. This proximity of extremes of greatest cold and summer heat will, as observations are multiplied and discussed, be probably found to have much to do with the storms that rage with such fury on the left side of the Gulf Stream.

I am not prepared to maintain that the Gulf Stream is really the "Storm King" of the Atlantic, which has power to control the march of every gale that is raised there; but the course of many gales has been traced from the place of their origin directly to the Gulf Stream. Gales that take their rise on the coast of Africa, and even as far down on that side as the parallel of 10° or 15° north latitude, have, it has been

shown by an examination of log-books, made straight for the Gulf Stream; joining it, they have then been known to turn about, and, traveling with this stream, to recross the Atlantic, and so reach the shores of Europe. In this way the tracks of storms have been traced out and followed for a week or ten days. Their path is marked by wreck and disaster. At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1854, Mr. Redfield mentioned one which he had traced out, and in which no less than seventy odd vessels had been wrecked, dismasted, or damaged.

THE PERFECT ADAPTATION OF NATURE

From 'The Physical Geography of the Sea.'

We see the light beginning to break upon us, for we now begin to perceive why it is that the proportions between the land and water were made as we find them in nature. If there had been more water and less land, we should have had more rain, and *vice versa;* and then climates would have been different from what they now are, and the inhabitants, animal or vegetable, would not have been as they are. And as they are, that wise Being who, in His kind providence, so watches over and regards the things of this world that He takes notice of the sparrow's fall, and numbers the very hairs of our head, doubtless designed them to be.

The mind is delighted, and the imagination charmed, by contemplating the physical arrangements of the earth from such points of view as these are which we now have before us; from it the sea, and the air, and the land, appear each as a part of that grand machinery upon which the well-being of all the inhabitants of earth, sea, and air depend; and which in the beautiful adaptations that we are pointing out, afford new and striking evidence that they all have their origin in one omniscient idea, just as the different parts of a watch may be considered to have been constructed and arranged according to *one* human design.

In some parts of the earth, the precipitation is greater than the evaporation; thus the amount of water borne down by every river that runs into the sea may be considered as the

excess of the precipitation over the evaporation that takes place in the valley drained by that river.

This excess comes from the sea; the winds convey it to the interior; and the forces of gravity, dashing it along in mountain torrents or gentle streams, hurry it back to the sea again.

In other parts of the earth, the evaporation and precipitation are exactly equal, as in those inland basins such as that in which the city of Mexico, Lake Titicaca, the Caspian Sea, etc., etc., are situated, which basins have no ocean drainage.

If more rain fell in the valley of the Caspian Sea than is evaporated from it, that sea would finally get full and overflow the whole of that great basin. If less fell than is evaporated from it again, then that sea, in the course of time, would dry up, and plants and animals there would all perish for the want of water.

In the sheets of water which we find distributed over that and every other inhabitable inland basin, we see reservoirs or evaporating surfaces just sufficient for the supply of that degree of moisture which is best adapted to the well-being of the plants and animals that people such basins.

In other parts of the earth still, we find places, as the Desert of Sahara, in which neither evaporation nor precipitation takes place, and in which we find neither plant nor animal.

In contemplating the system of terrestrial adaptations, these researches teach one to regard the mountain ranges and the great deserts of the earth as the astronomer does the counterpoises to his telescope—though they be mere dead weights, they are, nevertheless, necessary to make the balance complete, the adjustments of his machine perfect. These counterpoises give ease to the motions, stability to the performance, and accuracy to the workings of the instrument. They are "*compensations.*"

Whenever I turn to contemplate the works of nature, I am struck with the admirable system of compensation, with the beauty and nicety with which every department is poised by the others; things and principles are meted out in directions apparently the most opposite, but in proportions so ex-

actly balanced and nicely adjusted that results the most harmonious are produced.

It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit, and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted, that, at the end of a thousand years the earth, the sun, and moon, and every star in the firmament, is found to come and stand in its proper place at the proper moment.

Nay, philosophy teaches us that when the little snow-drop which in our garden-walks we see raising its beautiful head, at "the singing of birds," to remind us that "the winter is passed and gone," was created, the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to its tiny fibres. Botanists tell us that the constituiton of this plant is such as to require that, at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that, after this fecundation, its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different; in that case, the strength of fibre in the snow-drop, as it is, would have been too much or too little; the plant could not bow or raise its head at the right time, fecundation could not take place, and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been "in itself," and therefore it could not have reproduced itself, and its creation would have been a failure.

Now, if we see such perfect adaptation, such exquisite adjustment, in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere and the ocean, upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depends not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world? When the east winds blow along the Atlantic coast for a little while, they bring us air saturated with moisture from the

Gulf Stream, and we complain of the sultry, oppressive, heavy atmosphere; the invalid grows worse, and the well man feels ill, because, when he takes this atmosphere into his lungs, it is already so charged with moisture that it can not take up and carry off that which encumbers his lungs, and which nature has caused his blood to bring and leave there, that respiration may take up and carry off. At other times the air is dry and hot; he feels that it is conveying off matter from the lungs too fast; he realizes the idea that it is consuming him, and he calls the sensation burning.

Therefore, in considering the general laws which govern the physical agents of the universe, and regulate them in the due performance of their offices, I have felt myself constrained to set out with the assumption that, if the atmosphere had had a greater or less capacity for moisture, or if the proportion of land and water had been different—if the earth, air, and water had not been in exact counterpoise—the whole arrangement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would have varied from their present state. But God, for reasons which man may never know, chose to make those kingdoms what they are; for this purpose it was necessary, in His judgment, to establish the proportions between the land and water, and the desert, just as they are, and to make the capacity of the air to circulate heat and moisture just what it is, and to have it to do all its work in obedience to law and in subservience to order. If it were not so, why was power given to the winds to lift up and transport moisture, and to feed the plants with nourishment? or why was the property given to the sea by which its waters may become first vapor, and then fruitful showers, or gentle dews? If the proportions and properties of land, sea, and air were not adjusted according to the reciprocal capacities of all to perform the functions required by each, why should we be told that He "measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" Why did He span the heavens, but that He might mete out the atmosphere in exact proportion to all the rest, and impart to it those properties and powers which it was necessary for it to have, in order that it might perform all those offices and duties for which He designed it?

Harmonious in their action, the air and sea are obedient to law and subject to order in all their movements; when we consult them in the performance of their manifold and marvelous offices, they teach us lessons concerning the wonders of the deep, the mysteries of the sky, the greatness, and the wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, which make us wiser and better men. The investigations into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena connected with the winds of heaven and the waves of the sea are second to none for the good which they do and the lessons which they teach. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky; but does not the right-minded mariner, who looks aloft as he ponders over these things, hear His voice in every wave of the sea that "claps its hands," and feel His presence in every breeze that blows?

RULES OF CONDUCT

Extracts from an Address delivered to the Students of The University of Virginia, 1855. This selection and those following are from the 'Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury,' compiled by his daughter, Diana Fontaine Maury Corbin.

In entering upon your duties as a citizen, recollect your excellent training here: it has given you many advantages; therefore, do not neglect to lay down rules of conduct by which they may be most improved.

Whatever may be the degree of success that I have met with in life, I attribute it, in a great measure, to the adoption of such rules. One was, never to let the mind be idle for want of useful occupation, but always to have in reserve subjects of thought or study for the leisure moments and the quiet hours of the night. When you read a book, let it be with the view to special information.

The habits of mind to be thus attained are good, and the information useful.

It is surprising how difficult one who attempts to follow this rule finds it at first to provide himself with subjects for thought—to think of something that he does not know. In our ignorance our horizon is very contracted: mists, clouds, and darkness hang upon it, and self fills almost the entire view around, above, and below to the utmost verge. But as we

study the laws of nature, and begin to understand about our own ignorance, we find light breaking through, the horizon expanding, and self getting smaller and smaller.

It is like climbing a mountain: every fact or fresh discovery is a step upward with an enlargement of the view, until the unknown and the mysterious become boundless—self infinitely small; and then the conviction comes upon us with a mighty force, that we know nothing—that human knowledge is only a longing desire.

The impression is very common, that when a young man leaves college he has finished his education; but do not, when you return home, crowned with the honours of these schools though you be, give in to this notion even for a moment; it is another of those mischievous popular fallacies that you should guard against. Here you have been disciplining the mind, training the thoughts, and laying off the fields in which they may be usefully employed. You have finished nothing here; you have only been clearing away rubbish and preparing the foundations; and notwithstanding that you have been under the eyes of the best masters, and have laid your foundations of the best materials and in the most scholarly manner, yet, like the foundations for any other superstructure, unless built upon, they will soon grow weak and be frittered away.

If you cease to study now, you will soon forget all you have learned here.

Movement, progress, is a law of the physical world; here rest and decay are correlative terms. The stars cannot stand still and keep their places; a planet by going back would be hurled into destruction, and even the plant of the earth that ceases to grow straightway withers and dies. And so it is in the moral world: the progress of man must be upward and onward, or downward and backward. His mind cannot stand still. There is no such thing as a stationary condition for the human understanding. To stand still is death; to go backwards is worse.

With the advantages of the good training which you have received here, you cannot go amiss for subjects of study and improvement. The rock at your feet, the plant in every walk you tread, the air that surrounds you, the insect that flits across your path, the stars that look down upon you, are all

suggestive of knowledge. They abound in subjects which it is good for clear heads and sound minds to study and investigate.

When the Spirit of God first moved on the face of the waters, the physical forces that produce the works of nature were brought into play. The wonders, the harmonies, and the beauties of creation are but the display of these forces. As exhibited in the aspects of nature, they are never-ceasingly instructive. In the silent hours of the night you may learn excellent lessons from them by watching the "hosts of heaven." I sometimes do this through the telescope; and of all the wonders and beauties that are revealed by this instrument, the simple passage of a star across the meridian is to me the most grand and imposing; it is exquisite—it is sublime! At the dead of night, when the noise of the city is hushed in sleep, and all is still, I sometimes go over alone to the Observatory to revel in this glorious spectacle. The assistants, wearied with watching, have retired to rest, and there is not a sound to be heard in the building save the dead-beat escapement of the clock, telling the footsteps of time in his ceaseless round. I take up the ephemeris, and find, by calculation made years ago, that a star which I have never seen will, when the hand of that clock points to a certain instant of time, enter the field of the telescope, flit across the meridian, and disappear. The instrument is set, and as the moment draws near, the stillness becomes more and more impressive. At last I look—it is glorious! A pure bright star is marching through the field to the music of the spheres; and at the very instant predicted, even to the fraction of a second, it stalks across the wire and is gone. The song that was sung by the morning stars has been felt, and the heart, swelling with emotions too deep for the organs of speech, almost bursts with the unutterable anthem.

The machinery by which the forces of the universe are regulated and controlled is exquisite; and if it be instructive to study the mechanism of a watch, or profitable to understand the principles of the steam-engine, the contrivances of man's puny intellect, how much more profitable and instructive must it be to look upon the broad face of nature and study that machinery which was planned and arranged in the perfection of wisdom.

If you be at first a little sceptical as to this order and arrangement, taking the harmonies of nature for discord, you will soon feel satisfied that the machinery of the universe —that mechanism which gives nature her powers to act—is, in all its parts, the expression of one thought, as much so as the works of a watch are of one design; that the same hand which weighed the earth and gave gravitation its force, adjusted the fibres of the little snow-drop and proportioned their strength.

The forces displayed in the blade of grass, in the wing of the bird, and in the flaming path of the comet as it whirls around the sun, are all adjusted with equal nicety and care. Chance has nothing to do with the works of nature; yet there are many of her operations which, upon partial study only, do look like the results of accident. Botanists tell us of some: they say that certain plants have not the power of scattering their pollen—it is glutinous, and will not fly with the wind—but as the insects come to suck the flower it adheres to them; they, lighting on other blossoms, deposit it there in the right place for germination; nay, students of these things go so far as to say that the fig-crop of Smyrna, which alone supports thousands of human beings, could not be brought forth if a certain little insect were to fail, regularly and at the right time, to perform certain offices for this plant. But are not insects as well as plants agents and instruments of the Creator? Have they not their appointed offices to perform in the economy of the universe? And has the insect any more ability to resist the power of instinct than a good seed in good ground has to resist the forces of germination?

In studying the works of nature, therefore, discard the idea that they are the results of chance or accident. In the mind of the truth-loving, knowledge-seeking student, the coming of the gall-fly in due season to minister to the fig-tree of Smyrna and make it bear fruit for hungry thousands, is no more the work of chance than it was by chance that the raven carried "bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, to the prophet at the brook."

REPLY TO THE RUSSIAN OFFER

RICHMOND, VA., October 29th, 1861.

ADMIRAL:—Your letter reached me only a few days ago; it filled me with emotion. In it I am offered the hospitalities of a great and powerful Empire, with the Grand Admiral of its fleets for patron and friend. Inducements are held out such as none but the most magnanimous of princes could offer, and such as nothing but a stern sense of duty may withstand.

A home in the bosom of my family on the banks of the Neva, where, in the midst of books and surrounded by friends, I am without care for the morrow, to have the most princely means and facilities for prosecuting those studies, and continuing those philosophical labours in which I take most delight: all the advantages that I enjoyed in Washington are, with a larger discretion, to be offered me in Russia.

Surely a more flattering invitation could not be uttered! Certainly it could not reach a more grateful heart. I have slept upon it. It is becoming that I should be candid, and in a few words frankly state the circumstances by which I find myself surrounded.

The State of Virginia gave me birth; within her borders, among many kind friends, the nearest of kin, and troops of excellent neighbours, my children are planting their vine and fig-tree. In her green bosom are the graves of my fathers; the political whirlpool from which your kind forethought sought to rescue me has already plunged her into a fierce and bloody war.

In 1788, when this State accepted the Federal Constitution and entered the American Union, she did so with the formal declaration that she reserved to herself the right to withdraw from it for cause, and resume those powers and attributes of sovereignty which she had never ceded away, but only delegated for certain definite and specified purposes.

When the President-elect commenced to set at naught the very objects of the Constitution, and without authority

of law proceeded to issue his proclamation of 15th April last,* Virginia, in the exercise of that reserved right, decided that the time had come when her safety, her dignity, and honour required her to resume those "delegated" powers and withdraw from the Union. She did so; she then straightway called upon her sons in the Federal Service to retire therefrom and come to her aid.

This call found me in the midst of those quiet physical researches at the Observatory in Washington which I am now, with so much delicacy of thought and goodness of heart, invited to resume in Russia. Having been brought up in the School of States-rights, where we had for masters the greatest statesmen of America, and among them Mr. Madison, the wisest of them all, I could not, and did not hesitate; I recognised this call, considered it mandatory, and, formally renouncing all allegiance to the broken Union, hastened over to the South side of the Potomac, there to renew to Fatherland those vows of fealty, service, and devotion which the State of Virginia had permitted me to pledge to the Federal Union so long only as by serving it, I might serve her.

Thus my sword has been tendered to her cause, and the tender has been accepted. Her soil is invaded, the enemy is actually at her gates; and here I am contending, as the fathers of the Republic did, for the right of self-government, and those very principles for the maintenance of which Washington fought when this, his native State, was a colony of Great Britain. The path of duty and of honour is therefore plain.

By following it with the devotion and loyalty of a true sailor, I shall, I am persuaded, have the glorious and proud recompense that is contained in the "well done" of the Grand Admiral of Russia and his noble companions-in-arms.

When the invader is expelled, and as soon thereafter as the State will grant me leave, I promise myself the pleasure of a trip across the Atlantic, and shall hasten to Russia, that I may there in person, on the banks of the Neva, have the honour and the pleasure of expressing to her Grand Admiral the sentiments of respect and esteem with which his oft-re-

*Calling on Virginia to furnish 75,000 troops to force South Carolina back into the Union.

peated acts of kindness, and the generous encouragement that he has afforded me in the pursuits of science, have inspired his

Obedient servant,

M. F. Maury, *Commander C.S. Navy.*

To H.I.H. The Grand Duke Constantine,
Grand Admiral of Russia,
St. Petersburg.

ABOUT "NEW VIRGINIA"

Mexico, September 23rd, 1865.

My Dear Wife:—My heart is as big as a mountain and as heavy as lead. Your letter is so sad at leaving friends behind and going to a strange land. This is Saturday night. Perhaps you sailed to-day, for the line of steamers in which I wanted you to go sailed Saturday. I received ten days ago your letters up to the 14th. You were then just making up your mind to come here, and my letter telling you to go to England would take you so by surprise. The last mail brought me many letters from you and the children. I shut myself up, threw myself on the bed, and wept and read and wept and read all day long. 'Twas night before I got through them.

Perhaps you'll feel better when you get to England. There you will not hear such constant discussions as to the wisdom of my course, and the propriety of your coming here; and that, I am sure, will be a great relief. Moreover, the sacrifice is for the benefit of our children. There they can go to good schools, and I can come and see you. If you stayed where you are, you could have neither; if you come here you must do without the schools. So you see you are in the path of duty, and the reflection that it is so will comfort and console you, I am sure.

Yesterday I received my appointment as Director of the Observatory here; and to-day my naturalization papers, which qualify me to hold office.

My salary is $5000 to commence with June last. Last night I submitted—by request—estimates for my staff and office. . . . Dick and family, I suppose, will sail from New York on the 8th, and be here about this time next month. I

shall strive to interest Dabney's friend, General Wilcox, also the Talcotts, in them, so that I may not leave them friendless in a strange land, when I come to see you; also Miss Scarlett, a nice lady, the daughter of the British Minister.

I came to our new house the day before yesterday, and am now housekeeping. It is a nice house. I have one-half of the upper storey, the Talcotts the other—or are to have. The houses here, you know, have no chimneys, and they have a large yard in the middle. My side of the parallelogram is nearly one hundred yards long. I have a very large parlour dining-room, kitchen, and six other rooms, two of which I shall use as an office when I am put in charge of immigration. The house is ready-furnished. This arrangement will make it cost me about $50 per month, leaving about $3000, which will be a smart allowance for you and the children for the year. I am by no means sanguine about my "New Virginia"; not but that there are plenty of people in the South who are dying to come. I know more about that than you do, for there are now about one hundred first-rate men, some of them with their families, from various parts of the South, looking for homes. Some of them have been sent by their neighbours and friends to look at the country and report. The Government is not yet prepared to offer them lands on any terms. We are not ready. Some of them have gone home in disgust, and the golden, precious moments are passing by. I am not yet in harness; but if I can't carry colonization, this is no place for me. And this the Emperor also understands, for I have told him I could not stay if immigration fails. At any rate, I now almost despair of seeing it well in motion before this time next year. But this will give me a long time with you and those precious children. I am so proud of them. Their praises, coming from the heart, are more than music to my ears. 'Tis joy and comfort to my heart. Bless their sweet hearts! Tell them to study and be good and true. "Brave," I know bears himself like our son, and a man. He is a noble boy. Hug him six times, and kiss him twenty for me.

I have been entertaining visitors, and reading over again that sweet budget of letters—especially yours—all day. How I do wish I could take all care from you, and make you happy!

But, my dear sweet wife and noble mother of our noble children, what can I do more than I have done—and I am doing—to show myself worthy of you and of them, and do homage to the great ambition that I have to deserve your and their praise and love? . . . . You know what brought me here. I did hope—and still hope—to help to repair the ruin that was made of the most righteous cause and noble people that ever suffered the shipwreck of almost all that is dear. I may yet succeed in that. But I may fail, and if I do it will not be because I spared myself or forgot your happiness. . . . . It becomes me to try this to a conclusion; it becomes me to use whatever power for good I may have acquired in the world for the benefit of this people, who have suffered in the same cause with us, and who are so near and dear to us. Nay, my sweet companion and friend, it becomes me to be up and doing, especially while our good friends—Tremlett, Jansen, and others—are so kindly exerting themselves on my account. How would it have done for me, instead of trying myself to do something, to have folded my arms—as Rutson and others suggested—until the Federal authorities would have permitted me to come back—to what? To poverty and misery; and that too while Tremlett was undergoing the fatigues and expense of that journey to Denmark, Sweden and Russia on my account!

No; rely upon it my sweet friend and partner, that in coming here I have done the wisest and best thing that under the circumstances, I could do.

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE

[1841—1920]

ROBERT ARMISTEAD STEWART

AMONG that group of men and women of letters who have brought distinction to Richmond, Virginia, as the center of literary activity, William Gordon McCabe occupies a prominent place. He was born in Richmond, August 4, 1841. His father, the son of a distinguished officer of the Revolution, was a clergyman, noted not only in his profession, but also as an authority on Colonial history and as a poet of no mean talent. The Rev. Doctor McCabe's wife was Sophia Gordon Taylor, a great-granddaughter of George Taylor, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and on her mother's side descended from the Gordons of Earlston, Scotland.

The first ten years of young McCabe's life were passed in the ancient town of Smithfield, while his father was rector of the Episcopal church there; the next six he spent at Hampton. After a preparatory course, in which he distinguished himself above his fellows, and after serving a short apprenticeship as tutor, he entered the University of Virginia, in 1860. But his stay here was destined to be short, for the secession of Virginia was the signal for him, along with many of his fellow students, to hasten to the front in a student corps known as the "Southern Guards." He entered the army as a private, but because of his conspicuous prowess and devotion he was promoted through the various grades till the end of the war found him a captain of artillery. His career embraced the Peninsular Campaign, Chancellorsville, service at Charleston, with the gallant Pegram's artillery in the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, and, after Appomattox, he joined General Johnston in North Carolina in the vain hope of renewing the struggle.

In October, 1865, Captain McCabe founded in Petersburg, Virginia, the University School, with so vast an influence in shaping the character and ideals of the young gentry of Virginia as not inaptly to be compared to Rugby in its prime. For twenty-six years he labored in this chosen field, and found his reward in a noble body of high-spirited, well-grounded youth who went from out his walls to win distinction in all walks of life. During this period of teaching McCabe had been active in many other ways. His fame as a Latinist was based on his profound studies in that language, as attested by his

numerous publications and the evidence of his learned colleagues. As a writer of graceful verse he had come into notice through the pages of the *Southern Literary Messenger,* and now his forceful prose gained him added reputation, while his forensic ability and his wit made him a welcome guest in every gathering.

During the period of his greatest literary activity McCabe published the works mentioned in the bibliography appended hereto.

Among his addresses may be mentioned: "Virginia's Schools before and after the Revolution," delivered at the University of Virginia in 1888; his address before the New England Society of New York in 1899, which attracted the editorial comment of the leading newspapers in the country; "John R. Thompson," an eloquent address on the occasion of the presentation of the portrait of the Virginia poet to the University of Virginia in 1899; and his speech at the University of Virginia in 1905, when the late Professor Thomas R. Price's library was presented to that institution. Articles by him have appeared in *Harper's Monthly, The Century,* etc., while in England *The Academy,* the *Saturday Review* and other of the foremost English monthly and weekly publications have accepted his work. After the death of Tennyson, Captain McCabe published in *The Century* of March, 1902, a very striking article entitled "Personal Recollections of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," which was received with great interest throughout the English speaking world, for the author's long intimacy with the poet-laureate enabled him to speak with authority.

In recognition of his scholarship and literary achievements, Captain McCabe has had conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts by the College of William and Mary and by Williams College in Massachusetts, that of Doctor of Letters by Yale in 1897, and that of Doctor of Laws by the college of William and Mary in 1906. He is a member of Alpha Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, a member of the Order of the Cincinnati, and of many other distinguished clubs and societies both in this country and in England.

Dr. McCabe has a unique private library, rich in autograph presentation copies from Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, and many other men of note. One of his most highly prized possessions is a first edition copy of 'Henry Esmond,' bearing on the flyleaf the inscription "For my dearest mother and children, W.M.T." This book was given by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Richie to John R. Thompson after her father's death, and when Thompson died, in 1873, was left by the poet to his friend McCabe.

Dr. McCabe combines a varied learning with the keen perceptions of a great wit, the brimming zest and high spirits of a joker, and the genial nature of a man of the world—qualities that have gained him

the esteem of savants and soldiers, of poets and philosophers, on both sides of the Atlantic. His earnest, helpful efforts in the broadest humanitarian undertakings have gone far outside the conventional limits of his calling, making him widely known as a public man. Thus he conspicuously served his Alma Mater, the University of Virginia, after her partial destruction by fire, for he was one of that board of visitors through whose energy she was fully refurnished in material equipment.

In addition to his eloquent and witty prose, McCabe has produced verse that deserves a place in the American anthology. Its body is slender, nor is its range broad; but within his limitations he has produced poetry that is felicitous in diction, skilful in metrical structure, possessed of feeling in the lyric vein and fire in the heroic.

Dr. McCabe, still in the enjoyment of robust health, is pursuing a busy life of public service and civic virtue, although he long ago gave up active work in his chosen profession of a teacher.

Robert Armistead Stewart

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FIRST MEETING AND LAST PARTING

From "Personal Recollections of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," published in the *Century Magazine*, March, 1902.

More than sixteen years ago it was that, at the instance of a dear old friend of mine in England, who was also a close friend of the Tennysons, I received an invitation to Aldworth, the poet's country-seat on the border-line of Surrey and Sussex.

It is always somewhat trying to a shy man to go into a country house where all the people are strangers to him, and my shyness was not diminished in the present instance by recalling more than one story of Tennyson's brusquerie to visitors. Still, my experience of English hospitality had been for many years so uniformly charming that I had no very serious misgivings.

The elder D'Israeli tells us, in his "Curiosities of Literature," that "Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of Genius," and—there are not a few of us who sadly admit this dictum to be true.

But it was not so in the case of Tennyson—at least, after he had passed middle age. As we all know, he was one of a family of twelve children, the son of a country parson, whose living at Somersby in Lincolnshire brought him in but the slender stipend of two hundred pounds a year. But though inheriting virtually nothing, and living for years the ideal life of the poet, in tranquil seclusion, "far from the madding crowd," sedulously devoted to his art, minutely correcting, revising, polishing, as is the wont of true genius, that does not disdain "long days of labor and nights devoid of ease"—publishing only at long intervals until the days when he had become famous—he yet achieved a substantial fortune, and when he accepted a peerage in his old age, was able to support in becoming fashion the adventitious dignity of his rank.

About 1867 the poet purchased some thirty or forty acres of land near Haslemere in Surrey, and determined to build there—in part to escape, as he said, the London cockneys, who swarmed over his lawn at Freshwater in summer, but chiefly because the air of the Surrey hills, tonic with its scent of heather, was peculiarly invigorating to his wife, who for many years had been an invalid, and whom, as did his own "Geraint"

in the case of "fair Enid," he always "compassed with sweet observances."

His friend James Knowles, long editor of *The Nineteenth Century,* was his architect. The place he called Aldworth, and there, for the last twenty years or more of his life, he lived for the greater part of the year, still keeping up Farringford, his place in the Isle of Wight, whither he went to reside soon after he was created Laureate in 1850.

Aldworth, one of the loveliest homes in a land of lovely homes, is situated on the lofty range of Surrey hills known as "Blackdown." It lies perched on a steep incline, high up on the mountain-side, much of the level space on which it stands having been wrested from nature by enormous labor. Behind it to the northwest rise sheer the lonely downs, covered with bracken and gorse, shutting out the bleak winds of winter, while to the south the Sussex wealds and Kentish hop-fields, dappled with light and shade, lie spread out in smiling beauty at one's feet.

From the stately south terrace, with its ivy-covered stone balustrade and its huge vases filled with flaming roses, one may look clean away for full sixty miles—the bold chalky outlines of Leith Hill gleaming white in the distance to the left, in the foreground the dreaming spires of Petworth soaring aloft amid clustering English elms, while, far beyond, above the wooded copses of Arundel Castle, home of the Howards, dukes of Norfolk, one may catch the shimmer of that "silver sea" which Shakspere sung as fitting setting to the "tiny mother-isle."

One, standing there, could but remember instantly his own description of the view he loved so well, in the lines addressed to Sir Edward Hamley:

> You came and looked and loved the view,
> Long known and loved by me,
> Green Sussex fading into blue
> With one gray glimpse of sea.

On a clear day, indeed, one may catch a glimpse of Fairlight, overlooking Hastings, and mark the very spot where Norman William landed with his bold barons, a D'Eyncourt in his train, to wrest the land from the Saxon.

Short of sight as was the old poet, he apparently knew every foot of the historic landscape, and once, as we stood together, looking southward from the great library windows, when I thoughtlessly asked him of some place in the direction of Pevensey, he answered promptly, "Oh, that—nothing special there now, but there lay once the 'Silva Anderida' of Tacitus."

Without, Aldworth is fair indeed to look upon, with its old-fashioned pleasaunces and rose-garden, where the poet, with his passionate love of flowers, always delighted to wander, its dense coppices and wide expanses of velvet turf, such as one sees nowhere outside of England.

Within, it is the ideal home of the wealthy man of letters, with its busts and portraits and paintings. Everywhere there are books, and over the chimneypieces in the stately rooms are emblazoned the arms of the Tennysons d'Eyncourt; for, though the Laureate sung in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" that

> The gardener Adam and his wife
> Smile at the claims of long descent,

he was yet possessed of that proper pride in being sprung of an ancient and honorable race common to every man of gentle birth. The note of genuine English comfort is everywhere dominant, while to a man of culture it is a veritable "Palace of Art." Such was the English home at the doors of which I alighted on that August day more than sixteen years ago.

The poet had not returned from his long daily tramp over the downs, but I was shown in at once to Lady Tennyson, who received me with such charming cordiality that within a few minutes I was chatting away as gaily to her, as she lay on her lounge, as to some old gentlewoman in Virginia who had known my mother and all my "people." In a few moments, in stalked the poet, just returned from his walk, and gave me grave and courteous welcome.

I need hardly describe to my readers that face and figure so familiar to them from photographs. (I may say here, in passing, that, to my mind, the best of these photographs is that by Barraud, though the poet himself and his wife and son preferred the one by Mayall, a copy of which he kindly volunteered to give me after I came to know him well.) He was

clad, as always when I saw him, in a gray suit, "cynically loose," as Carlyle neatly said—a powerfully built man, yet "loosely made," as the homely phrase is, but with not a trace of awkwardness in his movements.

One may not be certain, but I think that, even had I not known who he was, I should have recognized the "king among men"—the head finely molded; features massive, yet delicately chiseled; a noble brow; dark-brown eyes, grave, and at times keenly penetrating, otherwise heavy-lidded; his hair, still very dark, falling away from his brow; his beard somewhat straggling, and, as Horatio hath it, "a sable silvered," beneath which one readily divined the stern-set jaw—a face of resolution, dashed with melancholy.

Then the gong sounded for luncheon, and we went in at once. At luncheon my misgiving melted away in great measure, and I ventured on one or two mild stories, to which the great man seemed to take kindly, and then, the repast over, we went off to the summer-house, perched on the cliff, for a smoke. Cigars he never smoked, but "infinite tobacco" still, as in the old London days, when Carlyle found him "such company over a pipe." There, over what Thackeray calls "that great unbosomer of secrets," the ice was fairly broken, and in exchange for the pure gold of some most delightful stories about men long passed away, I gave him in return of my own base coin.

But I ask any old soldier of our Civil War, North or South, who could resist such a chance? None of our ancient war stories, none of the rough-and-ready wit of our Southern soldiers, had drifted across the seas, and here was virgin soil. One may be sure that I "worked" it "for all it was worth." And so I warmed up mine antique martial chestnut-jokes of a hoary antiquity, which may, for aught I know, "have cheered the Aryan hordes on their weary westward march from the table-lands of Asia."

I remember (one sees that I am keeping to the "frank egotism") that he chuckled much over my Christopher Columbus story, a story with which I afterward "paralyzed" the latter's august descendant, the Duke de Veragua, when his Grace was presented to *me* at Chicago. And he specially delighted in a little story about a man in my own town, which he begged

me (as an Englishman would) to "send to *Punch,*" and which I sometimes tell late in the evening, when punch has been sent to me.

He also liked the story (new to him), of the Poughkeepsie man who battered out the brains of his dear wife with a heavy oaken frame inclosing the worsted-worked motto, "God bless our home."

Of all the talkers I have ever met he was, "taking him all round," as we say, the most interesting, when "i' the vein," which was commonly near midnight, in his den and over a pipe. Swinburne (*tantum vidi,* I may say) is a more brilliant talker, especially when moved by a subject he loves and knows well, such as the early English dramatists. Browning (who, to use an expression which Tennyson detested, was "awfully kind" and hospitable to me), just won your heart, and your brain too, by the simple honesty, the infectious boyishness of his talk. Matthew Arnold, too, was always to me, whether in the whirl of London society, or in a quiet corner at the Athenaeum, or in his modest Surrey home at Cobham, one of the most delightful of men to listen to. He was so cordial, so full of kindly simplicity, that I never once detected in the genial flow of his conversation that academic note which some have objected to.

But delightful as were all these, Tennyson's talk was far and away the best and most enjoyable I have ever listened to, with its dry humor, shading off suddenly into vehement earnestness; its felicity of epithet, that at times flashed out like a search-light, and lighted up the whole subject of discussion; its underlying vein of robust common sense; its wealth of apt quotation and charming reminiscence.

Like every other author whom I have ever known, Tennyson was, I think, pleased at some apt quotation from himself.

When I went away from Aldworth at the end of this first visit, he sent the carriage ahead and walked with me past the entrance-gate (or, as an irreverent old crony of mine enviously said, he "saw me off the premises").

"You must come again," he said as we shook hands.

With unblusing effrontery I pressed him to come to me at Petersburg, Virginia, where, as my introduction told him, I

was then head master of the University School and assured him that Oriental splendor awaited him at "Dotheboys Hall."

"Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great,"

I quoted from the "Idylls." He laughed, but I saw that he was pleased.

* * * * * *

When I went down to Aldworth late in August of 1892, on my return from Greece, I at once saw a great change in the dear old man, though he was still cheerful, and when we went every day for our walk, his talk was as full of quips and as entertaining as ever. But his step was feebler, the walks were shorter, the massive brows seemed sunken, and his hearing was noticeably impaired. His dread of meeting strangers was more acute than ever.

The day before I left, Burne-Jones (prince of "good fellows," as he was prince of painters), with his daughter and her husband, Mr. MacKail, whose delightful Greek Anthology must be familiar to many of my readers, were to come to luncheon, driving across country from the place they had taken for the summer. They did not turn up at the hour, and after waiting twenty or thirty minutes, we went in to luncheon.

Hallam always kindly placed me next his father at table, but on that day he had suggested that I should give up my usual seat to Burne-Jones, so that the latter might have more direct talk with the poet. We had not been at the table more than ten minutes when the great hall-bell clanged sharply, and we knew that our guests had arrived. They had lost their way, and we heard their laughing voices explaining their adventures to Hallam, who had gone out into the hall to greet them. As I jumped up from my seat next the old poet to go over to the seat first assigned me, he clutched at my sleeve, and said, with rather a pathetic insistence: "Sit still, sit still; why do you want to leave me?" But I shook my head laughingly and darted around the table to the other side.

I can never forget the day I left Aldworth that fateful year —the last time I ever saw him. I was to go up to London in the afternoon, and we had walked before luncheon and had much talk (his most interesting, touching English smugglers in the "Great French War," I remember), and then after lun-

cheon Hallam and I had gone out on the south terrace for a smoke.

After finishing my cigar, I went up into the library to say good-by. He was sitting near the great south windows reading, wearing his black velvet skullcap, the book held close to his face, just as I had so often seen him.

"Well, I'm off," I said cheerily, "and have come to say good-by."

He took my outstretched hand in both of his—I remember noticing at the moment what sinewy, carefully kept hands they were, with long, nervous fingers—and then he said very gently and sadly: "I am a very old man now. You may never see me again, but always come to us here when you come to England. God bless you!"

Such were the last words I heard fall from the lips of Alfred Tennyson, and the gentle old voice still lingers in my ears as a benediction.

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS R. PRICE

From the Address on the occasion of the Presentation of his Library to the University of Virginia.

His whole soul was fired with unflagging purpose to enlarge the boundaries of his own knowledge; he was an enthusiastic and conscientious teacher; he was as singularly careless of fame as he was notably untouched of any of those ignoble jealousies that so often beset men of genius and learning; he was, in short, as Dr. Butler, President of Columbia, wrote in his report on his death to the trustees, "eager to produce men and scholars rather than books."

But the paramount reason of his publishing so little is to be found, I think, in his literary fastidiousness—his passion for perfection of form, which was "the dominant of his study and teaching." He had all Sainte-Beuve's horror of the "*à peu prés*"; he "loathed the smug face of facility"; he was tireless in seeking the elusive word; unwearying in his quest of some hovering, subtle rhythm of phrase, some haunting cadence, that witched him with its beauty half-revealed and mocked him with its music as it fled. Yet he was indued by

nature with a delicate ear, "the supreme touchstone of perfection," and in his graver papers writes with most convincing lucidity and precision, while he has the happy art of imparting to his lighter sketches and studies an aroma of delicate and playful humor, a felicity of allusion, an ease and grace of diction, a certain note of distinction, that makes them a joy to every reader of refined intelligence.

Whatever the award of time as to his place in scholarship and letters, he has at least left behind him to those of us who miss him and still hold him in our hearts a legacy which time cannot touch—the fragrant memory of his tender heart and open hand, the remembrance of his spotless integrity and stainless honor, of duty scrupulously fulfilled to the very end, and of all those stern and gentle virtues that noble souls reckon the highest.

PERORATION FROM A SPEECH BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

But it needed, I think, the splendid object-lessons given by Southern men in this Spanish War to silence forever the cavils and doubtings of many austere patriots who for thirty years and more had proved themselves "as invincible in peace as they had been invisible in war."

Above the first fierce mutterings of the coming storm rose high and clear, yonder at Havana, the voice of Fitzhugh Lee, grandson of "Light-Horse Harry," once the *beau sabreur* of the "Army of Northern Virginia," demanding with soldierly directness prompt Spanish recognition of the sanctity of American citizenship.

Then, when the die was cast, and the *Olympia,* on that memorable May morning stood into Manila Bay, "on the bridge" close alongside of George Dewey, of Vermont, stood "Tom" Brumby, of Georgia (God rest his noble soul!)—and so, when the American flag was first unfurled to the breeze over the first American possession in the Eastern world, the son of an old Confederate colonel stood at the halliards.

Ten days later, at Cardenas, the first crimson libation of the war was poured out on the altar of Cuban liberty, and

the brave young blood of that gallant lad, Worth Bagley, of the "Old North State," son, too, of an old Confederate soldier, cemented forever the reconciliation between the North and South.

And as in quick succession the names of Hobson and Blue and "Fighting" Joe Wheeler blazed in official despatches, the thunderous shouts of a reunited people drowned even the "iron-throated plaudits of the guns."

As Marshall Ney said when he saw the beardless young French conscripts rushing in all the joyous valor of their youth upon the Russian guns at Weissenfels: *"C'est dans le sang! C'est dans le sang"* ("It's in the blood! It's in the blood!").

Many of you, doubtless, traversing the noble hall of William Rufus, have entered the corridors of St. Stephen's, and there, glancing down the long line of gleaming statues, have paused to look upon the calm, majestic features of John Hampden, the most able and resolute man in the kingdom, who fell on the Parliamentarian side at Chalgrave Field—and, immediately opposite, upon the grave, romantic face of Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, "that incomparable young man," as Clarendon calls him, who in the very flower of his young manhood gave his life for his king in that unhappy civil strife.

It may well be, that when this generation shall have passed away, and the motives and convictions of men shall be apprehended without passion, that the young American, treading some one of those stately avenues that lead to our national Capitol, shall pause opposite "the presentment" in bronze of Grant and of Sherman, to gaze upon the heroic figures of Lee and of Jackson.

God forbid that war, civil or foreign, should come again in this our time. He who has once seen the sufferings and sorrows and desolation that it brings to happy homes can never wish to see it again.

But should it come, men of the North and of the East and of the West—I speak for my people—that people who never yet faltered in half-way defiance to a foe or in half-way welcome to a friend—I speak for my people—ere the first call to arms of our common country shall have died upon the breeze, you shall hear the tramp of our legions as they wheel

into line to touch elbows with the stalwart sons of New England, eager to keep time with cadenced step to the music of the Union—aye, and to hedge round with stubborn steel the "Starry Banner," that symbolizes once more to us, as to you, the majesty of American citizenship and the indestructibility of Republican institutions.

REUNION OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

HERE in this battle-drowned capital of our ancient Commonwealth, shall the men who wore the gray yearly gather and recall the names of those who went forth to battle at the bidding of Virginia—who now lie sleeping on the bosom of this Mother, that, not unmindful of their valor, not ungrateful for this filial devotion, shall keep forever bright the splendor of their deeds, "till earth, and seas, and skies are rended."

No "Painted Porch" is hers, like that of Athens, where, for half a thousand years, the descendants of the men who had followed Miltiades to victory might trace the glories of their Marathon—no gleaming *Chapelle des Invalides,* with the light flaming through gorgeous windows on tattered flags of battle —no grand historic Abbey, like that of England, where hard by the last resting-place of her princes and her kings sleep the great soldiers who have writ glorious names high upon their country's roll with the point of their stainless swords.

Nay, none of this is hers.

Only the frosty stars to-night keep solemn watch and ward above the wind-swept graves of those who, from Potomac to James, from Rapidan to Appomattox, yielded up their lives that they might transmit to their children the heritage of their fathers.

Pondering in her heart all their deeds and words, Virginia calls us, her surviving sons, "from weak regrets and womanish laments to the contemplation of their virtues," bidding us, in the noble words of Tacitus, to "honor them not so much with transitory praises as with our reverence, and, if our powers permit us, with our emulation."

Reminding her children, who were faithful to her in war,

that "the reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another," she points to the tasks left unfinished when the "nerveless hands drooped over the spotless shields," and with imperious love claims a fealty no less devoted in these days of peace.

I claim no vision of seer or prophet, yet I fancy that even now I descry the faint dawn of that day, which thousands wait on with expectant eyes; when all this land, still the fairest on the globe—this land, which has known so long what old Isaiah termed the "dimness of anguish"—shall grow glad again in the broad sunlight of prosperity, and when from Alleghany to Chesapeake shall resound the hum and stir of busy life; when yonder noble roadstead, where our ironclad *Virginia* revolutionized the naval tactics of two continents, shall be whitened by many a foreign sail, and you, her children, shall tunnel those grand and hoary mountains, whose every pass Lee and "Old Stonewall" have made forever historic by matchless skill and daring. Thus, comrades, assured of her heroic Past, stirred by the great hope for her Future, may we tonight re-echo the cry of Richmond on Bosworth Field:

> Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again;
> That she may long live here, God say amen!

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES*

I picture her there in the quaint old room,
  Where the fading fire-light starts and falls,
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom
  With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

Alone, while those faces look silently down
  From their antique frames in a grim repose—
Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,
  And stanch Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.†

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,
  There are smiling beauties with powdered hair,
But she sits there, fairer a thousand-fold,
  Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-chair.

*Petersburg Trenches, 1864.

†James Graham, Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650), the poet, and great soldier and supporter of Charles I.

And the roseate shadows of fading light
  Softly clear steal over the sweet young face,
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
  With the guileless pride of a knightly race.

Her small hands lie clasped in a listless way
  On the old *Romance*—which she holds on her knee—
Of *Tristam,* the bravest of knights in the fray,
  And *Iseult,* who waits by the sounding sea.

And her proud, dark eyes wear a softened look
  As she watches the dying embers fall:
Perhaps she dreams of the knight in the book,
  Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies I wonder are thronging her brain,
  For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow!
Perhaps—ah! me, how foolish and vain!
  But I'd give my life to believe it so!

Well, whether I ever march home again
  To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men—
  I'll be true to the end all the same.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62

The wintry blast goes wailing by,
  The snow is falling overhead;
  I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
And distant watch-fires light the sky.

Dim forms go flitting through the gloom;
  The soldiers cluster round the blaze
  To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak of home and home.

My sabre swinging overhead
  Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
  While fiercely drives the blinding snow,
And memory leads me to the dead.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
  Vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then;
  I see the low-browed home again,
The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far off years
  Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
  The voices of the Long Ago!
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel again the mother-kiss,
  I see again the glad surprise
  That lighted up the tranquil eyes
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss.

As, rushing from the old hall-door,
  She fondly clasped her wayward boy—
  Her face all radiant with the joy
She felt to see him home once more.

My sabre swinging on the bough
  Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
  While fiercely drives the blinding snow
Aslant upon my saddened brow.

Those cheerful faces all are gone!
  Asleep within the quiet graves
  Where lies the snow in drifting waves—
And I am sitting here alone.

There's not a comrade here to-night
  But knows that loved ones far away
  On bended knees this night will pray:
"God bring our darling from the fight."

But there are none to wish me back,
  For me no yearning prayers arise.
  The lips are mute and closed the eyes—
My home is in the bivouac.

In the Army of Northern Virginia.

JOHN PEGRAM*

Fell at the Head of his Division, February 6, 1865.
Ætat XXXIII

What shall we say now of our gentle knight?
Or how express the measure of our woe
For him who rode the foremost in the fight,
Whose good blade flashed so far amid the foe?

Of all his knightly deeds what need to tell—
That good blade now lies fast within its sheath—
What can we do but point to where he fell,
And, like a soldier, met a soldier's death.

We sorrow not as those who have no hope,
For he was pure in heart as brave in deed—
God pardon us, if blind with tears we grope,
And love be questioned by the hearts that bleed.

And yet—O foolish and of little faith—
We cannot choose but weep our useless tears—
We loved him so! we never dreamed that Death
Would dare to touch him in his brave young years.

Ah! dear bronzed face, so fearless and so bright!
As kind to friend as thou wast stern to foe—
No more we'll see thee radiant in the fight,
The eager eyes—the flush on cheek and brow.

No more we'll greet the lithe, familiar form
Amid the surging smoke with deaf'ning cheer—
No more shall soar above the iron storm
The ringing voice in accents sweet and clear.

Aye! he has fought the fight and passed away—
Our grand young leader smitten in the strife,
So swift to seize the chances of the fray,
And careless only of his noble life.

*Born in Petersburg, Virginia, January 24, 1832; killed near Hatcher's Run. He was a graduate of West Point, served on the frontier, and gained distinction in the Civil War as a cavalry leader. At the time of his death he had risen to the grade of major-general.

He is not dead but sleepeth! Well we know
The form that lies to-day beneath the sod
Shall rise what time the golden bugles blow
And pour their music through the courts of God.

And there amid our great heroic dead,
The war-worn sons of God whose work is done!—
His face shall shine, as they with stately tread
In grand review sweep past the jasper throne.

Let not our hearts be troubled! Few and brief
His days were here, yet rich in love and faith;
Lord, we believe, help Thou our unbelief,
And grant Thy servants such a life and death!

Bivouac on the Right of Petersburg, February 8, 1865.

ONLY A MEMORY*

"Old times, they cling, they cling."—Owen Meredith.

I

Still I can see her before me,
As in the days of old,
Her lips of serious sweetness,
Hair of the richest gold.

II

The rings on her dainty fingers,
Love in her tender eyes,
And the sweet young bosom heaving
With low delicious sighs.

III

Is it a wonder I love her?
That through long years of pain,
I still am true to the old love—
The love alas! in vain.

Howitzer Camp, Yorktown, September, 1861.

*Published in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, November, 1861, the editor prefacing it with: "Isn't this a little gem? Pity the soldier-poet should have cause to write it."

MARY GREENWAY McCLELLAND

[1853—1895]

JOHN McLAREN McBRYDE, JR.

MARY GREENWAY McCLELLAND was born August 5, 1853, in the straggling little village of Norwood (then called New Market), Nelson County, Virginia, on the James River, about forty miles below Lynchburg, and there spent the first six years of her life. Her parents then moved across the river into Buckingham County, and made their home in Elm Cottage, a picturesque old frame house nestled under the branches of a great spreading elm, and seated high on a bluff overlooking the river, with pretty, rich meadows lying along the banks of the muddy James. Connected with the outside world by only the private ferry and the slow-moving canal-boat, the family led necessarily a quiet, secluded life.

As there was no school in the neighborhood, the girl had to depend for her education solely on home training. Though her father, Thomas Stanhope McClelland, had been educated at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, and at the University of Virginia (1829), he had no influence on her writings, and indeed rarely read any of her books. Her mother, however, a woman of unusual culture and literary taste, early perceived her young daughter's talent and took great care in educating her. From a small, well-selected library which she brought from Philadelphia to Virginia on her marriage, she read aloud to her two little girls, first simple tales of childhood, and then, as they grew older, she acquainted them with more serious stories. Of Scott's novels they were particularly fond, and from them Miss McClelland must have received no little inspiration.

At a very early age she began to read for herself and compose stories. Even before she could write, she was accustomed to relate to her admiring sister elaborate tales with complex incidents and many characters, and continue them from day to day with never flagging interest on the part of either useful listener or narrator. As soon as she could use a pencil she began to write short stories for the amusement of herself and of the family. In her mother, to whom she always read her manuscripts, she found ever a kind and judicious critic.

After the marriage of her sister the care and support of the household fell chiefly upon her, and much of her work was planned and actually written while she was engaged in her domestic duties. "Her first experience with type was the appearance, in 1879, of two bits of verse in the columns of a newspaper, one of these written while churning with the left hand, the other composed while pursuing a turkey hen to her hidden nest in the woods."*

Her first published book appeared in 1884. It was a small pamphlet of sixteen pages, 'Ole Ike's Memories,' a series of narrative poems in negro dialect, sold for the benefit of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Virginia. 'Oblivion,' her first novel, was issued in 1885, and 'Princess,' though written earlier and recast, came out in 1886.

In 1887, feeling the need of a systematic training, she outlined and began a prescribed course of reading, in which she was aided by the generosity of her publisher, Mr. Henry Holt. Besides reading and criticizing her manuscripts, he kindly forwarded from time to time such books as he thought she might need. She sought to show her appreciation by dedicating to him without his knowledge her fourth book, 'Jean Monteith.'

Other novels and tales followed in rapid succession. She became a regular contributor to *Lippincott's, Harper's,* and the *Youth's Companion,* and was made one of the editors of *Peterson's Magazine.* Her circle of acquaintances rapidly widened; and when the railroad replaced the sluggish packet-boat, she made frequent visits to Lynchburg, Richmond, and Philadelphia. Sometimes for several years in succession she spent two or three weeks in Richmond, and in the literary circle of that city made many friends and acquaintances. On one occasion she visited by invitation her publisher, Mr. Holt, in New York.

But she was preëminently a lover of home, and never outgrew her domestic tastes and habits. The death of her mother, in 1893, was a severe blow, from which she never recovered. Her health gave way, and after a lingering illness ending in consumption she passed away at Elm Cottage August 2, 1895, three days before her forty-second birthday. She was laid to rest in the family burying ground overlooking the beautiful valley of the James.

Her character seems to have been altogether exemplary. With a strong sense of duty, she was ready always to do any task that came to hand. Sympathetic and generous, she was quick to aid those in distress, and never refused an appeal for assistance. In the work of younger, struggling writers she took the keenest interest, and

*Charles W. Coleman, *Harper's Monthly,* 74, 852; and *Literature,* John B. Alden, publisher, October 13, 1888.

seized every opportunity to lend them a helping hand. In regard to her own writings she was exceedingly modest. She never alluded to them in conversation, and always felt that she could improve on what she had written.

Miss McClelland was a facile and prolific writer. Though her literary productivity extended over a period of only ten years, she wrote during that time nearly twenty novels and sketches. Almost all are romances of love, self-sacrifice, and adventure, with an occasional tendency to introduce problems of divorce, heredity, and spiritualism, as in 'Princess,' 'Broadoaks,' 'Mammy Mystic,' 'Madam Sylva,' and 'Eleanor Gwynn.' In almost every instance, however, the problem is not strongly handled or clearly worked out, and the effect is often inartistic and unpleasant. At times the plot is poorly developed, especially where there is a mystery involved, a concealed identity, or an unsuspected relationship. Like Fenimore Cooper, she inclined to veil the mystery too closely, so that the reader is given too slight a clew to take hold of.

She is at her best in those stories dealing with the lives and manners of the plain country folk whom she saw and knew in her own immediate neighborhood.

'Burkett's Lock,' for example, containing a history of Joe Burkett, the lock-keeper on the James River and Kanawha Canal, and his family of sons and daughters, is a sympathetic, realistic study of the simple, restricted lives of the slow-moving mountaineers. The story is told with simplicity, directness, and a certain amount of dramatic power. It is in many respects superior to 'Oblivion,' a study of the North Carolina mountaineers, which, though it contains some excellent sketches of the mountain folk, with their monotonous, narrow lives, their intense seriousness, quaint flashes of humor, and inveterate love of gossip, is nevertheless weakened by over-sentimentalism and melodrama. Compared with the stories of Charles Egbert Craddock, with which the novel inevitably suggests comparison, it is inferior in descriptive and dramatic power.

The scene of 'Manitou Island' is a great swamp in one of the Southern States. The story, containing as it does two insane characters and one idiot, and culminating in a fearful death-struggle on the dark waters of the swamp, is far from pleasant.

'Mammy Mystic' is somewhat of the same type, with the action taking place on a large plantation in Louisiana, and with its scenes of voudou rites laid in the neighboring bayou. The heroine, Eugénie, is the daughter of a mulatto. When an infant she was substituted for her mistress's child, and was reared in ignorance of her true birth. The story is gloomy, often morbid, and leaves a disagreeable impression on the mind of the reader.

'The Old Post Road,' a short, stirring tale of love and highway robbery,' and 'The Ghost of Dred Power,' a story of barely a hundred pages, with a skilfully constructed plot and scenes shifting from the present on the plains of Texas to the past on the battle-fields of the Civil War, are both more interesting and more successful.

In 'Princess' the scene is laid on an old plantation on the James River below Richmond, and attractive glimpses are given of the ancient mansion and of life on the plantation. But the discussion of divorce, though recast at the suggestion of the publisher, is not altogether pleasant, and the love scenes are overdrawn.

'Jean Monteith' is a story of a daughter's self-sacrificing devotion to the memory of her father. Many of the scenes give an impression of unreality and unnaturalness. Yet not a few pictures of the mountains and woods in the stillness of a summer's day and in the bursting of a sudden storm linger clearly in the memory. Danvers, the mountaineer, rough, but honest and warm-hearted, is one of the best characters in the book.

'A Self-Made Man' is by far the best of her novels. Edward Jackson Anthony, the son of a former overseer on the Beverley estate, having gone West in his youth, returns to Virginia a millionaire, and concealing his identity, buys the old Beverley place. He falls in love with Mrs. Beverley, a widow, and former owner of the estate. But the social barrier is too strong. He sees himself supplanted by a friend. There is a brief, well depicted struggle between hatred and friendship. Friendship conquers. Quietly he disappears to bury himself again in the great West, and leaves to his friend and the woman they both love a handsome sum with which to begin their married life. The conclusion of the story reveals a finer artistic touch, a greater self-restraint, and more freedom from the melodramatic than any other of Miss McClelland's novels. The characters are more varied, more interesting, and more true to life: Anthony with his energy, honesty, sturdy self-respect, liberality, and rough kindliness, counterbalanced by his coarseness, commercialism, and pride in his own career; Mrs. Beverley, refined, high-spirited, generous; her two little boys, Ran and Hector, full of mischief and boyish energy; Miss Cornelia, a narrow, prejudiced old maid; and finally the old negroes with their devotion to "Ol' Miss" and their dread of the "po'-house."

Yet it is doubtful whether Miss McClelland has contributed to Southern literature any character that will live. Her talent lay, not so much in subtle analysis or delineation of character, or in skilful development of plot, as in sympathetic, truthful portrayal of scenes of Southern life; traveling on the James River Canal; a cypress

swamp in Louisiana; a mountain flood in North Carolina; plantation life on the lower James; and negro customs and superstitions.

Miss McClelland's style, though as a rule natural and easy, is sometimes marked by affectation and vagueness. Instead of a wedding journey we read of "the usual nuptial progression." Dying an early death is characterized as "tossing into the infinite in a halo of beauty and youth." Again we read of "A sympathy which almost amounted to divination jostling obtusities that just escaped brutishness." Such crudities of style, however, are the exception rather than the rule. The foregoing examples occur in 'Mammy Mystic,' a posthumous volume which doubtless escaped revision by the author.

Although Miss McClelland as an artist can hardly be ranked with Charles Egbert Craddock and Ruth McEnery Stuart, she must nevertheless be classed with them as a woman who, devoted to her profession, bore her modest and not altogether unimportant part in the literary awakening of the South.

John M. McBryde, Jr.

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[The biographical sketch of Miss McClelland is based almost entirely on details furnished by her sister, Mrs. W. H. Whelan of Norwood, Virginia.]

A REVERSAL OF FORTUNE

From 'A Self-Made Man.' Copyright, J. B. Lippincott Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

THE "overseer" class of the South in ante-bellum days constituted as distinct a grade as can be found in any country where birth, not wealth, is the standard of respectability. From the higher class—their employers—they were removed by ignorance and poverty; from the lower—their charges—by race-instinct.

There was no antagonism between the inhabitants of the large house where the proprietor lived and the inhabitants of the small house in which dwelt his prime minister, such as appears to exist between the rich and poor of other sections. Nor was there any effort on the part of the upper class to keep the lower down, or to hinder members of it from acquiring knowledge or property. On the contrary, there existed between the two great amity and friendliness, and in some instances, where the tie was of long standing between employer and employed, a sort of feudal feeling which led the one to yield protection and cordial liking, and the other an admiring respect and loyal, if lazy, service.

It is no uncommon thing even yet in the South to hear one man say of another, "I've knowed him all my life. My father was his father's overseer 'way back in slavery times. They are right down clever people, his folks are: we allus liked 'em mighty well." The liking was generally mutual; and that the "overseer" class of the South remained so long, and remains still, in a great measure, in a lower position is due partly to their own willingness, partly to the habit of subordination.

Across the ravine from the Beverley mansion, beyond a little stretch of woods, stood a settlement of cabins which had formerly been occupied by slaves belonging to the estate. Some of the houses had fallen into partial or total ruin, but a few were still inhabited, as was shown by the curling smoke ascending from their chimneys. Above them, nearer the crest of the hill, stood the overseer's house—a neat building of hewn logs, with a rough porch in front, and still in a good state of preservation.

It had been occupied by a family of white tenants at the time when this portion of the Beverley plantation passed into other hands; but the lawyer, in obedience to instructions received from the new proprietor, had moved them out and had the house done up a little. Not that Ned Anthony cherished any sentiment connected with the house in which he had been born; on the contrary, he considered it emphatically "a dog-hole;" but he was a practical fellow and well used to roughing it, and thought that the "old shanty" would do well enough to live in for a month or so while he should run up a decent house; that is, if he should decide to make any sojourn in Virginia.

Anthony stood in one of the rooms, whistling softly, and looking about him, one morning about a week after the night on which he had renewed his acquaintance (as he thought) with his old playfellow through the parlor window. The next day he had gone down to Richmond to order some things he needed for his temporary establishment, and to talk to a contractor about putting up a house for him in case he should decide to "stop on the ranch" for a year or so. He was not a man that ever let the grass grow under his feet.

Standing in the middle of the old room, the past got hold of him somehow, and pushed its way through the hard crust of the outer man to the sanctuary which even the roughest of us keep somewhere about our anatomy for the refuge of a few tender associations—our youth, our homes and mothers, the girl, perhaps, whose eyes gave us our first heart-ache.

Old Mrs. Anthony had not been in any way a show-figure. She was tall, and spare of limb, and slow of speech and gait; her eyes were sad, and her thin sallow face had rather a mournful expression. She wore rough clothes, and a kerchief folded cornerwise over her grizzled hair, and smoked a corn-cob pipe in the intervals of her labors; but she was a good woman, a faithful, dutiful wife, and a devoted and self-sacrificing mother, kind and gentle and patient, and indulgent to her offspring, as women of her class usually are. Her son—her youngest-born—had loved her, and it was of her alone he was thinking as he stood by the hearth-stone and looked at the corner where her spinning-wheel and her old split-bottomed rocking-chair used to stand. Poor old mother!

if she could see him now, standing there, wealthy, educated, well dressed, honored among men, and owner of the old plantation on which they had lived as servants!

Of the saturnine, long-haired father, and the five lank, slab-sided brothers, the problem of whose useless existence it had taken a civil war to solve, he thought little. He had not cared for them greatly, and it was no distress to him to know that they were dead. But his mother was different. She had been the one human creature he had loved unselfishly —besides little Mary Beverley. He was thinking of her, of his grief at her death, his indignation when within the year his father had brought home another in her place, his hatred of his stepmother, which had resulted in his running away from home to seek his fortune, and all the old-time matters, when he was aroused by hearing a voice outside. It was a clear, full voice, softly modulated, and its intonation was very pleasant: unmistakably the voice of a lady.

"Stay here, laddies," she was saying, "and play until I get through talking to the old people, and then we'll walk over to Judge Wilmer's for some apples. I can't let you come, indeed, Ran. The last time I took you to the cabin you upset Aunt Kitty's churn and wasted all the poor old woman's butter-milk on the floor. Yes, my child, I know it was an accident; but such accidents are always happening to you. You are a very unlucky and heedless little boy, and to take you visiting is simply to invite calamity. Stay here, and be good children. I won't be long."

Anthony drew near the window, and in a moment had the satisfaction of seeing a tall, graceful woman, with a little willow basket in her hand, pass, and enter the farthest of the group of cabins.

Meanwhile, the boys, two in number, and aged respectively five and seven years, had taken possession of the porch, and were climbing on the railings. They were large, straight-limbed children, and the smaller had a crop of chestnut curls that fell almost to his waist. As they jumped about, they laughed and chattered. The door was a trifle ajar, and Anthony could hear every word.

"Aunt Neelie didn't want mamma to put any coffee in her basket," remarked the smaller child: "she said mamma oughtn't

to give the servants things, 'cause maybe we'd want 'em ourselves. That's mean, ain't it, Hector? We've got a whole bucket of coffee in our store-room, and poor old Aunt Kitty hasn't any in her cupboard. She asked mamma to save her the *grounds:* I heard her, that day I knocked the churn over."

"Aunt Neelie's such a hunks! I hate her!" responded Hector. "She's always fussing about something. Other folks want coffee too, just as well as she does, I reckon. Mamma don't listen to her, one good thing, and gives the old folks things all the time. White people always give to black people: Aunt Neelie ought to know that. If *they* didn't, who would?"

But this was much too difficult a question for little Ran to settle: he avoided it, therefore, and introduced another topic. "Hec, what is *paupers?*"

"Folks that haven't any money, nor any place to live, nor things to eat, nor clothes to wear," defined Hector, comprehensively.

"Then we ain't that. I thought we weren't, because we've got land, and a house, and lots of things. And you've got a calf, and I've got ten cents, and a gander, and a little pig, and a speckled pullet, and—" growing weary with the enumeration of his wealth, "and—oh, yes—a drake with a wen under his chin."

"Who said we were paupers?" fired Hector. "It's a lie!"

"So 'tis," acquiesced Ran, pleasantly, "if not having things is being paupers. But you must not say it's a lie, Hec, because 'twas Aunt Neelie that said it. She said it when mamma told her that the gentleman had come that bought the land, you know—grandpa's land, and father's. She cried when mamma told her, and said the Beverleys were paupers, and that mamma didn't care one bit, and was glad the land was gone, because she wasn't a Beverley."

"She *is* a Beverley," asserted Hector; "and I'm going to have the land back when I get to be a man. I'm going to work hard and make a lot of money, and ask the gentleman to let me have it back; and I know he will, because he won't love it like we do. He's just a stranger, you know, Ran: so he won't care for it, and will like the money better."

"That will be jolly," said Ran. "I'll help."

The listener inside smiled to himself. Prosperity had de-

parted from the old family, and they felt the change: he had thought they would, when he saw the land advertised. He had not bought it himself to gloat over their downfall and his own uprising. He scarcely knew yet why he had bought it. Perhaps, he was a little influenced by the feeling that the land had better be in his hands than in those of strangers; perhaps, it was only a passing whim; but, anyhow, he *had* bought it, and, while he knew perfectly well that it was a poor investment for his money, he was not sorry that he had done so. These boys were Hector Beverley's sons, of course: indeed, their names, Hector and Randolph, made that fact patent. He wondered if there were any more children. "Aunt Neelie" must be his former object of detestation—Miss Cornelia: he recognized her at once.

The little boys were sitting on the steps. Hector had a straight pine tobacco-stick in his hands, and was splitting it with his knife into long slender splinters to make a bird-trap. Ran was watching him with interest. Anthony, looking out at them, remembered many a time when he had sat there splitting tobacco-sticks for the same purpose.

Hector took up the discourse. "Ran!" he said, and paused to wrestle with a knot.

"What?"

"Mamma says we must not talk about Aunt Neelie. I asked her what made Aunt Neelie so nasty, one day, and she said when I got old, and had lots of trouble, and a pain in my back 'most all the time, I wouldn't like folks to call me nasty. And I reckon I wouldn't, neither. She tells us bully stories sometimes, too, and then I almost like her. Maybe when she gets to heaven, where her back can't ache, and the coffee won't ever be burnt, and the rolls won't ever be sour, she'll be real pleasant."

Ran pushed back his hat with his hand until the brim rested on the mass of curls on his shoulders, and regarded his brother steadfastly, an expression of dismay on his face that was comical. Evidently the future held possibilities for which he was unprepared.

"Is Aunt Neelie going to heaven?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Of course she is," responded Hector. "There ain't any other place for her to go. She's old, and she's a woman. You

couldn't say a woman was going to hell, could you? I'd like to know what sort of manners you'd call *that*. Of course, she's going to heaven."

With which triumphant settlement of the difficulties of the future state on the plain principles of life laid down for him here below by his very old-fashioned mother, Hector returned to his whittling.

Ran pondered. "Hec," he said, "I reckon she will go in a good way ahead of us, and she's sure not to like it down by the gate, because she'll think somebody else has got a better place. I tell you what we'll do: we'll squat down right by the middle walk, behind the box-bushes, and wait till we hear some of the angels talking about her and saying where she's gone, and then we'll clip the other way and hunt for father."

"That ain't a good way," objected Hector: "you're sure to meet her walking round, anyhow: so there isn't any use of dodging. You can't stay in one place fifty hundred millions of years without seeing all the people."

"Can't I?"—despondently; then, with more hopefulness, "I can everlasting toddle, Hec, and Aunt Neelie walks so slow. When I see her coming towards me, you just watch out *sharp,* and you will see one little angel *hustle*."

SEARCH FOR THE VOUDOU

From 'Mammy Mystic.' Copyright, 1905, The Merriam Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

When the scheme was unfolded to the little negress she abhorred it. There were snakes in the swamp, she declared vigorously, and alligators, and "har'nts." Mammy Mystic would find out about it and whip her. She was "afeard" all around, and more than willing to wait for a natural unfolding of the mystery. But Eugénie was not. No appointed time of disclosure awaited in her future and her curiosity burned like a live coal. Wait she would not. She domineered over Chance and hectored until she finally carried her point. Chance could not "cross her heart" to the fact of the swamp being infested by ghosts (the only manifestation of evil feared by the white child) and could only bring forward conjecture, founded on

the hypothesis that if the bayous were haunted (and everybody knew they were) the swamp must be also. This Eugénie refused to admit. Many people had been drowned in the bayous and that, of course, made a difference.

Fortune favored the small conspirators above their deserts. The very next afternoon, about sundown, word was brought from the village that old Toinette Wild, a notorious politician and ringleader among the blacks, lay *in extremis,* and that none of the negroes about were willing to shroud her when the spirit should pass. She had been accounted a "cunjer-queen" of exceptional potency, and to her race had been an object of terror for years. Whether the superstitious blacks expected the devil to come for his own in person is an open question, but as the end approached excitement and terror among them rose to such a pitch that a deputation had been sent for Mammy Mystic, who was supposed to possess courage and occultism sufficient to cope with the devil on his own ground. Mystic obeyed the summons for reasons of her own, not unconnected with a desire to pose startlingly before her people and enjoy to the full mysterious supremacy.

At Eugénie's solicitation Chance was accorded permission to spend the night on the nursery floor. Nothing could possibly be better, and the spirits of the children rose to high-water mark. They giggled and romped until tea-time, and during that meal Eugénie could scarcely conduct herself with decorum. It seemed to her that bed-time would never come, or the house quiet down for the night. There was no difficulty about keeping awake. Chance spread her blankets close beside Eugénie's little bed, and the pair whispered and thrilled as the moments dragged themselves along. When the clock struck eleven Eugénie cast aside her bed-clothes and leaped to the floor.

"I can't wait another single minute," she declared excitedly. "Auntie's been upstairs hours, and everybody's bound to be dead asleep by now. Help me button my shoes, Chancie, and find a dark frock. We've got to be dark all over, and steal just as easy."

In ten minutes the dressing was complete and the pair sallied forth into the night. The moon was full and flooded the earth with radiance so that they were not at all afraid. The trees on the lawn stood out sharply and the shrubberies seemed

to huddle and cast shadows. The house stood silent as a ship becalmed in an ocean of stillness. The children set out running. In the stable-yard the big bloodhound came out of his kennel and barked. Eugénie spoke to him and he relapsed into amiability and manifested willingness to join the expedition. This could not be permitted, so by threatening pantomime, they sought to impress upon him that his escort would be superfluous. Old Neptune, however, scented diversion, and with tail a-wag set them gayly at defiance. "He'll spoil everything—barking and making a fuss," fretted Eugénie. "How can we creep easy with him bouncing about like a bear?"

Then Chance, never without resources, produced a biscuit, intended for her own refreshment, and toted the dog back to his kennel and chained him.

In the cotton-field the pods were beginning to burst for the picking. The plants looked like branching candelabra, with snow in the candle-cups instead of tapers. In a few days the entire field would be foam-crested with the fleece. The familiar place looked mysterious and alien in the moonlight: the children scuttled along between the rows like rabbits.

The swamp seemed more mysterious still, weird and unaccountably different. The track, used for carting out cypress shingles, was narrow, but well defined. On either hand was swamp-ooze, set with tussocks and saw-grass, and beyond cane-brakes and heavier jungle.

The moonlight fell clear until the path entered the swamp when a screen seemed to interpose and break the light into patches. The atmosphere grew dense with moisture and the exhalations of dank, decaying vegetation. The jungle thickened; bay trees, magnolias and cypress mingled with the canes and were matted with a dark entanglement of creepers. Overhead the branches pushed close and waved spectral, trailing dependencies of moss. The silence was so intense that the children could count their own heart-beats. They pressed close together, holding hands, and scurried along, impressed by the loneliness, and becoming conscious of the awe which, with children, is the ante-chamber of terror.

"It'll be light in the clearing," Eugénie promised. "It's big and open. The moon can shine good. And there'll be fires. Tom told about fires"

Chance made no rejoinder. The adventure was beginning to pall on her.

Momentarily, the silence seemed to deepen and expand. Not a breath stirred, not a twig creaked. The very owls and insects were voiceless. Even the tree-toads and alligators had given over grunting and booming and were wrapped in slumber. Eugénie began to whistle, trilling out her notes like a mocking-bird.

"You better heish makin' dat fuss," snapped her companion. "Folks comin' 'long behin' hear you an' ketch we-all."

"So they will," acquiesced Eugénie, desisting. "I forgot." The idea of other humanity abroad made her more cheerful. Her spirits rose, and she made a succession of jumps, dragging Chance after her.

"Do you reckon there'll be many folks at the clearing, Chancie?" she queried.

"Dunno," was the cross retort.

"What do you think?"

But instead of considering the question Chance leapt nimbly into the air shrieking, "Oh, Lawdy! oh, Lawdy!" and began to run with all her might. Eugénie, frightened out of her wits, raced after, but the little negro was going at full speed, and it was fully five minutes before she caught up.

"What was it?" she gasped.

"A snake," Chance gasped back. "I trod plumb on his back. He wiggled bof' sides o' my foot an' his ole tail hit 'gin my leg. Oh! Lawdy! I'se so skeered!" then viciously, "I *tole* you to keep out'n dis pisen snaky ole place. I *tole* you!" Her voice trailed off into a whimper.

"Did he bite you?" whimpered Eugénie, in turn. "Let's go home, Chancie. I'm 'fraid! I don't like it out here. It's so lonesome. Let's go home."

"I ses so too," sobbed Chance. "But how we-all gwine git by dat snake? He done quirl up by now an' he mout strike we-all passin'. He quirled soon as I hopped off'n him."

Can't we run fast and *jump* when he get to the place?" Eugénie suggested.

"Whar's de place?"

The pertinence of this query reduced Eugénie to helplessness. She knew no more than Chance did how far they had

run. The moonlight had waned perceptibly; soon it would vanish altogether. She glanced skyward in desperation and sobbed under her breath.

From somewhere, close at hand, came a scratching, rasping sound, as of claws against wood. An opossum was scrambling down a cypress trunk and grunting as he came. The children clung together in an agony of terror, their teeth chattered and their flesh stirred on their bones. To their quickened imaginations the sounds were invested with awful significance. The only explanation of them which presented itself was that a monstrous bear, or a grim and grisly wolf was at hand ravening for their blood. They cowered with trembling legs and extremities of ice. Their teeth chattered audibly.

"Let's pray," suggested Eugénie in desperation, feeling that something must be done to relieve the situation.

"Tain't no use," moaned Chance. "Dat varmint gwine crack we-all's bones befo' we fetch amen. Gawd ain't in no sich place as dis nohow. Dis de debbil's hole, dis is. Gawd ain't got no business here."

Through the swamp suddenly pealed the eldritch mirth of a great laughing owl, beginning with a high note, like a shriek, and trailing into a prolonged demoniac chuckling. To the horror-stricken children the laughter seemed omnipresent, in the air, in the jungle to right and left, above and around them. They shrieked in unison. "It's a har'nt! It's a har'nt!" and their hair lifted itself.

"*Run!*" breathed Eugénie, veering in her tracks.

The hideous hilarity broke forth again, multiplied by the echoes into all pervasive ghastliness. The children stood not on the order of their going. Helter-skelter, pell-mell, now one, now the other in the lead, they raced back the way they had come, sobbing and stumbling in the semi-darkness and to themselves, seeming to run with weighted feet. They forgot the snake, they even forgot the newer terror of five minutes back, everything was submerged by an overwhelming superstitious dread of some awful, invisible presence which mocked them with laughter and, for aught they could tell, might race at their heels with clutching hands and eyes of evil.

Back through the cypress belt, back through the jungles

and cane-brakes, out into the open, where saw-grass and lily-pads bordered the track, the children sped like hunted things. They were breathless and spent but they dared not stop. The moonlight was gone, the starlight might follow, and darkness descend upon the world before they could get through the big gate and across the cotton-field.

What was that moving among the cotton, like a jack-o'-lantern leaping, flickering and dancing? What sound was it booming like a bell, full, sonorous. Heaven defend them! What monster was this bounding towards them? Cut off front and rear, desperate and demoralized, the terrified children fell in a heap and huddled together, while old Neptune bounded nearer and nearer, his trailing note changing into a quick bark of exultation.

Mammy Mystic, Millie, and black Stephen, the latter's husband, hurried up and bent over the children with wonderment, questions, and keen words of rebuke. What were they doing out of their beds at that hour of the night? And where had they been?

"We wanted to see the Voudou," sobbed Eugénie, clinging to Mammy Mystic. "We went in the swamp like Tom Thurrow and a haunt chased us out."

The child, wild with terror and excitement, trembled like a leaf, and Mammy Mystic lifted her in her arms, soothing her with soft Creole mother-words. She had come home from Toinette's earlier than she had expected and discovered the absence of the children. After searching the house for them she had run straight to her daughter's cabin, leaving Mrs. Philip all unnerved and hysterical, to rouse up Millie and Steve for the search. Old Neptune was a blood-hound of the old breed, and a rare trailer, so they had taken him along.

Mrs. Philip was exceedingly annoyed and, when the judge returned the following day, complained of Eugénie in unmeasured terms. If the child were allowed to run wild without rebuke there was no telling what mischief and danger she might get into. The judge himself was troubled, and laid upon Eugénie, and also upon the servants, strict orders that there should be no more such adventures. When questioned as to her motive for embarking on such an expedition, Eugénie curled her arms around her father's neck and coaxed and

evaded. All her instincts were secretive, so she held back the true reason and declared instead that she had gone for a frolic and to frighten Chance.

THE FLOOD

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"LIKE a thief in the night." The simile is hackneyed, but it will serve, for so the water came. The overplus of spring, rivulet, and brook, with the accumulated wash of the mountain-sides, had swelled the river to a mighty torrent which poured itself through the valley in a perfect flood. From hillside to hillside the water went with a current in the middle like a mill-race. The rail-road bridge was still standing, but the water had swept around both ends, isolating it like a scrap of wire fence in the middle of a prairie. Against it, on the upper side, a huge hammock had formed, and it was only a question of moments, and a few more logs and trees, ere the whole structure must give way; so impotent is iron, and cunning handiwork, against the power of such agents of destruction as weight and water.

All the villagers, men, women, children, and dogs, were abroad upon the hillside, wondering, gazing, commenting, and questioning. The railway-track was seven feet under water, and the river was still rising.

"Thar goes Rideout's sto'," remarked Knapp, the carpenter, "startin' out down country on er v'yage o' diskivery. Look how well she holds together; every log an' plank in place as solid as the day I j'ined 'em." The speaker paused to regard his handiwork with pride. "Thar she swings out into the current—bound for Tennessee. I call that a good squar' lead."

"Ther depot's 'bout followin' suit," observed Thrasher fishing in his pocket for a twist of home-made tobacco, and helping himself to a liberal "chaw."

The depot building moved slightly, lifted, turned slowly with a waltzing motion, and drifted off down stream. Telegraph-posts followed, washed up and falling like trees with a sullen splash. A stack or two of rough food, straw and fodder came sailing by, bowing and bending with the motion of the

water. Then more logs and a great pile of drift. And the river was still rising.

John, Dick, and Ralph Woody went out to the extreme end of a knoll of ground that was now a peninsula, and stood looking down on the flood with vivid interest. A hammock of fence-rails, planks, and *débris,* carried by the current around the end of the bridge, drifted past the spot where they stood; there was a dead tree lying across it, with three or four chickens perched among its branches; a drowned hog was caught between two of the planks. The men looked at each other, but said nothing. More trash, and the body of a dead horse; then something square and large like a great dark box, that turned over and over as it floated down; then another dead horse. Dick glanced round with a great fear in his eyes. "The stage!" he said hoarsely.

"Thet fust horse was Carter's dun mare, an' the other—"

"Was mine," finished John, with a break in his voice—"I know. And Charlie?"

"They'll be out on the hillside safe enough. Carter ain't one to be took onawar' an' lose his head. He knows the ways of water good es any man upon the mountain. Old man Carter knows what to do in er freshet. Depen' upon it he had all ther folks out on ther hillside long afore the wust come. The stable an' lot is a sight nigher the river then the house." Woody spoke reassuringly, but his heart was small and faint within him.

The sun, clear and bright, rose above the crests of the eastern mountains, and sent long level rays like golden fingers across the tree-tops and the valley, touching the breast of the raging flood and the anxious brows of the pallid groups. And the river rose and rose, inch by inch, foot by foot; and the people waited breathless.

A sound from up by the bridge—a crashing, and tearing and rending, high above the steady monotonous roar of the water. The iron-work was giving way, was snapping like glass before the assault of the terrible battering-ram the flood was hurling against it. A house, driven end foremost against the pile of logs and *débris* already collected; a house with human beings—men, women, little children—on the roof, crouching, clinging in mortal terror to the very shingles; the wild

wail of whose agony and fear rose high above the fury of the flood, as the house struck. The bridge parted; the hammock, freed at last, broke and floated down stream in fragments; the house remained for a moment stationary, hung against the masonry of the middle pier. God! for power to save them! for strength to hold back the death-torrent! The house bent with the force of the current, recovered itself, bent again. Dick thrust himself in front of John, and held him forcibly back behind his broad shoulder: he *should not* see it. The flooring of the bridge gave way, the house swung round with a sudden lurch as it was caught by the unobstructed might of the torrent; one end caught against the pier held it still, it careened to one side more and more, the water was too strong, and it capsized slowly. A wail broke from the helpless spectators. Women cast their aprons over their faces and sobbed aloud, and men wrung their hard hands together and groaned.

Is there no end to tragedy? Something else comes floating down the death-stream, past the ruined bridge, in the wake of the house which had proved a sepulchre. A boat; one of the kind peculiar to the rivers of the South—flat-bottomed, almost square at stem and stern, but raked so as to ride the water like a duck. In it stood a boy, waving his hands to them entreatingly, calling aloud in a voice inaudible to them, lost in the roar of the flood. As it neared they saw something white lying in the bottom of the boat, huddled in a heap at the boy's feet.

"It's Charlie!" muttered John, hoarsely, and began to tear off his coat, forgetful of his fifty years and his eighteen-stone weight.

Dick caught him by the arm. "Hold on, John!" he cried, "you can't do it man; you'll be drowned afore you've gone fifty yards. Hand along thet rope, Thrasher; and stand by, fellows, to haul in when I give ther sign. I'm goin'."

And in less than a moment he was stripped to the trousers, had a rope fastened securely under his shoulders, and a knife between his teeth to cut it if it should foul, and was up to his neck in the turbid flood.

Woody, with his legs well apart and his back braced against a tree, paid out the rope steadily, while Thrasher and John stood by watchfully, ready to render aid at a second's notice.

The rest of the villagers, scenting the new excitement, came hurrying up; and Knapp, at John's suggestion, tore off to the store for more rope.

Dick was a stout swimmer and a wary one. Where the water was backed over the land the work was easy. With great, strong strokes he swam, going with the current, and saving his strength for the dash into the strong water when the boat should drift near enough. On it came, the boy kneeling in the head watching eagerly the white mass in the bottom motionless. Gathering all his strength, Dick drew hard on the rope to slacken it, and dashed into the current. It was hard work, cruel work, battling with the greedy water for its prey; but he fought on with the dauntless resolution that was part of his nature.

The great muscles stood out in the powerful arms; the broad, bare chest rose and fell with each magnificent stroke as evenly and rhythmically as a piece of machinery; the blue eyes were steady and very watchful. They neared each other, the drifting boat and the struggling man. John fell on his knees and cried aloud, "God help him!" and the crowd took it up, crying too, "God help him!"

Woody paid out steadily, letting the rope slip through his hands swiftly as it was needed. The two objects in the water were approaching still more nearly to each other. The boy leaned far over the side, in his eagerness, and stretched out his hand. Dick caught at it, missed it; caught at it again, and was drawn to the side of the boat. A mighty shout went up from the people, who cried, "Thank God! thank God!" But the end was not yet.

Dick swam by the side of the boat, with one hand on the gunwale; but both were in the current drifting down, and there was danger of the rope fouling and dragging him under. Suddenly the strain on it ceased; it hung limp in Woody's hand, and he pulled it in, a yard at a time. Had it broken? The men groaned in terror and excitement as the boat drifted on.

About a mile below, a great mountain-spur jutted boldly out into the valley, causing the river to make a sharp bend in order to sweep around it. In the elbow formed by this bluff the flood was backed, making a great pond of eddy-water comparatively still. As the current rushed down the centre chan-

nel, floating drift was cast aside by the force of the sweep into this eddy, where it circled slowly and lodged against the bluff. Already great logs and piles of *débris* formed hammocks against the hillside, and Dick noticed the action of the water as he swam. If there had been a paddle, a bit of board, or even a shingle in the boat, he would have scrambled in and endeavored to guide the little vessel into the eddy; but there was nothing. He must try to draw it to the edge of the current by swimming, and let the water throw him out. Hauling up the rope, he made Charlie cut it and fasten one end to the head of the boat, passing it through a hole and doubling it around his shoulders for greater strength. Then swimming obliquely, he drew the boat after him, fighting inch by inch, but gaining slowly. All the long mile the battle continued, until at last victory was achieved. The boat, drawn from the swiftest of the current, was thrown into the eddy-water, where Dick, well-nigh exhausted, laid his hand again on the gunwale to guide her and let her float down towards the bluff.

The men, who had kept pace with them by running and scrambling along the hillside, climbed out over the trash and hammocks, regardless of holes and the danger of rolling logs, intent only on getting at the boat and its occupants. Dick had contrived to wedge it into a tolerably secure place near the shore, and had climbed into it, cutting himself free of the rope. He was bending down close over something in the bottom of the boat, shielding it from sight with his body. "Throw me a coat!" he called; and Woody stripped off his and threw it. Dick rose up presently with something in his arms closely enveloped in the folds of the heavy garment, and leaning over, gently put it into Woody's arms. It was small and very heavy —the body of a little child.

Then Dick stepped on to the hammock himself with the form of a woman in his arms; a woman in a long white night-dress that clung wet and close to her form, defining every splendid line and curve, from the superb bust and shoulders to the slender, rounded ankles. Her face, pallid as marble, rested against Dick's breast, and her long black hair, heavy with water, trailed in a dripping mass over his bare white arm and shoulder. Somebody—John—handed him another coat, and he wrapped it around her.

HUNTING THE WILD TURKEY

From 'Burkett's Lock.' Copyright, F. Tennyson Neely, Publisher, and used here by permission.

Not a breath stirred, and the world waited for the dawn-wonder. In the dimness, the trees held naked arms aloft, and every bush and twig uplifted itself with sturdy aspiration and silently accumulated energy, with slow compacting of bark and fibre, to meet the stir and impulse of the spring. Tom dropped on his knees on a mossy stone and laid his lips to the surface of the water, drawing it in in deep draughts. When he lifted his face the long ends of his sandy mustache were dripping and bedraggled, like the feathers of a rooster caught out in a storm. He dried it on his coat-sleeve, as is nature's instinct, and rose to his feet, glancing in the direction of the cabin as he did so. The moon, reduced to a specter, lay against the cold gray of the sky, like a pale anemone against a lime-stone boulder. Around the eastern horizon a narrow line of light conveyed the intelligence that the nations in the far places of the earth had entered on their heritage of rest.

From the log hen-house behind the cabin a couple of roosters voiced their discovery of dawn with as much eagerness as though it had been an unprecedented happening. They could not get over it, or their own joy, and crowed singly and then together, piling up testimony in duet and solo so that there should be no mistake about the matter. And, as if in response to their urgency, a thin trail of smoke rose from the cabin chimney and floated upward, showing that the fire had been stirred and fresh chips laid on, with a thought of breakfast in the background. The door opened and a man stepped out on the porch with a gun in his hand: the voices of dogs whimpering in an out-house attracted Tom's attention, and explained the phenomenon of his own unchallenged approach.

"Rob fastened up the dogs over-night," he soliloquized. "He's gwine to his turkey-blind most likely."

His eyes followed Rob as he crossed the clearing and jumped the draw-bars at the side beyond the cabin. It was not much of a jump, for half the bars lay on the ground, since there was nothing in the field for the cattle to hurt, but Rob took it at long range from sheer pleasure in his own agility.

Tom had no impulse to join his rival, or to exchange gratuitous civilities with him, so he waited at the spring until Rob should strike into the path lower down and get ahead of him. When he had allowed the hunter what he considered a sufficient start, Tom resumed his own journey down the mountain.

The light had increased, and aided by the reflection from the snow, was strong enough to make objects visible, and to etch the bare branches with tolerable distinctness on the cold background furnished by atmospheric distance. The thought crossed Tom's mind that the hunter must have overslept himself—"bein' Sunday," and that a trip to a turkey-blind so close on sunrise would be love's labor lost.

"Wild turkeys air gifted fowels," he pondered, with insight gained by experience, "Havin' to look out fur number one an' scuffle fur a livin' sharpens birds ther same as humans—keeps ther intellecks God A'mighty gin 'em in prime runnin' order. *Keen* ain't ther word fur thar eyes an' y' ears an' it's my belief them old gawblers kin smell too, same as a fox-hound. An' notice!—thar ain't nothin' gwine little enough fur 'em to miss! It's plumb curious! Every stick an' limb an' scrop o' bresh you lay on a blind have got to be stole thar—one at a time, an' days an' days between licks so them durned razor-edged creeters kin count it natu'l growin'. Then ther baitin'!—just as percise as stalkin' deer an' heap mo' troublesome. An' at last, when you come to shoot, if you ain't squattin' in their blind an hour befo' they git thar, or so much as break a stick onbeknownst—good-bye-turkey! Funny how tamin' 'em thickens up thar senses. A tame turkey is a natu'l born fool."

Tom's ruminations on the deleterious effects of domestication were cut short by a sound in the woods. He instantly paused, with eyes alert and attention keenly arrested—it was the note of a wild turkey. An answering call came from the other side, from the direction in which Tom supposed the blind to be. His practiced ear unconsciously analyzed the quick, sharp notes, and his inward comment was that Rob's turkey-bone had a flaw in it. The imitation of the wild bird's call was fairly good, but not perfect; the second effort was better but still not up to nature, and the suspicious old gobbler, who had opened the conversation, seemed to feel a want, for he plainly came to a halt and called again. Rob replied, and

now it would have required a subtle ear to detect a difference between the sounds. About fifteen yards ahead of the spot where Tom stood, a fallen log lay beside the path with a fringe of bushes close up to it. The bushes stirred, parted, and a splendid gobbler appeared upon the log; he lifted his scarlet head and turned it this way and that, as though taking observations, and having satisfied himself that the coast was clear —for Tom, at sight of him, had dodged behind a tree—opened his wings a little and jumped from the log, with a clucking call intended to reassure his following. Another, and another bird crossed the log and the path and disappeared in the woods in the wake of the first. Tom's quick eye numbered them—twenty-five, at least, and half of them, apparently, gobblers. His sporting instincts kindled, and he longed for a gun with ardor. Rob's seductive call sounded once more from the wood.

"Thet fellow gits all ther luck," growled Tom discontentedly. "He never even made thet blind. Connor done it himself befo' Chris'mas, an' then got tuckered out baitin' an' let Rob take the job. Rob air same as a possum 'bout gutherin' arter t'other folks plantin'."

Tom had yet to learn the world-old lesson that the successful man is not the man who simply labors, but he who can seize opportunity. Toil counts for much in life, but quick perception and instant adaptation count for more.

"I could spile his fun by creepin' through ther bushes an' mockin' a fox or some y'uther varmint," his thought ran on; "I could skeer them turkeys in-about to death. If t'warn't such a free-nigger trick I'd do it too. He'll git a gawbler this mornin' sure an' maybe three or four. When thar heads air down, pickin' corn, an' ther sight's good, I've know'd a prime passel kilt in a couple o' shots. I'd like to see what out he makes. Maybe I kin git close enough to view th'out spilin' sport."

He turned aside into the woods, stepping cautiously and following the tracks of the turkeys, distinctly visible in the snow. Once or twice he paused to listen, and then moved forward carefully. The blind was nearer than he had supposed, in a little hollow, or more accurately, slight depression in the hillside. Tom approached as near as he dared, and then noiselessly climbed a tree, to give himself every advantage.

For a few yards the ground was comparatively level and had been utilized for a field of action. Not a bush, nor stone, nor bit of brush, had been meddled with; but the fallen leaves had been moved aside to make a baiting-place in the center, with "leaders" from it into the woods in various directions. The blind was a mere brush-heap, disposed as naturally as possible, behind which a man could crouch and through the interstices of which he must take his chance of hitting his game. The pile of corn at the central baiting-place, and in the little trails leading from it, had been covered by the snow, but Tom could see that fresh grain had been scattered about, and a good deal of it in line with the blind.

The turkeys were busy with their breakfast, but huddled together so that to shoot among them might be productive of more terror than execution. Tom could see the hunter lift his head and peer cautiously through the brush: he was waiting for the flock to spread out and give him a better shot. The sun just showed a rim above the eastern mountains and the level light-rays glinted along the burnished backs of the bending birds and struck out prismatic reflections: the crimson of their wattles came out bravely against the whiteness of the snow. They had laid aside all caution, and every bird had breakfast in his mind and naught besides, and pushed and huddled against his neighbors in efforts to secure the major portion of the food for himself. Soon they began to spread out, following the lines of corn. Rob raised himself, crouching upwards inch by inch, and swerving sideways to rid himself of the brush. The watcher felt a thrill of excitement tingle along his nerves, his hand closed on a near limb as though it had been a gun-barrel; involuntarily he closed one eye and inclined his head a little for the sight.

Four splendid gobblers were in line, their heads almost together, their bodies even, like soldiers on parade. Beyond them a group of seven or eight fed toward the blind. Rob had inched himself to the edge of the brush-heap; he was on his knees, the gun against his shoulder: the gobblers' heads were down; he crouched lower, aimed steadily, and sent the contents of both barrels, in quick succession, into the flock.

What followed was like the transformation scene at a theater. The turkeys started, leaped upward with cries of

alarm and amazement, and vanished into the woods on every side, leaving their dead on the field. In a quarter of a second not a living feather was in sight, and hardly a sound of the stampede audible in the bushes.

Rob advanced, gun in hand, to examine his game. The charge had been heavy and the range close: three of the four gobblers had been beheaded as cleanly as though guillotined. The second shot, although not so pretty, had been equally effective, and Rob was surrounded by trophies of his success seven in number.

Tom slipped down from his post of observation and came forward, quick with the sportsman's instinct of helping to secure game.

"Mornin', Rob," he called, accounting for himself at once. "I seed you come out as I passed the clearin' along about daybreak, an' I 'lowed you was arter turkeys. The critters crossed the path lower down an' I crept in arter 'em to see ther fun. You done some toler'ble pretty shootin' just now."

Rob pushed his hat backward and held out his hand. "Mornin'," he answered cheerily; "I'd have done better with a better gun. Them durned skittish fowels don't give a muzzle-loader much chance. If you're tol'r'ble spry an' have luck, you git in a couple o' shots an' thar's the end o' your tether. Whyn't you sing out when you seed me? I'd have fetched you out a gun. 'Twas a pretty passel o' turkeys."

"Mighty pretty," Tom assented, catching up one of the gobblers by the legs and weighing it in his hand. "Them fellows ought to dress twenty pounds apiece. What air you aimin' to do with 'em?"

"Eat some, an' sell some," Rob replied laconically. "They'll fetch somthin', I reckon, in the Marshal market," Tom observed. "Ther winter's been open so far, an' thar ain't been the glut o' game that comes with a snowy season. It's in better order too. I'll help you tote it home if you want me."

The offer was accepted, and the men shouldered the game and proceeded with it to the cabin in the clearing.

LOUISA S. McCORD

[1810—1879]

CLELIA P. McGOWAN

LOUISA S. McCORD was born in 1810 in Charleston, South Carolina. Her father, the Honorable Langdon Cheves, was one of the most highly gifted of the many remarkable men claimed by the county of Abbeville, South Carolina, and his daughter inherited much of his force and vigor of intellect. Many articles from her pen in *DeBow's Review* and the *Southern Quarterly* show her literary ability and her entire familiarity with the burning political and economic questions of that day and generation.

Langdon Cheves, Member of Congress in 1810, Judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, 1816, was in 1819 elected president of the United States Bank. This position, and a subsequent office as Chief Commissioner of Claims under the Treaty of Ghent, necessitated his residence in Philadelphia for a number of years. There Louisa attended the school of an accomplished Irishman, Mr. Grimshaw, and later, studying with Mr. and Mrs. Picot, French emigrés, became a proficient French scholar, to the end of her life speaking French as easily as English.

As young girls, she and her sister saw something of life in Washington, where, as well as at the residence her father owned in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the home also of President Buchanan, Louisa Cheves had the opportunity of associating with and observing distinguished men from other sections of the country. All of these circumstances went to develop and mould the remarkable mind and character which were later to expend themselves so nobly.

Early in life she inherited the large plantation known as "Lang Syne," near Fort Motte, South Carolina, mention of which to-day among her descendants seems to bring up an overwhelming rush of memories and personal experiences, or those so often heard as to seem personal. Well organized, with many arrangements for the health and comfort of the "people," as the negroes were called, this plantation, making constant demand on all the faculties, developed the practical side of her nature, and gave her training for the larger work awaiting her. Here she had for her negroes a hospital and a day nursery, both under her personal supervision. She was a fearless rider, making her daily rounds of inspection of the plantation

work on horseback. Her home was most hospitable, but there was no display. She used to say that "women with three hundred children could not afford diamonds."

In 1840 she married David J. McCord of Columbia, and for thirteen years she knew that happiness which wedded life, where minds as well as hearts are congenial, alone can give. Their interests were the same in public questions and private studies. Their writing tables stood on either side of the big open fireplace in the library at Lang Syne, and there was constant interchange of sympathy and criticism. Her literary work was limited to those years. After her husband's death and a succession of family bereavements her health and eyesight failed. Two years were spent in Europe, where she received kindness and attention from literary people and others to whom she carried letters.

As her son grew older, more time was spent in Columbia for the necessary educational facilities, and the life there was largely in the circle of college professors and other friends of "old Columbia" society. In the war between the States this only son lost his life at the age of twenty-one, January 23, 1863. During the remaining years of the war, Mrs. McCord devoted her utmost strength and means to alleviating the sufferings of the Southern soldiers, and in otherwise aiding the Cause. She was first president of the Soldiers' Relief Association, and chief worker in the Government hospital established in the South Carolina College. She conducted a soup-kitchen in her own home, where from fifty to a hundred men were fed day after day for many months; and on the plantation she set up work-shops of all kinds. Cloth was woven, shoes were made, the hair of rabbits, spun with old silk ravelings, was knitted into gloves, lead from an elaborate system of water-works was sent to make bullets; and, in the midst of all this, she accomplished her task of knitting three socks every day, including Sunday. Under such pressure of grief, anxiety, and exhausting physical exertion, the mind still struggled for expression as of old, in scattered lines written on bits of newspaper and old envelopes.

After the war Mrs. McCord spent the remaining years of her life with her daughters, and died in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1879.

In making any estimate of Mrs. McCord's literary work it is necessary to take into consideration the extraordinary epoch during which she lived, the circumstances of her life and the atmosphere which surrounded her, all of which have been indicated in this personal sketch.

That she should have found time to write at all is remarkable; that she should have written trenchant and able articles on political

and economic questions is more so. She made an admirable translation of Bastiat's 'Principles of Political Economy,' which might well be adapted for use in the public schools of this free country.

A little volume entitled 'My Dreams' contains the fugitive verse accredited to Mrs. McCord's pen. Here and there is seen the "gleam of true poetic fervor" of which she speaks in the dedication of this little volume to her father, but in no one instance is there any theme, or handling of theme, suggestive of the force and fire which make her poetic tragedy, "Caius Gracchus" a thing of life. It is deeply touching and significant in reading this "Tragedy in Five Acts" to see that Mrs. McCord all unwittingly foreshadows her own tragic future. She was indeed a Mother of Gracchi, after the death of her only boy, seeing in every Southern soldier another son for sacrifice.

Honorable W. P. Miles, Member of Confederate Congress and president of South Carolina College in 1880, says of the "Caius Gracchus": "It abounds in striking passages full of high and noble thoughts, clothed in language well fitted to give them just expression. The characters of Gracchus and Cornelia are given in accordance with their traditional reputations; and the former, with due poetic license as the hero of the play, is portrayed in fairest hues as the ideal patriot and citizen. Some of his speeches are very fine and effective. 'Caius Gracchus,' like many plays written by some of the first English authors, is a 'closet drama' not intended for the stage. But that it shows strong dramatic power, and a high poetic faculty and sentiment, even the casual reader must admit."

Going further than this, the "Caius Gracchus" is a well considered and well sustained drama, on classic lines which can never be out of date. It compares most favorably with the work of Stephen Phillips and M. Rostand, who hold the highest place among the few modern dramatists. Studying "Caius Gracchus," it is easy to believe that had the hard and iron hand of war and much adversity not been laid so heavily on this mind, almost virile in its forces, Southern literature would have been made richer by her works.

CAIUS GRACCHUS

CHARACTERS

CAIUS GRACCHUS,
OPIMIUS, } Roman
LUCULLUS, } Senators
POMPONIUS, } Friends
LICINIUS, } of Gracchus
FULVIUS, Factious Citizen
SEPTIMULIEUS, Citizen
LIVIUS DRUSUS, Tribune
PHILOCRATES, Slave of Gracchus
CORNELIA, Mother of Gracchus
LICINIA, Wife of Gracchus

Senators, Citizens, Tribune, Child, etc.

THE CLAMOR FOR GRACCHUS

From Act I, Scene I.

FIRST CITIZEN (*Aside*).

Thus they out-talk us. We had best away,
But let us give one cheer before we go. (*Aloud*)
Huzza for Caius Gracchus!

CITIZENS.

Huzza! huzza!
(*Exeunt Citizens with Pomponius.*)

LUCULLUS.

Do you note that?

OPIMIUS.

Ay, damn him! Note it well!
He'll be the incubus will ride us yet;
And faith, he'll spare no spurring when he mounts.
His flashing eye has that within it speaks
A daring spirit, near which, did he live,
Tiberius would seem mild and humble.
His voice has tones which strike into the heart.
I late was in Sardinia, and I heard
When he addressed the troops. There was a thrill
Upon each noted wording of his tongue
That made me shiver. While I hated him,
And could have plunged a dagger to his heart,
Tears crept into mine eyes, and I must weep.

When he upbraided them their want of duty,
It seemed myself had sinned, and been
The recreant soldier, whom his tongue disdained.
And when he spurred them to a nobler course,
My bounding heart burst forth in loud acclaim;
Spite of myself, it worshipped Caius Gracchus.
And yet I hate him. If his burning words
Can stamp them so, upon a heart like mine,
Which nature, circumstances, and every tie
Point him its bitter, great antagonist,
What wonder if the people hail him home,
Not with applause, but wild and frantic transport!

LUCULLUS.

He must not come; for the ripe city waits,
Like willing damsel, wanton at his wish,
To fall into his arms.

OPIMIUS.

He must not come,
If art or fraud can hinder. I have feared him
Since first (how well I note the day) he stood
Forgetting all the sham of modesty
That he had nursed to cheat our foresight off,
And in the rostra boldly dared to stand
In loud defence of Vettius. How he threw
From his bared shoulders the discarded gown!
Stamped, and strutted, in fierce passion casting
His fluent words in eloquent appeal
Forth to the trancèd people, who screamed out,
Well nigh mad for joy, their raptured triumph,
In hailing their plebeian orator.
I hate the villain, from my heart's deep core,
And I would scant at nothing which could cast
The people from their love and worship of him.
Pshaw! here comes trooping back the noisy crowd;
I have no stomach for their prate to-day—
Let us pass on. (*Exeunt*)

THE RETURN OF GRACCHUS

From Act I, Scene III.

LICINIA.

But mother, you
Methinks are hardly glad to know he's coming.
Your cheek has found no flush of expectation,
Your eye no glance of triumph. There you sit
And argue calmly, while I am mad
To strain him to my heart.

CORNELIA.

Your love, my child,
Is wild with youth. Mine, sobered with life's age,
By thought and sorrow tamed to curb itself,
Is therefore not less true, and might perchance
Die for the loved one, full as soon as yours.

LICINIA.

But tell me, mother, when you heard it said
Your son was coming home, why did a tear
Start to your eye? And while my poor heart beat
And fluttered with the wildness of its hope,
Why did you simply wipe that tear away,
Nor ever even say, "I'm glad to know it"?
Surely you love him, mother!

CORNELIA.

Surely, yes.
But see, the loved one here!

(*Enter Gracchus.*)

GRACCHUS.

Ah! my sweet bird,
Who watchest for thy mate, now tune thy song
To welcome home the wanderer. Mother, here
I bring you home the heart whose every thought
Hath been for you, this dear one, and for Rome.

CORNELIA.

Welcome to Rome, my boy.

LICINIA.

But thou art strange!
Why truly, mother, thou didst promise right
That I had lost my love. This is not he!
This bearded soldier, seamed and browned in the wars!

GRACCHUS.

What, saucy one! Would'st thou disown thy lord?
Nay, I am used to keep a stricter rule,
And will allow no mutiny in camp.
So rebel, come, that I may punish thee
With this, and this—and thus with kisses plague thee!

LICINIA.

Nay; get thee gone. I must perforce admit,
By these rough ways, thou'rt still the feather-head
Who left me here, some many years agone.
I thought thou hadst grown wiser.

GRACCHUS.

How's this, mother?
You have not been half strict enough, I fear,
In training of this sauce-box. But pardon,
I am a fool; for I stand trifling here,
The while your grave look holds some big import.
What is it, mother? Speak. I too have learned
To wrap me much in deeper thoughts of late.

LICINIA.

Nay, Gracchus—prithee, love! nay, not that look!
Thou mak'st me thus already weep to think
That thou art come again to this stern Rome.

GRACCHUS.

What, have you not grown older? Still the same?
My little pet must pout her rosy lip,
And sulk at business, when it rivals love!
Smooth down thy ruffled feathers, pretty one;
For surely not my wish, but need, doth force
My thought aside so soon, to wander from thee.
Mother, your anxious look should find its words.

CORNELIA.

Unwillingly, with harshness thus to break
Upon our happy meeting; but I fear
Each moment lost is so much life-blood drawn,
Weakening your cause, to make it hang its head
As evil-conscienced, or as sick at heart.
Rome's all a-fire; and your best lovers now
Half-turned against you, pondering, shake their heads.
As doubtful of your course.

GRACCHUS.

What! would they wish
To see me drag out life the Senate's drudge?
To rot away my soul, like worthless carcass
In the highway cast, for daws and crows to pick at!
Bear down my spirit to feebleness of age!
All for the profit of the proud usurpers,
Who from between our teeth the hard-earned bread
Snatch wantonly, to make them luxuries
At which the starving people stare, and wonder
What are their uses and their purposes!

CORNELIA.

Be cool! be cool! and heed that you do not,
In blaming one extreme, to the other rush.
But for the present, think first of yourself,
And purge yourself from rashness. Claim your right,
Making appeal to the censors of your cause.
Where you are slandered, charge the slander back,
And cleanse the name that envy seeks to blot.

GRACCHUS.

Mother, you're right. I loiter here too long.
Farewell, Licinia, I'll be quickly back.
Send your best wishes with me and take heart.

(*Exeunt.*)

THE TRIBUNE

From Act II, Scene II.

SEPTIMULIEUS.

I knew it! bless the Gods! We're now almost
Upon the ladder's top. The people's voice
Will hoist up Gracchus! Then, good luck, his friends!

FIRST CITIZEN.

Spite of the Senate they will make him tribune.

SEPTIMULIEUS.

Ay; to be sure they will! and he will make
A glorious tribune too! Pray ye, remember
I've always been his friend. No shuffler, I,
To catch the passing time. I've ever kept
My service in his cause, and I know too,
He notes my merits kindly.

(*Enter Fulvius.*)

FULVIUS.

Huzza, boys!
The votes are counted. Gracchus is our tribune!
Huzza for Caius Gracchus!

CITIZENS.

Huzza! huzza!

SEPTIMULIEUS.

I told you so! I'm one of his best friends!
Huzza for Caius Gracchus!

FIRST CITIZEN.

Now we've got
A tribune who, as cunningly as need be,
May pose the law against your Livius Drusus.

FULVIUS.

Ay, let our lordly rulers champ the bit
And fret their hearts out; 'tis not like that Gracchus
Will abdicate the tribuneship to please them.

He's fairly mounted and he'll ride them down.
'Twill do me good to see the proud patrician
Bending beneath the spur, plunging and foaming,
Like high-bred courser vaulting from the will
Of who would ride him: forced again to crouch,
Groaning in mingled rage and agony,
Till whip and spur at last have done their work,
And the proud blood is tamed to bow its neck,
Offering its head to meet the steady rein
Which leads him to his task.

UNWELCOME COUNSELLINGS

From Act II, Scene IV.

GRACCHUS.

But you are too unruly. You have schooled
The citizens to riot. When they should
By hardy temperance, steady perseverance,
Push on to their great end, you rouse them idly
To drinking and excess. Those powers of mind
Which to a resolute effort should be turned
You make them drown in license and debauch.

FULVIUS.

Why, one would think, you had not yet unlearned
Your school-boy lesson; that you truly deemed
The popular majesty an enthronèd thought,
And not a joke to gull the dirty crowd
And coax the votes from its high mightiness.

GRACCHUS.

You word it well; an enthronèd thought it is!
The might of mind, whose myriad streamlets meet,
One gathered flood of condensed light to form.
Each dirty rivulet its ripple brings,
Which in the sweeping current mingling, drops
Its dust and dross. Its purer part goes on,
And on, and on—until at last the whole,
By the great alchemy of reason, flows
Pure as it must be, from its origin.
Thought sprang from God, and all bestained with earth,

Struggling and creeping still, at last the truth
Is forced upon the day. The world's great mind
Though stumbling off in error, must at last
Work out its vexed problem, and perfection
Wrought from reflected deity in man,
Burst sun-like from the mist of error forth.

FULVIUS.

Strange pantheon this our mottled world, in sooth,
Of embryo deities? At a cheap rate
You make your Gods,
Who trick themselves in wisdom,
Picked up, 'twould seem, in filth and public gutters.
Yon drunken blackguard, rolling in the dust,
And yonder snub-nosed, wide-mouthed, gaping clown,
With their shag-heads, and vacant staring eyes,
Are these the exponents of your godlike thought?

GRACCHUS.

These, even these, are men; and I could weep
To see their nobler natures thus debased.
It is the sin of those who, better knowing,
Do dam the stream, instead of cutting out
A clearer course to give its current way.
If yours the better mind, its effort turn
To raise, not crush them lower in their mire.

FULVIUS.

I must be off, or you till midnight preach,
And these divinities, the citizens
Whom you to-day address, will take it ill,
If you are hoarse, and thence not eloquent.
Farewell! May all the Gods shower blessings on you.
(*Exit Fulvius.*)

LICINIUS.

You waste your teaching on a heart like that.

GRACCHUS.

The heart is good. The head in truth sometimes,
For want of thought to steady it, doth wander
On bootless errands. 'Twill correct itself.

LICINIUS.

The heart is sapless; rotten at the core,
And the head weakened by its selfishness.
From head and heart alike, great thoughts are born;
The truly noble cannot sever them.
I'd shun the man, who at his nature scoffs,
And trampling on his own divinity
Feels not the consciousness of human greatness.
Forgive me, that, but dealing in few words,
In honest sooth I'd warn you—shun this Fulvius.

GRACCHUS.

He is my friend. I'll hear no ill of him.

LICINIUS.

Gracchus, it cannot be, a mind like yours
Should fail to fathom such a shallow thing
As this same Fulvius. Pray you——

GRACCHUS.

Pray you, cease,
Nor stun me with unwelcome counsellings.

LICINIUS.

But one word, only!

GRACCHUS.

What! You'd quarrel, would you?
Who underrates my friend, doth carp at me.

LICINIUS.

Would it were only at yourself I carped,
For you would listen patiently; but here—
Well, well; I've done. Your frown speaks stinted patience,
And anger listens to no argument. (*Exeunt.*)

FROM THE ADDRESS OF GRACCHUS

In Act II, Scene VI.

Friends, brothers, Roman citizens, I come
As ye have willed it, that I may explain
And speak to you concerning your own rights.
Man has, in every station, rights his due.
Our slaves look to their masters for support.
The very claims we hold upon their labor
Make us a rule to tender them again
What comforts we can furnish to their lot.
If placed by circumstance, necessity,
Beneath our rule, protection thence we owe—
And he basely evading these, degrades
Himself below the thus defrauded slave.
You, Romans, have a sterner government;
For our rich nobles, who do make themselves
Perforce the country's purse-holders, forget
To leave some portion of your gains for you
Whose toil and heart-ache won them. Are ye poor?
Why do your starving infants beg in vain
A hard, dry crust? Why are their shivering limbs
Wrapt but in rags, as they cower tearful round
The dying embers of your empty hearths?
Are there no vacant lands, the people's due?
Where are the rich fields that your fathers conquered?
And where the exuberant harvests that yourselves
Have made Rome's property? What justice gave them
New riches to the rich? The proud patrician
Who toiled not, bled not, in the gaining them;
Who sat at home by the fire and warmed himself
By talking over battles that *you* fought;
He waited for no law to make them his;
But by the strong hand of oppression seizes
The bread which should have fed your hungry babes.
Is there no corn in the market? You will find
A large abundance. There have lately been
New importations from the provinces.
Why do you starve, then? Why do you not buy?
You smile as though the bare idea were strange.

You cannot buy. You have no monies. Rich,
Usurious, the plunderer speculates
On your starvation. Beggars the which you are
His robberies make you, and he taunts you then,
Mocking your poverty by this display,
Showing how rich the country is in grain,
While he from hunger-clenched fingers, screws
To pay for a mere handful, your last doit!
With poverty your chilling bed-fellow,
And hugged by hunger, while ye thus are driven
To wrap ye in your rags and wait for death,
Who are those laborers, well-dressed, happy, sleek,
Tilling the fields which, citizens, are yours?
From the depopulated country fly
The shepherd and the husbandman, to make
Room for the rich man's slave. Beasts have their dens,
They hide them in their caves, and there may rest;
But you, who in the cause of Italy
Your heart's-blood spill, ye Roman citizens—
To you she gives no home! She leaves you nought
Save only God's light and the air you breathe!
The poor man has no home; he claims no shed
'Neath which his huddling brats may gather them.
From place to place the forlorn things he drags
And with their mother lays them on the earth
There, where the soldier sleeps. What mockery then,
To call on such, ye generals of Rome,
And bid them fight for their domestic Gods,
Their homes and sepulchres! *Their* sepulchres!
Their fathers' bones are scattered to the winds
And the patrician ploughs them through his fields,
Nor heeds plebeian graves! And yet they fight;
Plebeians fight and die. The Roman blood
Boils up in the combat and the victory's won,
For what? That these proud rich may sit and revel
In some new luxury, some dear-bought pleasure,
While you, ye so-called masters of the world,
In your possession hold no foot of ground!
To your assistance you have summoned me;
And where the anxious thought you dared not word,

Your walls speak to me. Public monuments
In blotted and scrawled sentences implore
Succor to Rome. Dare ye then help yourselves?
On you I call, to make your effort too.

A MOTHER'S WARNING

From Act III, Scene I.

GRACCHUS.

Wolves breed not lambs, nor can the lioness
Rear fawns among her litter. You but chide
The spirit, mother, which is born from you.

CORNELIA.

Curb it, my son; and watch against ambition!
Half demon and half god, she oft misleads
With a bold face of virtue. I know well
The breath of discontent is loud in Rome;
And a hoarse murmuring vengeance smoulders there
Against the tyrannous rule which, iron shod,
Doth trample out man's life. The crisis comes;
But oh! beware, my son, how you shall force it!

GRACCHUS.

Nay, let it come, that dreaded day of doom,
When by the audit of his cruel wrongs
Heaped by the rich oppressor on the crowd
Of struggling victims, he must stand condemned
To vomit forth the ill-got gains which gorge
His luxury to repletion. Let it come!
The world can sleep no longer. Reason wakes
To know man's rights, and Progress forward points.

CORNELIA.

By reason led, and peaceful wisdom nursed,
All progress is for good. But the deep curse
Of bleeding nations follows in the track
Of mad ambition, which doth cheat itself
To find a glory in its lust of rule;
Which piling private ill on public wrong,

Beneath the garb of patriotism hides
Its large-mawed cravings; and would thoughtless plunge
To every change, however riot waits,
With feud intestine, by mad uproar driven,
And red-eyed murder, to reproach the deed.
Death in its direst forms doth wait on such.

GRACCHUS.

Man lives to die, and there's no better way
To let the shackled spirit find its freedom
Than in a glorious combat 'gainst oppression.
I would not grudge the breath lost in the struggle.

CORNELIA.

Nor I, when duty calls. I am content,
May but my son prove worthy of the crisis;
Not shrinking from the trial, nor yet leaping
Beyond the marked outline of licensed right;
Curbing his passions to the duty's rule;
Giving his country all—life, fortune, fame.
And only clutching back, with miser's care,
His all untainted honor. But take heed!
The world doth set itself on stilts, to wear
The countenance of some higher, better thing.
'Tis well to seek this wisely; but with haste
Grasping too high, like child beyond its reach
It trips in the aspiring, and thus falls
To lowlier condition. Rashness drags
Remorse and darkest evil in her train.
Pause, ere the cry of suffering pleads to Heaven
Against this fearful mockery of right!
This license wild, which smothers liberty
While feigning to embrace it.

GRACCHUS.

Fantastic thought
Doth evil thus enwrap with unsketched ills.
No heart-sick maid, nor dream-struck boy am I
To scare myself with these.

CORNELIA.

Most true and more. I reverence human mind;
And with a mingled love and pride I kneel
To nature's inborn majesty in man.
But as I reverence, therefore would I lend
My feeble aid, this mighty power to lead
To its true aim and end. Most often 'tis
When crowds do wander wide of right, and fall
To foul misuse of highest purposes,
The madness of their leaders drags them on.
I would not check aspiring, justly poised;
But rather bid you "on"—where light is clear
And your track plainly marked. I scorn the slang
Of "greedy populace," and "dirty crowd,"
Nor slander thus the nature which I bear.
Men in the aggregate cease not therefore
Still to be men; and where untaught they fall,
It is a noble duty, to awake
The heart of truth, that slumbers in them still.
It is a glorious right to rouse the soul,
The reasoning heart that in a nation sleeps!
And Wisdom is a laggard at her task
When but in closet speculations wrapt
She doth forget to share her thought abroad
And make mankind her heir.

GRACCHUS (*looking towards the street*)
Ah! Fulvius comes.

CORNELIA.

Your evil spirit haunts you in the form
Of this same factious citizen, who errs
From no bold error which outstrips the right,
(And thus misleads oft by exaggerate good,)
But, selfish to the core, he counts the worth
E'en of his madness.

GRACCHUS.

Mother, you are harsh.
But I've no time to battle in his cause.

Forgive my haste. I've business which must make
My best excuse for lack of courtesy.

(*Exit.*)

A MOTHER'S COMPLAINT

From Act IV, Scene V.

CORNELIA.

All wrong! all wrong! What mean these hired bands
Thronging our streets? No Roman faces these!
Strangers who skulk at noon-day, 'neath the garb
And roughness feigned of country reapers hiding
Some ill intent. I like it not; it smacks
Of evil purpose.

GRACCHUS.

Nay; to be trampled on!
Forever driven to the wall by fraud
From these our task-masters—yet to be reproached
When in their own base coin we pay them home
Some trifling arrears! Curse them, I'll strike,
And with their own unholy weapons maim them!

CORNELIA.

This is a mistimed anger, and I grieve
That you to beard Opimius have resolved.
His aim is your imprudence, and you thus,
By this hotheaded Fulvius spurred, now cast
Your every point into his ready hand.
'Tis the calm right, that you should seek to win,
Nor cheat your heart, while nursing its revenge,
To think that duty works it. Call you this,
This rampant hate, and angry violence,
Which drives a thoughtless people to the verge
Of lawless anarchy, which grasps at fraud
To work its selfish ways, and makes success,
Not right, its rule of action—call you this,
Because you link with it some actual wrong
Inflicted on a thoughtless populace—
Call you this patriotism? Search your heart
And read its motives clearer.

GRACCHUS.

You wrong me much,
And travesty my truest feelings, mother,
In most unworthy garb.

CORNELIA.

Would it were so!
Most willingly I'd take the wrong myself,
To know your object pure. But you have let
Your passion much mislead you. You have been
So erring in your selfish thought, to lose
The higher point of action. May you find
Fitting occasion to retrace your steps!
The time's unripe, and you would force it on,
Not by a gentle teaching to the truth,
But gag it to your own ideas of right,
And force mankind to gulp your system down.
Oh! check this energy, whose mistimed warmth
Has in the crowd a storm of passion roused
Of inauspicious aspect. Con again
The lessons you yourself had taught, ere letting
Our moneyed landholders' oppressive frauds
Opposing frauds within your bosom wake,
Driving the noblest feelings to that verge
Where virtue becomes rashness, and ambition
Outtracks the path of right. If yet 'tis time,
Unspeak your spell. The angry turmoil sooth
Of differing tempers, which now clashing rage
Like the wild waves of some tumultuous sea,
Each lashing each to anger.

GRACCHUS.

Can it be
That I have thus in passion drowned the right?
There is a half contrition in my heart
That speaks your judgment true. Your calmer thought
Doth damp the fierceness of my anger's hate;
And with cooled passion, my big faults do rise
To taunt me with their folly. I will try;

Trust me, I'll do my best; and now farewell.
Licinia need not know all that is passing.
She has, you know, not half your courage, mother;
Let her be quiet; if the storm must burst,
She'll learn it time enough.

THE SADNESS OF FAREWELL

From Act V, Scene I.

LICINIA.

'Tis fearful, mother! Surely these are not
The men who call themselves the friends of Gracchus!

CORNELIA.

I would they did not. 'Tis the festered limb
That makes his cause to halt, and there's no surgeon
So skilful he can lop the gangrene off.
I fear me, the whole body dies of it.

LICINIA.

I would I were a man, with a man's soul,
And not the coward nature modelled me!

CORNELIA.

What would you, fair face, if you were a man?

LICINIA.

I know not what I would, but I would try
To stand by Caius as another self.
I would have cast myself before that crowd,
Instead of shrinking from its noisy riot,
And would have frowned on them, as Caius might,
Borrowing the solemn thunder of his voice,
And with his quiet majesty of mien,
Bid them go home, and hush their savage tumult.
I am a coward—ay—a very hare
For panting fearfulness, and yet methinks,
I could for Gracchus cast my life away,
E'en as a worthless straw!

CORNELIA.

Peace, peace, my child,
E'en in my breaking heart, which overcharged
With its own miseries bursts, I feel there's room
Still left to pity thee. But helpless all,
While pity grasps the burden, until reason
Doth totter 'neath the load, yet fails she still
To ease thee of one fraction of its weight.
Let us go home. You can do no good here.

LICINIA.

No, I must stay. Gracchus went out unarmed,
As though on simple business to the Forum,
And I have brought him this. (*Shows a dagger.*)

CORNELIA.

'Tis a small help.
But here he comes.

LICINIA.

Dear heaven! I give you thanks
For this one comfort, in so many sorrows!

(*Enter Gracchus and friends.*)

GRACCHUS.

Mother! Licinia! What do you here?

LICINIA.

We watch for you. I pray you, Caius, come,
Come with me home! You shake your head: well then—
Come with me anywhere! In other worlds
We'll make a home elsewhere. Nay smile not thus,
As though in mockery of my simple suit!
What's Rome to you that you should die for her,
And leave your wife and boy? Come, dearest—do!
Come drown ambition, drinking deep of love!

GRACCHUS.

Licinia, would you save your husband thus?
If I have erred ambitiously—at least,
Not by a foul desertion bid me swell

My much repented fault. Should I a traitor—
Recreant—turn cowardly, to shun my friends,
Would you, love, longer own my tarnished name,
Or rather weep for Gracchus as one dead,
With horror shrinking from the counterfeit,
Whose shame could blight his honor! E'en yourself,
With all your gentle cowardice, would shun
And blush to name the father of your boy.
Entreat me not, then, with an early shame
To blot his fair young brow; but rather let
A father's blessing guard his orphaned pillow.
Bear him my parting kiss, and now, farewell.

LICINIA.

(*Falling on her knees, catches his robe.*)
No, no! Come home with me! I'd love you still,
Though you of the world's shame were made the butt;
I'd love you in my heart's world, and forget
Men's flouts and hisses, as the howling cry
Of savage beasts that roam in unseen wilds.
Men's voices hurt us not: we'll let them pass,
And think that they are spirits, gibbering ghosts,
That wander in some stranger world to ours.
The wind doth blow and hiss us every day,
And howls and whistles in its mocking rage,
And yet we heed it not. The forest trees
Do constant whisper 'mong their summer leaves,
And yet we never fret to learn their secrets!
Men's talk, as innocent, would hurt us not,
Would we but doom them exiles from our world
And live in our own hearts!

GRACCHUS.

Dearest, you'd spurn—
None sooner than yourself—this foolish dream,
Did once your better reason find its sway.

LICINIA.

Speak to him, mother! Bid him stay with us.
What is the world to him? Its thought wounds not.
He would not bleed because it frowned! Speak, mother!

CORNELIA.

Alas! I cannot in your cause, my child.
Our life is for the world. Man doth forget
His every highest purpose, scorning it;
And from the level of his high intent
Doth thus degrade himself.

LICINIA.

Oh! I am mad!
I cannot reason; I but pray—"come home."
You do not leave me now as formerly,
Tribune or lawgiver, from the rostra speaking;
Nor yet a glorious war doth summon you,
Where should death be your lot, at least I'd see
Your corse brought home for noble funerals.
Meek victim of an angered foe, you go—
Oh Gods! for what? I had forgot—take this!
(*Gives the dagger.*)

GRACCHUS.

As a last gift I take it. But I go
Unarmed, as he should do whose mind is fixed
To suffer violence, rather than commit it.

LICINIA.

You go before the murderers of Tiberius
To throw your life away! And I must soon
A weeping suppliant to the river stand
To beg the corse of Gracchus! Mother, kneel!
Do you not love your son? Does your heart beat?
He is your all on earth! Kneel with me, mother,
(*Draws Cornelia to her knees.*)
Pray to him here, as though he were some god!
He will not dare refuse you! 'Twere a shame
To see him spurn his mother! I am mad;
I cannot pray. Pray *you* as though great Jove
Were looking down upon us! Mother, pray!

GRACCHUS.

Mother, have pity! Rise—remember now,
Your oft-spoke lesson. Death is nothing, standing
Close elbowed by dishonor. Kneel not to me.

CORNELIA.

I do not kneel to you. Hear me, ye Gods!
My supplications are to you for this
My last, best hope in life; my *only one!*
I pray ye now to give him strength to bear
This heavy trial; parting, worse than death,
From the heart-stricken loved ones! Go, my son,
I have no word to stop you. If your life
Without dishonor can be saved, remember
You owe it to your wife, and to your boy.
Farewell! The Gods protect you!

GRACCHUS.

Noble mother!
Forgive me that I have so often spurned
Your wiser councils. Now the ghosts of them,
While your reproach is mute, look mournful back
To show me all my folly, and my sin.
Farewell! . . . . . .

(*Disengages himself gently from Licinia, who falls fainting into Cornelia's arms.*)

And for this poor heart-broken thing,
Receive her, mother, as the legacy
Of all the love I bear you. (*Exit with friends.*)

CORNELIA.

What means my niggard eyes that they do leave
Their fount for sorrow dry! Let madness come!
Or drivelling idiocy, that droops in life
In moping corners! It were peaceful rest!

(*Pauses thoughtfully.*)

But this is weakness. Thus Heaven wills it not.
My laggard spirit faints before its time;
My task is not yet done. Up! up! and work!
Life yet has duties, and my comfort is
Yet to fulfil them. Daughter! Daughter! wake!
We must go seek our boy, who waits us still,
To show us how his wooden horse can trot!
Oh! what a motley is this struggling world!

THE DEATH OF GRACCHUS

From Act V, Scene VII.

GRACCHUS.

Here I must stop. Exhaustion seizes me.
Ye Goddesses, grim tenants of this grove,
Sprung up in vengeance from the angry blood
Of Coelus, shed by his exasperate son,
Receive me, a self-offered sacrifice
To ward your vengeance from unhappy Rome.
Let my spilt blood that soon will sprinkle round
Upon your dark-leaved cedars' roots, its life,
Smooth down those jealousies, and heal dissensions
Whose earthquake troubles in their tremblings rock
The fated city to its threatened fall.
Methinks ye heed my prayer. I see ye now.
Your blood-shot eyes gaze on me with a look
Inexorable and yet half in pity.
Your serpent hair towards me hissing seems
As 'twould th' expiatory victim seize!
Officiating priest, my brow I bind
With cedar wreaths, for my own sacrifice,
And wait the blow that to your vengeance gives me.
Philocrates, there is yet time. Escape.

PHILOCRATES.

Never.

(*Enter Opimius with troops, Lucullus, Septimulieus, etc.*)

OPIMIUS.

There stands the traitor. Down with him!
Ye pause, ye rabble crew, as though ye saw
Some god to wonder at.

SOLDIER.

Methinks it is.
I would not dare to touch him for my life.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Nor I. The thought would haunt me to my grave.
(*They throw down their arms, and Lucullus rushes to strike Gracchus.*)

LUCULLUS.

Then take thy death from me.
(*Philocrates throws himself in the way, receives the blow, and at the same strikes Lucullus. Both fall.*)
Base slave! Stand off!
He's killed me. Oh! to die by a slave's hand!

GRACCHUS (*looking at Philocrates.*)

And thou art gone, my last true friend, before me.
(*Septimulieus creeps behind Gracchus and stabs him.*)
'Tis done! I thank ye, Gods! (*Dies.*)

SEPTIMULIEUS.

The gold is mine!

OPIMIUS.

Villain! it is.

EDWARD McCRADY

[1833—1903]

ALEXANDER S. SALLEY, JR.

EDWARD McCRADY, LL.D., D.C.L., son of the Honorable Edward McCrady (1802-1892) and Louisa Rebecca (Lane) McCrady, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 8, 1833. He received his preparatory training at the school of Samuel Burns in his native city, and was graduated from the College of Charleston in 1853. After reading law in his father's office he was admitted to the Bar in May, 1855, and immediately entered upon the practice of law with his father. He took an active interest in the militia and in May, 1854, was elected major of a rifle battalion. The next year he wrote several articles on the necessity of militia reform. This led to his appointment on a commission, created under a resolution of the General Assembly in 1859, to examine the militia system of the State. In 1860 he resigned his commission as major of the rifle battalion and accepted the captaincy of a company of guards. His active service in the State military establishment began with the taking of Castle Pinckney in the harbor of Charleston, December 27, 1860, and ended with the surrender of Fort Sumter, April 13, 1861.

He then entered the service of the Confederate States, June 27, 1861, as captain of the Irish Volunteers, of Charleston, the first company to volunteer for the war. He was at once ordered to Virginia, and his company was attached to the First (Gregg's) Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. He was promoted Major December 14, 1861, and Lieutenant-colonel June 27, 1862. When the great battles around Richmond began soon after, Colonel McCrady was sick in bed in that city, but determined to join his command in the field, and so expressed himself to his physician, who positively refused to give his permission, assuring him that he could be of no use in the lines, and predicting death as the penalty of the attempt. Nevertheless, although too weak to ride on horseback, he hired a carriage and had himself driven to the lines, joining his brigade just as the battle of Cold Harbor began, and reporting to General Gregg for duty. As he was unable to walk, General Gregg ordered him to serve on his staff, so that he might remain mounted. In this manner he shared the fortunes of his brigade during the action, rendering valuable services, but fainting three times upon the field. After the

battle he was taken back to his sick-bed in Richmond, to linger for weeks with typhoid fever. On July 30, 1862, although scarcely recovered and still very feeble, he rejoined his regiment and commanded it at the battle of Cedar Run and at Second Manassas, where he was severely wounded in the head. Narrowly escaping death from this wound, he missed the Maryland campaign, but rejoined his command after its return to Virginia, during the affair at Snicker's Gap. He was present for duty at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and rendered good service in assisting in the repulse of the Federal attack on Gregg's brigade, in which General Gregg was killed. On January 27, 1863, while in camp on Morse's Neck, he was seriously injured by a falling tree and rendered unfit for further field duty. Rejoining his command several times, only to find himself physically disabled, he saw his last actual engagement at Mine Run in December, 1863; and in March, 1864, he was transferred to the command of the camp of instruction at Madison, Florida, where he served until April, 1865. While on his way to join the Army of Northern Virginia he heard of General Lee's surrender, and surrendered himself on May 5, 1865.

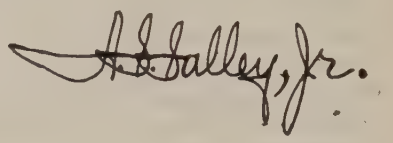
On February 24, 1863, Colonel McCrady was married at Chester, South Carolina, to Mary Fraser Davie, daughter of Major Allen J. Davie, an officer of the War of 1812, and granddaughter of Major William R. Davie, a famous leader of North Carolina militia in the Revolution and subsequently a general in the United States Army, Minister to France, and Governor of North Carolina. In October, 1865, McCrady resumed the practice of law in co-partnership with his father in Charleston. In 1867 he organized the Survivors' Association of Charleston, and two years later accepted its presidency. He was also chairman of the executive committee of the State Association in 1869, and commenced the work of recovering and collecting historical materials of the war between the United States and the Confederate States. His report of 1870 forms the basis of all the information we now have of the troops of South Carolina in the Confederate service.

In 1880 he was elected a member of the General Assembly, and was returned by successive reëlections till 1888. During his incumbency he introduced and carried through that body an act to establish a Bureau of Confederate War Records, a bill to prevent dueling, a bill perfecting the railroad laws of the State, and the famous "Eight Box Ballot Law," the first step toward an educational qualification for voters. In 1882 he was appointed Major-general of the State Militia, and had much to do with bringing the militia of the coast region to a high degree of efficiency. His legal services in connec-

tion with the political trials of the reconstruction period, his defence before the Supreme Court of the United States of the stockholders of the banks broken by the misfortunes growing out of the war between the United States and the Confederate States, and his arguments in the McKeegan and Davie will cases, with others, placed him in the front rank of the bar of South Carolina. In 1899 he was elected president of the South Carolina Historical Society, of which he had been an active member since 1875, and to which he contributed a large number of valuable monographs. He died in Charleston, November 1, 1903.

For many years prior to his death Colonel McCrady had applied himself to the writing of the history of his native State, which proved to be the greatest achievement of his life. This monumental work was published by the Macmillan Company of New York under the following titles: 'The History of South Carolina under the Proprietary Government, 1670-1719' (1897); 'The History of South Carolina under the Royal Government, 1719-1776' (1899); 'The History of South Carolina in the Revolution, 1775-1780' (1901); 'The History of South Carolina in the Revolution, 1780-1783' (1902). His history thus covers more than one hundred years, from the settlement of the Carolinas to the close of the Revolutionary War. Only one who loved his native State as he did could have felt the long neglect of her history by her own people, the slurs and slanders of alien authors, the richness and glory of her abundant and extraordinary records. Only one fitted by education, patient and determined labor, by trained discrimination in evidence and judgment, could have carried through the painstaking examination into authorities that enabled him to complete a work of such imperishable value. "The author's conception of his duty as an historian," says Professor Wauchope, "is thoroughly modern. He shows sound judgment in the selection and condensation of his material, avoids the vagaries of narrowness and preconception, and never allows himself to sacrifice fact to imagination. With a constant and honest desire to discover and record the truth, he yet does not ignore the atmosphere of adventure that surrounds his subject, and vitalizes the story of those early chaotic times with a touch of romance. Nor is there lack of realistic detail. Without tedious generalization we are supplied with a satisfactory analysis of the causes of things. Liberal in his estimate of men and measures, temperate and philosophical in spirit, the work commends itself to the general reader by its dramatic movement and readable style, and to the investigator by its scientific method and scholarly tone. One may regret the absence of literary finish, picturesque men, and vigor of imagination, but it should be borne in

mind that McCrady's work belongs not so much to the literature of feeling as to the literature of knowledge, and that since its appeal is obviously to the intellectual faculties, it would be unfair to expect a preponderance of æsthetic qualities."*



THE PREDECESSORS OF THE REGULAR SETTLERS

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BEYOND the part of the province which had thus far been settled by the English, the Huguenots, the Irish, the Welsh, and Germans; beyond the points on the rivers to which they had pushed their canoes and carried their periaguers; and beyond the sand hills which stretch in a belt, from twenty to forty miles from the Savannah River to the upper part of the Pee Dee, and thence into North Carolina, and which in some of the first maps is marked Deserta Arenosa—the Great Desert—where we first come to the falls of the great rivers, lies the territory which used to be designated as the Up Country, or as Mr. Logan in his admirable work calls it Upper South Carolina, the magnificent domain now teeming with population and wealth, excelling in agriculture, and abounding in manufactures, which constitutes the present counties of Abbeville, Anderson, Edgefield, Greenville, Oconee, Pickens, Newberry, Laurens, Union, Spartanburg, Fairfield, Chester, Lancaster, York, Kershaw, and Richland.

The landscape of this country, when first visited by the English, was neither wholly rugged with mountains nor monotonously tame with unbroken plains, but a series of mingled elevated ranges, undulating hills, and flowing vales, forming a glorious analogue of the true Scotch-Irishman's heart and nature. Interspersed with forests and prairies and vast brakes

*See Wauchope's 'Writers of South Carolina.'

of cane—the latter often stretching in unbroken lines of evergreen for hundreds of miles from the alluvial country on the coast to the interior sources of streams, says Logan—it was not surpassed in picturesque beauty and grandeur by the best portions of Texas; and its virgin soil was not inferior to that of the same boasted state. When the hunters and cow drivers first penetrated this region there were considerable portions of it as destitute of trees and as luxuriant in grass and flower as any prairie of modern times. Through this country the Catawbas and the Cherokees roamed. It abounded in wild horses, buffaloes, bears, deer, elk, panthers, and other wild animals.

A country, says the same author, then abounding in magnificent woods and prairies and so rich in its production of animal life, must have offered, as do similar regions of the West at the present day, rare attractions to the hunter and stock-raiser; and if all information on the subject had been wholly lost, it would not be difficult to conjecture what sort of men first ventured to penetrate its unexplored wilds.

Three remarkable classes of men preceded by several years the regular settlers of northwestern Carolina; these were the hunters, cow drivers, and Indian traders. The hunter, though no pioneer—for he appropriated no lands, levelled no forests, and cultivated but little soil—yet served by his adventurous life many valuable purposes; he conciliated the jealous savages, impressed them, as Indians were easily impressed, by his romantic courage and unrivalled skill in the use of the rifle, with sentiments of respect for the character and prowess of white men, and brought back from his wanderings to the border settlements glowing accounts of Elysian fields he had seen in the wilderness, and thus opened the way to the most eligible sections for succeeding groups of advancing settlers. Thus Logan relates that Patrick and William Calhoun, the pioneers of western Abbeville, were induced to visit the Long Canes by descriptions of the fertility and loveliness of the country there which they had obtained from a band of hunters at the Waxhaws.

Not far from the log hut of the hunter stood that of the cow driver—a character likewise worthy of note. Besides his association with the Indians and these gloomy wilds, there was little romance about him; yet his life was one of self-reliance, hardship, and active vigilance, and in it were trained for emi-

nent usefulness many of the backwoods soldiers of the Revolution. Logan mentions General Andrew Williamson of White Hall as one that had been a cow driver in his youth on the Cane Pastures, and that in 1740 Thomas Nightingale, the maternal ancestor of the Johnsons of Charlestown, had established a cow pen six miles from the present site of Winnsboro. A cow pen was quite an important institution. It was usually officered with a superintendent and a corps of sub-agents—all active men, experienced woodsmen, and unfailing shots at long or short sight with the rifle. For these a hamlet of cabins was erected beside the large enclosures for the stock, all of which, with a considerable plot of cleared land in the vicinity for the cultivation of corn, made quite an opening in the woods; and when all were at home, and the cattle in the pens, presented a very noisy, civilized scene in the midst of the savage wilderness. These rude establishments became afterward, wherever they were found, the centres of settlements, founded by the cultivators of the soil, who followed just behind the cow drivers in their enterprising search for unappropriated productive lands. These embryo settlements never failed to afford abundant possessions, some society, and sure protection from the Indians and from the no less terrible white marauders who now began to infest the border.

But the Indian trader, says Logan, was a far more interesting character than either the hunter or the cow driver. Devoted as he was to the arts and wrangle of gain, he nevertheless possessed not only a fearless intrepidity, but a high order of intelligence, and in more than one instance education and learning. He advanced without ceremony into the heart of Indian settlements, and for the sake of pushing his lucrative business was content to live in many instances, a long lifetime deprived of the comforts and amenities of civilized society. Anthony Park, one of the first settlers of the back country, and who lived to a very advanced age in Newberry, travelled in 1758 some hundred miles among the Indians to the west of the Alleghany Mountains. He found several white men, chiefly Scotch or Irish, who said they had lived among the Indians as traders twenty years, a few from forty to fifty, and one sixty years. One of these said he had upward of seventy children and grandchildren in the Nation. If these ac-

counts be correct, says Logan, the oldest of these traders must have taken up his abode among the savages four hundred miles to the west of Charlestown before the close of the Seventeenth Century, when the white population of Carolina scarcely extended twenty miles from the sea coast. In 1690, several years before the English settlers on the Ashley knew that such a people as the Cherokees existed, one Daugherty, a trader from Virginia, ventured to take up his residence among them for the purpose of traffic.

The Indian trade, until 1716, was conducted solely under the auspices of individual enterprise. The system of exchange was exceedingly advantageous to the English adventurer; for a few trinkets, looking-glasses, pieces of colored cloth, hatchets, and guns of small value, he could procure, on the Savannah and Catawba, peltries which in Charlestown would command many times their original cost. But in that year, partly for the sake of its enormous profits, and partly with the design of having better control of the Indians in view of the public safety, the Proprietary Government assumed the direction of all its affairs, and conducted it thereafter as a great public monopoly.

Next to the traders, says Logan, the most interesting characters employed in the Indian traffic were the pack-horsemen. These frequently consisted in part of boys, under the direction of an experienced *voyageur,* and their life was one of exposure, hardship, and not unfrequently of thrilling adventures. In peace and in war, in every vicissitude of weather, they were found upon the path. When menaced, it was usual for several caravans to unite for mutual protection; yet they were not unfrequently attacked, the drivers and traders murdered or routed, and their horses and goods seized by the marauders.

THE BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE

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THE fire of the fort was principally directed at the *Bristol* and *Experiment,* carrying each fifty guns, and they suffered most incredibly. The first was the flagship on board of which was Sir Peter Parker and with him Lord William Campbell, who had volunteered his service and was complimented with the command of her lower deck. Sir Peter received two wounds, but gallantly remained at his post, encouraging his men and reënforcing his ship from other vessels. Lord William Campbell received a wound in his side, which was at first reported to be not of a serious character, but from the effects of which he ultimately died. Early in the action the *Bristol* had the spring of her cable shot away, which caused her to lie end on to the battery, and was raked fore and aft. She lost upwards of one hundred men killed and wounded. Captain Morris received a number of wounds, but with noble obstinacy disdained to quit his post until his arm was shot off; he died a week after. Perhaps, it was said, another instance of such slaughter could not be produced; twice the quarterdeck was cleared of every person except Sir Peter, and he was wounded. The vessel had nine shots in her mainmast, which was so much damaged as to be obliged to be shortened; the mizzenmast had seven thirty-two-pounders, and had to be cut away. The day was very sultry with a burning sun, the wind very light, and the water consequently smooth. But for this it is probable the *Bristol* could not have been kept from filling, as she was hulled in many places and otherwise so damaged that the carpenters of the squadron were called to her for assistance while the battle raged in all its fury. The *Experiment* suffered almost as much as the *Bristol.* Captain Scott, her commander, like Captain Morris, lost his right arm, and was otherwise so badly wounded that his life, too, was at first despaired of. The number killed and wounded on the *Experiment* was about the same as upon the *Bristol.* All the while the battle raged barges were passing from one ship to the other and to and from the transports, removing wounded and bringing fresh men as occasion required. So great was the slaughter on board these two

ships that a remonstrance was made to Sir Peter Parker that if the fire from the fort continued, the two ships and their arms would be entirely destroyed; indeed, their abandonment was in contemplation when the fire from the fort slackened from want of powder.

The fort, on the other hand, had not escaped with impunity. Three or four of the fleet's broadsides striking the merlons at the same moment shook the slight work to its foundation, and it was apprehended that a few more would realize Lee's predictions and tumble the whole fabric down. Owing, however, to the peculiar character of the palmetto logs of which the fort was built, comparatively little damage was done, save in the concussion and shaking of the framework. Though the ships which were to have gained position at the cove failed to do so, yet even from the position the ships had reached the southwestern curtain of the fort was so enfiladed and the guns were so often struck that it was apparent that had they reached that point, unless beaten off by the batteries at Haddrell's Point at long range, the fort in all probability would have proved the slaughter pen Lee had predicted. Soon after the action began the three twelve-pounders which were in the cavalier or interior bastion were abandoned, the works not being sufficiently high to protect the men who manned them.

The flagstaff of the fort was shot away some time after and fell with the flag outside the fort. Upon this Sergeant Jasper of the Grenadiers of the Second Regiment leaped down from one of the embrasures, and tearing the flag from the staff returned with it through a heavy fire from the shipping, and fixing it upon a sponge staff planted it once more on the summit of the merlon amidst a rain of shot and shell; then giving three cheers returned to his gun, which he continued to serve throughout the engagement. While the battle was raging General Lee dispatched a letter by one of his aides, ordering Colonel Moultrie if he should expend his ammunition without beating off the enemy to spike his guns and retreat with all order possible. Colonel Moultrie was thus placed in a most embarrassing position.

If he exhausted his ammunition, he was to desert the fort and thereby to permit Colonel Thomson at the extreme end

of the island to be cut off with the whole of his command. But as he was not required by this order to abandon the fort as long as he had ammunition, he determined to save it as long as possible. By slackening the discharges of his guns to intervals of about ten minutes each, he was enabled so to protract the defence and to save the day. The powder, however, being much reduced and a rumor spreading in the fort that the British troops had effected a landing between Colonel Thomson and the fort, Moultrie ceased firing entirely, reserving his ammunition for the troops he believed to have effected a landing. This was between three and five in the afternoon. The cessation of the fire was so complete that the British at this time believed that the fort was silenced. President Rutledge, however, succeeded in sending Moultrie five hundred pounds of powder with a note predicting "honor and victory," and adding by way of postscript, "Do not make too free with your cannon—keep cool and do mischief." This supply of powder enabled Moultrie to resume his fire at shorter intervals during the rest of the day. About the time the supply of powder sent by Rutledge arrived General Lee came over in a boat from Haddrell's Point through the British line of fire, and ascending the platform of the fort he pointed two or three of the cannon which were discharged against the enemy. He remained a quarter of an hour, then saying to Colonel Moultrie, "I see you are doing very well here—you have no occasion for me—I will go up to town again," he left the fort, and returned to Haddrell's Point through the same line of fire in which he had come.

About five o'clock in the afternoon Colonel Muhlenberg of Virginia, with seven hundred continentals, crossed over from Haddrell's Point and reënforced Colonel Thomson, thus rendering his position more secure against any further attempt from Long Island.

The total number killed in the fort was twelve and the wounded twenty-five. The dying words of Sergeant McDaniel of Captain Huger's company will be remembered as long as the story of the battle is told. He was cruelly mangled by a cannon ball, yet life and vigor remained long enough to enable him to call to his comrades, "Fight on, my brave boys; don't let liberty expire with me to-day."

On the other side the *Bristol* alone had upward of one hundred men killed and wounded and the *Experiment* not much less. Each of their captains lost an arm and died a few days after. The *Solebay* had twelve killed and wounded and the *Active* seven. Thirty-seven were killed and wounded in the fort, over two hundred in the fleet. The proportion of loss in the fleet was scarcely less than six to one over that in the fort. The fort expended about 4,766 pounds of powder, the fleet about 34,000 pounds.

The firing had continued until near seven o'clock in the evening when it slackened with the setting sun, and at half-past nine it ceased on both sides. At eleven the ships slipped their cables without any noise or piping and returned with the last of the ebb tide to their former anchorage near Five Fathom Hole. When the morning of the twenty-ninth of June broke upon the scene the *Actæon* lay fast ashore at the distance of about a mile from the fort. The rest of the men-of-war and transports were riding at anchor opposite Morris Island, while Sir Peter Parker's broad pennant was hardly seen on a jury mast considerably lower than the foremast of his ship. The blue flag with the crescent and the word "Liberty" still gently waved in the wind from the sponge staff to which it had been fastened by Jasper. Boats were passing and repassing in safety between the fort and town, and the hearts of the people were throbbing with gratitude and exultation. The garrison at Fort Moultrie fired a few shots at the *Actæon,* which were promptly and gallantly returned from her by Captain Atkins, when, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Americans, he set fire to her, taking off her crew in small boats, leaving her colors flying and her guns loaded. But this did not prevent a party under Lieutenant Jacob Milligan of the Carolina ship of war *Prosper* from boarding her while on fire. This party pointed and fired three of her guns at the British commodore, and stripping her of what the pressing moments permitted brought off her colors, ship's bell, and as much of her sails and stores as his boats could contain. Milligan had scarcely done this when the *Actæon* blew up with an awful explosion.

On the thirtieth of June in the afternoon, General Lee and staff reviewed the garrison at Fort Moultrie and thanked them for their heroic defence, and on the fourth of July President

Rutledge visited the garrison, and taking his own sword from his side presented it to Sergeant Jasper as a reward for his bravery and an incitement to further deeds of valor.

Excluding Lexington, which ushered in the war, and Yorktown, which ended it, the battle of Fort Moultrie must rank with the three most complete and decisive American victories of the Revolution. It was the first absolute victory. The next was Saratoga, and the third the culmination of the long series of smaller affairs at King's Mountain. Bunker Hill was a gloriously fought battle, and did much to establish the first confidence of the Americans in the efficacy of their own ability and valor; but the military advantage of the struggle lay with the British. Princeton and Trenton were brilliant military strokes, which did much to revive the failing spirits of the time, but besides this were productive of no decisive or lasting results. The victory of Fort Moultrie in its moral aspect was as valuable to the cause as Bunker Hill, but it was far more so in the consequences which followed, and the advantages it secured. At Bunker Hill the American troops had exhibited the highest qualities of valor and steadfastness, but the object of the struggle was not attained—the position was ultimately abandoned. At Fort Moultrie they had fought with no less valor and fortunately with the most brilliant success. They had not only resisted but utterly defeated the supposed invincible British navy. The little log fort had withstood the broadsides of some of the largest vessels in his Majesty's service, but the material results were far greater. The expedition which so confidently set out to crush and subjugate the Southern colonies was utterly defeated, and these colonies were relieved for three years from invasion, to remain a source of strength and supply to their friends at the North while the war waged there. The victory at Saratoga put an end to the grand strategy by which the New England States were to be cut off and permanently separated from the others, thus it was confidently believed practically to end the war. The culminating victory of King's Mountain recalled Cornwallis from the further prosecution of his victorious career, and put an end to the grand movement by which the war was to be carried "from South to North," and gained time for the coming of the second French fleet. The battle of Fort Moultrie was the

first of these great achievements and victories, nor was it the least brilliant of them. Carolinians, North and South, may well remember "Palmetto Day," and glory in its fame, for Carolinians only were actively engaged in that great battle; it was South Carolina blood only that was shed on the ramparts of the fort; it was owing only to John Rutledge that the battle was fought, and to William Moultrie that the victory was won; and yet amidst our rejoicing and pride it is well for us to remember that the result of the battle was, in a manner more than ordinarily manifest, in the hands of the God of Battles by whose behest the east winds blew, which prevented the British force from crossing the inlet to the attack, and to the confusion of the enemy's vessels, and their grounding upon the shoals when moving to take advantage of our hero's error.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S SHARE IN THE REVOLUTION

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It will be seen that there are recorded one hundred and thirty-seven battles, actions, and engagements which took place in the State. Doubtless some of these were very small affairs, scarcely more than skirmishes, but the list contains no smaller affairs than are to be found in the list of battles which took place in other States; it enumerates as but one the siege of Charlestown, which lasted fifty-three days, and included several bloody actions, and as but one each also the sieges of Forts Watson, Granby, and Ninety Six, each of which occupied several days in its operations. If we analyze this table we shall see that in the first two years of the war, 1775-76, there were nine battles in South Carolina—one, the great victory of Fort Moultrie, in which none but Carolinians, North and South, took part, nor any blood but that of South Carolina was shed. In the other eight none but South Carolinians fought for the American cause. For three years there were no military operations in South Carolina, but her Continentals were wasted in a fruitless expedition to Florida in 1778.

In 1779, when the war turned southward, there were nine

affairs in South Carolina, and in these none but her own Continentals and militia took part. In a preceding volume, we have shown that in 1780 there had been thirty-four engagements in the State, in eight of which Continental troops had taken part, and in the remaining twenty-six only partisan bands. To the twenty-six should be added two in the early affairs of Beckham's Old Field and Mobley Meeting-house (omitted in that list because of the want of any account of casualties in either of them on either side). In four of these partisan affairs, i.e. Gowen's Old Fort, Flat Rock, Hanging Rock, and Wahub's Plantation, North Carolinians only were engaged; and in the battle of Camden there were no South Carolina troops present; in nine other partisan conflicts there were men from the three States of North and South Carolina and Georgia; in twenty-two there were none but South Carolinians. From the advent of Greene to the end of the war, i. e., during the years 1781-82, it will be seen by the table appended that there were eighty-three battles, etc., fought, and that in these the Continentals from other Southern States, under Greene alone, took part in nine; that South Carolinians took part with these Continentals in ten, and that they fought sixty-four without assistance from any one coming from beyond the borders of the State. To recapitulate, then, of the one hundred and thirty-seven battles, actions, and engagements, between the British and Tories and Indians on the one hand, and the American Whigs on the other, which took place in South Carolina during the Revolution, *one hundred and three* were fought by South Carolinians alone, in twenty others South Carolinians took part with troops from other States, making in all *one hundred and twenty-three* battles in which South Carolinians fought, within the borders of their State, for the liberties of America; leaving but fourteen in which troops from other States fought within the same without her assistance. Besides the battles fought in their own State, South Carolinians fought twice at Savannah and twice at Augusta. They were with Howe when he was defeated by Colonel Campbell at Savannah in December, 1778, and bore a conspicuous part in the siege of that place by Lincoln and D'Estaing in 1779. They took part with Clarke and McCall at the first siege of Augusta in 1780, and under Pickens and Lee in the second in

1781. They fought and pursued the Indians over the borders of North Carolina and Georgia. A few of them under Pickens and Lee were with Greene in his North Carolina campaign. Is not this a sufficient answer to the question as to the proportion of men which she furnished to the general cause? Can any State show better?

The condition of affairs in South Carolina was without parallel in the history of the Revolution. No other State was so completely overrun by British forces. There was no part of her territory, from the mountains to the seaboard, which was not trod by hostile forces, no ford nor ferry that was not crossed by armed men in pursuit or retreat, no swamp that was not cover to lurking foes. No other State was so divided upon the questions at issue, and in none other did the men of both sides so generally participate in the struggle. In none other were Tory organizations from other States so much used in connection with Royal troops to subdue American Whigs, thus attempting to carry out the British ministerial plan of overcoming Americans by Americans. While South Carolina received but little assistance from any State but North Carolina, and none from the North, her territory was garrisoned by Americans serving in the British army enlisted from Connecticut, from New York, from New Jersey, and from Pennsylvania. The British forces at King's Mountain and at Ninety Six were composed entirely of provincials raised in Northern States. Northern States furnished also several excellent Tory officers who operated with the British army in South Carolina. Among these were Lieutenant-colonels Turnbull and Cruger and Major Sheridan of New York, Lieutenant-colonel Allen of New Jersey, and two brilliant cavalry leaders from Massachusetts, Major John Coffin and Colonel Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford. Pennsylvania, on the other hand, furnished the notorious Huck whose career was, however, soon ended. Connecticut sent the infamous Dunlap and Maryland the robber Maxwell. In no other State was the civil government set up by the Revolutionists so completely overthrown, and the country so given over to anarchy. The citizens of no other State suffered exile for the American cause as did those from South Carolina at St. Augustine. In other States the militia was occasionally engaged in operations with

the Continental forces, and sometimes, though rarely alone, in enterprises against the enemy. The complete overthrow of all civil government in South Carolina, rendering the employment of militia on either side within her borders impracticable, in their place partisan bands were organized by the Whigs, upon the nucleus of the old militia organizations, and, practically self-maintained for the last three years of the war, again and again upheld the struggle while there was not a Continental soldier in the State. The names of Sumter, Marion, and Pickens stand out in the history and romance of the United States, occupying a peculiar and unique position. And yet, neither they nor their followers could, for the brilliant services they rendered, be admitted to the Cincinnati Society. In no other State was there so much fighting and bloodshed. No State contributed so liberally of her means to the common cause of her sister States, a cause which was not originally hers; no State, we venture to assert, furnished so many men in proportion to her population in the actual warfare which ensued, nor so few upon the pension rolls of the country after it was over. More than a hundred battle-fields dot the map of South Carolina and blazon the glorious struggle of her people.

We may be permitted, in conclusion, to quote again, as we have before done in a former volume, the tribute of the great American historian to the conduct of the people of South Carolina when practically abandoned by Congress and its army.

"Left mainly to her own resources," says Bancroft, "it was through the depths of wretchedness, that her sons were to bring her back to her place in the republic, after suffering more and daring more and achieving more than the men of any other State."

GEORGE McDUFFIE

[1790—1851]

E. L. GREEN

GEORGE McDUFFIE, son of John and Jane McDuffie, was born on the tenth day of August, 1790, in Columbia County, Georgia, about thirty miles from Augusta. His parents were natives of Scotland who had come to this country soon after the close of the Revolutionary War. In the neighborhood schools George McDuffie learned what little was taught in the backwoods schools of that day. From the country store of a Mr. Hayes he went to the store of James Calhoun in Augusta, where he was induced by the proprietor's brother, William Calhoun, to attend the famous school conducted by Dr. Moses Waddel at Willington, in Abbeville County, South Carolina. Here he was prepared in a remarkably short time for the junior class at the South Carolina College, which he entered in December, 1811. As at Willington, so at the college, he was easily the first in his class and graduated with highest honors in December, 1813. For several months he was compelled to leave college on account of the lack of funds and teach in a private family, which goes to prove that the assertion of his friend, Major Armistead Burt, was true, that George McDuffie owed his success more to his own indomitable will and pluck and less to the Calhouns than was generally supposed. His graduating speech on "The Permanence of the Union" was printed by the students.

Six months after he graduated McDuffie was admitted to the Bar and located at Pendleton; but, not meeting with success, he ran for the office of solicitor and was defeated. In 1815 he formed a partnership with Colonel Eldred Simpkins of Edgefield, which was the beginning of his rapid rise. Three years later McDuffie was in the State Legislature as a member of the lower house; three more years placed him in Congress, where, as in the General Assembly of South Carolina, he was soon one of the most prominent members of the House of Representatives. One who saw him a few years later describes him as not above medium height, his features large and striking. His nose was prominent and aquiline; his brilliant blue eyes were deeply set beneath a massive brow; his mouth, with lips finely chiseled, had the appearance of being compressed. He was by nature retiring and taciturn, but never awkward.

McDuffie was always a free trader; his whole soul was given to fighting the tariff, except for revenue. At first in favor of a liberal construction of the Constitution, which view he championed in a pamphlet signed "One of the People"—the cause of a duel in 1822 with Colonel Cummings of Augusta—he later became a Strict Constructionist and Nullifier, although he did not entirely agree with Mr. Calhoun in regard to the doctrine of Nullification. He has been called the "Orator of Nullification." He supported the United States Bank and urged the renewal of its charter in a brilliant report. In 1829 he married Miss Rebecca Singleton, who died the following year, leaving an infant daughter. As a reward for his distinguished services he was elected by the General Assembly of South Carolina Governor of that State in 1834. When his term expired at the end of two years, McDuffie retired to his plantation, Cherry Hill, in Abbeville County, where he devoted himself to agriculture with great success. He went to England in 1838 as the agent of the State to negotiate a loan of two million dollars to aid the sufferers from the great fire in Charleston. He was interested in the manufacture of cotton and in immigration. Following Calhoun, he took part in the bitter campaign against Colonel William C. Preston in 1840, whom he succeeded in the United States Senate in 1842. After he had assisted in revising the tariff, the purpose for which he had entered the Senate, he resigned from the Senatorship in 1846 in most wretched health. The remaining years of his life were spent at the home of his father-in-law, Colonel Richard Singleton. He died March 11, 1851, and was buried near Wedgefield, Sumter County, South Carolina.

Mr. McDuffie left behind him a great number of speeches, most of which are to be found in the publications of Congress. His pamphlet, "National and State Rights Considered," published over the signature "One of the People," July, 1821, was a masterful defence of the liberal construction of the powers of Congress. It was written in support of Mr. Calhoun, the South Carolina candidate for the Presidency of the United States, in reply to the "Trio," three gentlemen of Georgia who were urging the fitness of their candidate, Mr. Crawford. This pamphlet caused great comment and called forth a reply from Colonel John Taylor, of Caroline, Virginia, in his 'New Views of the Constitution' (1823). His report on the United States Bank in 1830 is a classic in the history of banking in America. Mr. McDuffie wrote the "Address to the People of the United States" for the Nullification Convention (1832). Among his speeches out of Congress are a speech in Columbia in 1828 advocating the boycott of Northern manufactures, a speech ("Tariff and Nullification") at a dinner in Charleston in 1831, a eulogy over

Robert Y. Hayne (1840), and an address before the South Carolina Agricultural Society (1840). Parts of his speeches are still tradition in South Carolina.

Mr. McDuffie's graduating speech is exceedingly rhetorical, abounding in all the turns of the traditional oratory of the day, which was a product of the Eighteenth Century. This, however, he soon worked off in the courtroom, although he belonged to the general type of the *ante-bellum* orator. He had the appearance of great spontaneity, and yet his speeches were prepared with extreme care; he was a man of tremendous energy. Milton was his favorite poet, from whom he made frequent quotations. There was always in him a harshness of manner, of which he never entirely freed himself. He had one gesture: he seemed as if he would hurl the truth at the Speaker of the House. He appeared best in invective, so that Colonel William C. Preston, himself one of the greatest of America's orators, said of him that he had heard the best orators of this country and of Europe, and that George McDuffie came nearest to his conception of Demosthenes. "He broke into the political arena with the fury of a competitor too late for the combat; and as if to redeem lost time, or to annihilate as soon as possible the antagonist who had summoned him to the fight, he amazed all by the unexampled impetuosity and fierce earnestness with which he smote down his foes. In his best days there was in him an impetuous and concentrated grandeur, a scornful energy, which was rendered exceedingly effective by a spontaneous fervor and a comprehensive mind." In the control and sway of his audience McDuffie has had few equals in ancient or modern times. When it was known that he was to speak, the galleries were filled. He was thoroughly honest and sincere in his convictions. An infringement on the real or fancied rights and liberties of his people awoke all the indignation of his soul. Those who came in contact with him were impressed with the mastery he had of every subject on which he spoke and the clearness with which he presented his arguments.

E. L. Green

ON THE ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Delivered in the House of Representatives, February 16, 1826.

. . . CORRUPT Congress, and you assail liberty in the very seat of its vitality.

But, sir, we are apt to treat the idea of our own corruptibility as utterly visionary, and to ask, with a grave affectation of dignity, "What, do you think a Member of Congress can be corrupted?" Sir, I speak what I have long and deliberately considered when I say that, since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances. Corruption steals upon us in a thousand insidious forms when we are least aware of its approaches. Of all the forms in which it can present itself, the bribery of office is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, "Where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it, sir?" Sir, do you expect to see it? You had as well expect to see the embodied form of pestilence and famine stalking before you as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amidst it and breathe its contagion without being conscious of its presence. All experience teaches us the irresistible power of temptation, when vice assumes the form of virtue. The great enemy of mankind could not have consummated his infernal scheme for the seduction of our first parents but for the disguise in which he presented himself. Had he appeared as the devil, in his proper form—had the spear of Ithuriel disclosed the naked deformity of the Fiend of Hell—the inhabitants of Paradise would have shrunk with horror from his presence. But he came as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glozing story to the unsuspecting victim of his guile. "It can be no crime to taste of this delightful fruit. It will disclose to you the knowledge of good and evil. It will raise you to an equality with the angels." Such, sir, was the process; and in this simple but impressive narrative we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of

man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited. Mr. Chairman, I have been forcibly struck with the similarity of our present situation and that of Eve, after it was announced that Satan was on the borders of Paradise. We, too, have been warned that the enemy is on our borders. But God forbid that the similitude should be carried any further. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation, and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went "with the blessings of Heaven on her head, and its purity on her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels; she returned overwhelmed with guilt, and covered with shame, under the awful denunciation of Heaven's everlasting curse. Sir, it is innocence that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was overcome by his seductive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, by seeking temptation when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own incorruptible purity. We are liable to be corrupted. To an ambitious man, an honorable office will appear as beautiful and fascinating as the apple of Paradise.

I admit, sir, that ambition is a passion, at once the most powerful and the most useful. Without it human affairs would become a mere stagnant pool. It is the active principle that stimulates even the patriot to exertion, and in its very excesses, it is the frailty of the most exalted minds. By means of this patronage the President addresses himself in the most irresistible manner to this, the noblest and strongest of our passions. All that the imagination can desire—honor, power, wealth, ease, are held out as the temptation. Man was not made to resist such allurements. It is impossible to conceive, Satan himself could not devise, a system which could more infallibly introduce corruption and death into our political Eden. Sir, the angel fell from Heaven with less temptation.

DEFENCE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

From a Speech on the Tariff in the House of Representatives, April 29, 1830.

Mr. Chairman, a great and solemn crisis is evidently approaching, and I admonish the gentlemen that it is the part of wisdom, as well as of justice, to pause in this course of legislative tyranny and oppression, before they have driven a high-minded, loyal and patriotic people to something bordering on despair and desperation. Sir, if the ancestors of those who are now enduring—too patiently enduring—the oppressive burdens unjustly imposed upon them, could return from their graves, and witness the change which the Federal Government, in one quarter of a century, has produced in the entire aspect of the country, they would hardly recognize it as the scene of their former activity and usefulness. Where all was cheerful, and prosperous, and flourishing, and happy, they would behold nothing but decay, and gloom, and desolation, without a spot of verdure to break the dismal continuity, or even

> A rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
> To tell where the garden had been.

Looking upon this sad reverse in the condition of their descendants, they would naturally inquire what moral or political pestilence had passed over the land, to blast and wither the fair inheritance they had left them. And, sir, when they should be told that a despotic power of taxation, infinitely more unjust and oppressive than that from which the country had been redeemed by their toils and sacrifices, was now assumed and exercised over us by our own brethren, they would indignantly exclaim, like the ghost of the murdered Hamlet, when urging his afflicted son to avenge the tarnished honor of his house,

> "If you have nature in you, bear it not."

Sir, I feel that I am called upon to vindicate the motives and the character of the people of South Carolina from imputations which have been unjustly cast upon them. There is no state in this Union distinguished by a more lofty and disinterested patriotism than that which I have the honor, in part, to represent. I can proudly and confidently appeal to history

for proof of this assertion. No state has made greater sacrifices to vindicate the common right of the Union, and preserve its integrity. No state is more willing to make those sacrifices now, whether of blood or treasure.

But, sir, it does not belong to this lofty spirit of patriotism to submit to unjust and unconstitutional oppression, nor is South Carolina to be taunted with the charge of treason and rebellion, because she has the intelligence to understand her rights and the spirit to maintain them. God has not planted in the breast of man a higher and a holier principle than that by which he is prompted to resist oppression. Absolute submission and passive obedience to every extreme of tyranny are the characteristics of slaves only.

The oppression of the people of South Carolina has been carried to an extremity which the most slavish population on earth would not endure without a struggle. Is it to be expected, then, that free men will patiently bow down, and kiss the rod of the oppressor? Free men, did I say? Why, sir, anyone who has the form and bears the name of a man—nay, "a beast that wants discourse of reason," a dog, a sheep, a reptile—the vilest reptile that crawls upon the earth, without the gift of reason to comprehend the injustice of its injuries, would bite, or bruise, or sting the hand by which they were inflicted.

Is it, then, for a sovereign state to fold her arms and stand still in submissive apathy, when the loud clamors of the people, whom Providence has committed to her charge, are ascending to heaven for justice? Hug not this delusion to your breast, I pray you.

It is not for me to say, in this place, what course South Carolina may deem it her duty to pursue in this great emergency. It is enough to say that she perfectly understands the ground which she occupies; and be assured, sir, that whatever attitude she may assume, in her highest sovereign capacity, she will firmly and fearlessly maintain it, be the consequences what they may. The responsibility will not rest upon her, but upon her oppressors.

I will say in conclusion, Mr. Chairman, that in all I have uttered there has not been mingled one feeling of personal unkindness to any human being, either in this House or out of

it. I have used strong language, to be sure, but it has been uttered "more in sorrow than in anger." I have felt it to be a solemn duty, which I owed to my constituents and to this nation, to make one more solemn appeal to the justice of their oppressors.

Let me, then, sir, beseech them in the name of our common ancestors, whose blood was mingled together as a common offering, at the shrine of our common liberty—let me beseech them, by all the endearing recollections of our common history, and by every consideration that gives value to liberty and the union of these states, to retrace their steps as speedily as possible, and to relieve a high-minded and patriotic people from an unconstitutional and oppressive burden, which they cannot longer bear.

SPEECH AT A PUBLIC DINNER

Given to him by the citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, May 19, 1831.

I BELIEVE this to be one of those great emergencies in human affairs which imposes an imperative obligation upon the sovereign power of the State to take care that the Republic receives no detriment. I will not moot the question of Nullification as a mere question of constitutional power, for I am aware of the effort of our oppressors to make an issue upon that, in order to divert public attention from the true issue. I will readily concede that a state cannot nullify an act of Congress, by virtue of any power derived from the Constitution. It would be a perfect solecism to suppose any such power was conferred by the Constitution. This right flows from a higher source. All that I claim for the State, in this respect, necessarily results from the mere fact of sovereignty. Thank God! No one has yet been found bold enough to maintain that South Carolina is shorn of that high and sacred prerogative, and reduced, politically, to the condition of a corporation or a colony; yet many reason upon the subject precisely as if this were the case.

People of South Carolina are subject to the laws of Congress, provided they be authorized by the Constitution; but with no propriety of language can it be said that the State,

the sovereign State of South Carolina, is subject to Congress, or to any human power. Accordingly, we find that the Federal Government acts exclusively upon the citizens of the states, having no constitutional faculty whatever to operate upon the sovereignty of the states. Whatever position, therefore, this State may assume in its sovereign capacity, neither Congress, nor all the departments of the Federal Government united, can constitutionally do a solitary act to change that position. If they could, it would involve the absurd contradiction that the State is sovereign and subject at the same time. In my view of the subject, the great advantage of the confederacy of sovereign states over a consolidated government consists in the existence of an organized sovereignty, competent to protect those rights and interests from tyranny and oppression, which under other forms of government could only be protected by unorganized resistance, revolution and civil war.

We hear our oppressors, and not unfrequently our own citizens, very gravely talking about the treason and rebellion of resisting the unconstitutional acts of Congress, by interposing the sovereign power of the State; precisely as the English oppressors of our ancestors and the Tories of that day talked about the treason and rebellion of resisting our sovereign lord the King. But thanks to our illustrious and heroic ancestors, the states are no longer colonies. Whatever sovereign decree a state shall promulgate in protecting the rights and liberties of the people from outrage and oppression, every citizen within its limits would be bound by the most sacred ties of allegiance to carry into effect. The citizen would, of course, be exempted from the guilt of treason. The real traitor—he who would be legally and constitutionally subject to be punished for treason, would bless the citizens of the State who took sides with our oppressors, and attempted to enforce the acts of unconstitutional tyranny. Where, then, is the difficulty and where the danger of interposing the sovereign power of the State, in a case of acknowledged injustice and oppression, perpetrated in opposition to the most solemn covenants of the Union? Allow me to tell you that there is no real difficulty or danger in the matter, that a freeman should regard for a moment.

It is true that our adversaries and their coadjutors amongst

us have managed to conjure up the most horrible phantoms of disunion, civil war and fraternal bloodshed. This is the stale artifice of tyrants. In all ages of the world, tyranny has endeavored to entrench itself behind some sacred barrier, or screen itself from scrutiny and responsibility by some sacred emblem. A Roman emperor, when surrounded by the seditious clamors of an indignant people, rushing forward to drag the detested monster from his polluted throne, could calm the storm of the multitude by hanging out the imperial eagle. A Turkish sultan, besieged in his palace, and in imminent danger of having his reign terminated by the bowstring, has only to exhibit the holy banner of the crescent, and infuriated janizaries bow down and worship it. In like manner, that most monstrous and intolerable of all tyrannies, an interested and mercenary majority, like the veiled prophet of Khorasan, seeks to conceal its horrible deformity by interposing the sacred banner of the Union. Those who dare not openly vindicate tyranny and justify oppression exclaim in the most patriotic agonies, "the Union, the Union, the Union is in danger." If this were true, if the Union were in ten times the peril that really exists, I would emphatically ask, upon whom rests the responsibility of bringing it into jeopardy? Does that responsibility rest upon those who violate the Constitution and perpetrate insufferable oppression, or upon those who, animated by the spirit and sustained by the example of their ancestors, nobly resolve to resist that oppression? No man is more sincerely attached to the Union maintained in the true spirit of the Federal covenant than I am. God forbid that it should ever be dissolved, if it can be preserved consistently with our constitutional rights and liberties; but God forbid that it should exist a single year after it shall be distinctly ascertained that it can only be preserved by the sacrifice of that glorious inheritage which our ancestors consecrated with their blood.

When a tyrannical and oppressive majority, throwing aside all the restraints of the Constitution, openly perpetrate robbery under the forms of legislation, and I am called upon to recognize this as the authority of the Union, I say, and I say it in the spirit of a decalogue, "I will not bow down and worship this false idol." The Union, such as the majority have made it, is a foul monster, which those who worship, after seeing its

deformity, are worthy of their chains. What! Shall a freeman, whose love of liberty is cherished by the example of the glorious ancestry, like the wretched and deluded victim of Eastern idolatry, when the car of destruction is rolling over him and crushing him to death, breathe out his last breath in loud hosannas to the monster-god, who rides upon the car and revels in his blood? Whatever they may pretend, and whatever they may believe, those are not the true friends of the constitutional Union who recommend passive obedience to every act of tyranny and oppression, perpetrated in the name of that Union. But this Union is not the worst of the spectral dangers that have been conjured up by the artful devices of our adversaries. Frightful pictures of war and blood are presented to alarm the timid, and it is with deep mortification I acknowledge that many have been imposed upon by so shallow an artifice. It is impossible to contemplate the conduct of our ancestors, when placed in similar circumstances, without blushing for our degeneracy. They commenced the Revolution that secured our liberty when their oppressions were not one-hundredth part as grievous as ours. A miserable tax of threepence a pound on tea was the extent of their grievance. Being dependent colonists, they had no organized sovereignty to protect them from the perils of rebellion and treason. With halters round their necks, and the stigma of treason on their foreheads, nobly disdaining to count the costs of a contest which, though they should perish, was to secure liberty to their posterity, they fearlessly encountered the gigantic power of a mighty nation. And with this glorious example before us, shall we basely surrender the inheritance of our children from a disgraceful panic excited by imaginary dangers? Shall we be terrified by mere phantoms of blood, when our ancestors, for less cause, encountered the dreadful realities? Great God! Are we the descendants of those ancestors; are we freemen; are we men—grown men—to be frightened from the discharge of our most sacred duty, and the vindication of our most sacred rights, by the mere nursery stories of raw-head and bloody bones, which even the women of our country laugh to scorn?

The idea of bloodshed and civil war, in a contest of this kind, is utterly ridiculous. How would the war commence?

Who would begin it, and what would be the occasion or the pretext of using arms? I confess I am utterly at a loss to imagine.

We have but one difficulty to prevent us from achieving a glorious victory over our oppressors: It is our own unfortunate division. I have a most consoling confidence that the intelligence and patriotism of the people will overcome this. With united counsels the State cannot fail to be triumphant; but with divided and distracted counsels it will be in vain to hope that we shall ever be relieved from our oppression. Those, therefore, who persevere in a course which shall paralyze the efforts of the State to relieve our citizens from unconstitutional oppression will assume a tremendous responsibility. Whatever may be their motives, they will make themselves the accomplices of our oppressors. We have but one course to pursue. Let us stand firm and immovable upon our principles, holding out the banner of constitutional liberty to all who choose to rally under it. If the State so wills it we are free. But if the public voice should decree otherwise, and unconditional submission be our doom, we shall at least have the consolation of reflecting that we have had no agency in forging chains for our children.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

Before the Convention of the People of South Carolina. Adopted November 24, 1832.

It is in vain that we attempt to console ourselves by the empty and unreal mockery of our representation in Congress. As to all those great and vital interests of the State which are affected by the protecting system, it would be better that she had no representation in that body. It serves no other purpose but to conceal the chains which fetter our liberties under the vain and empty forms of a representative government. In the enactment of the protecting system, the majority of Congress is, in strict propriety of speech, an irresponsible despotism. A very brief analysis will render this clear to every understanding. What, then, we ask, is involved in the idea of political responsibility, in the imposition of public burthens? It clearly implies that those who impose the burthens should be

responsible to those who bear them. Every representative in Congress should be responsible, not only to his own immediate constituents, but through them and their common participation in the burthens imposed, to the constituents of every other representative. If in the enactment of a protecting tariff, the majority of Congress imposed upon their own constituents the same burthens which they impose upon the people of South Carolina, that majority would act under all the restraints of political responsibility, and we should have the best security which human wisdom has yet devised against oppressive legislation.

But the fact is precisely the reverse of this. The majority in Congress, in imposing protecting duties, which are utterly destructive of the interests of South Carolina, not only impose no burthens, but actually confer enriching bounties upon their constituents, proportioned to the burthens they impose upon us. Under these circumstances, the principle of representative responsibility is perverted into a principle of absolute despotism. It is this very tie, binding the majority of Congress to execute the will of their constituents, which makes them our inexorable oppressors. They dare not open their hearts to the sentiments of human justice, or to the feelings of human sympathy. They are tyrants by the very necessity of their position, however elevated may be their principles in their individual capacities.

The grave question, then, which we have had to determine, as the sovereign power of the State, upon the awful responsibility under which we have acted, is, whether we will voluntarily surrender the glorious inheritage, purchased and consecrated by the toils, the sufferings, and the blood of an illustrious ancestry, or transmit that inheritance to our posterity, untarnished and undiminished? We could not hesitate in deciding this question. We have, therefore, deliberately and unalterably resolved, that we will no longer submit to a system of oppression which reduces us to the degrading condition of tributary vassals, and which would reduce our posterity, in a few generations, to a state of poverty and wretchedness, that would stand in melancholy contrast with the beautiful and delightful region in which the providence of God has cast our destinies. Having formed this resolution, with a full view of

all its bearings, and of all its probable and possible issues, it is due to the gravity of the subject, and the solemnity of the occasion, that we should speak to our confederate brethren, in the plain language of frankness and truth. Though we plant ourselves upon the Constitution, and the immutable principles of justice, and intend to operate exclusively through the civil tribunals and civil functionaries of the State, yet we will throw off this oppression at every hazard. We believe our remedy to be essentially peaceful. We believe the Federal Government has no shadow of right or authority to act against a sovereign state of the confederacy, in any form, much less to coerce it by military power. But we are aware of the diversities of human opinions; and have seen too many fruits of the infatuation of human power, not to have looked, with the most anxious concern, to the possibility of a resort to military or naval force on the part of the Federal Government; and in order to obviate the possibility of having the history of this contest stained by a single drop of fraternal blood, we have solemnly and irrevocably resolved that we will regard such a resort as a dissolution of the political ties which connect us with our confederate States; and will, forthwith, provide for the organization of a new and separate government.

We implore you, and particularly the manufacturing states, not to believe that we have been actuated, in adopting this resolution, by any feeling of resentment or hostility towards them, or by a desire to dissolve the political bonds which have so long united our common destinies. We still cherish that rational devotion to the Union, by which this State has been preëminently distinguished in all times past. But that blind and idolatrous devotion, which would bow down and worship oppression and tyranny, veiled under the consecrated title—if it ever existed among us, has now vanished forever. Constitutional liberty is the only idol of our political devotion; and, to preserve that, we will not hesitate a single moment to surrender the Union itself, if the sacrifice be necessary. If it had pleased God to cover our eyes with ignorance—if He had not bestowed upon us the understanding to comprehend the enormity of the oppression under which we labor, we might submit to it without absolute degradation and infamy. But

the gifts of Providence cannot be neglected, or abused, with impunity. A people who deliberately submit to oppression, with a full knowledge that they are oppressed, are fit only to be slaves; and all history proves that such a people will soon find a master. It is the preëxisting spirit of slavery in the people that has made tyrants in all ages of the world. No tyrant ever made a slave—no community, however small, having the spirit of free men, ever yet had a master. The most illustrious of those states, which have given to the world examples of human freedom, have occupied territories not larger than some of the districts of South Carolina; while the largest masses of population that were ever united under a common government have been the abject, spiritless, and degraded slaves of despotic rulers. We sincerely hope, therefore, that no portion of the states of this confederacy will permit themselves to be deluded into any measures of rashness, by the vain imagination that South Carolina will vindicate her rights and liberties, with a less inflexible and unfaltering resolution, with a population of some half a million than she would do with a population of twenty millions.

It does not belong to free men to count the costs and calculate the hazards of vindicating their rights and defending their liberties; and even if we should stand alone in the worst possible emergency of this great controversy, without the coöperation or encouragement of a single state of the confederacy, we will march forward with an unfaltering step until we have accomplished the object of this great enterprise.

REMARKS DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

April 3 and 4, 1834, on the Resolution submitted by the Committee of Ways and Means in relation to the public deposits.

But to be serious, sir, I, for one, am not disposed to adjourn before something effectual is done to relieve the country from its distresses; and I will not do so with my own consent, even to avoid the fate of Cromwell's Parliament. In the present calamitous condition of the country we have a melancholy exemplification to prove how small a share of human wisdom is requisite to produce the greatest conceivable extent of human misery! The merest pigmy, armed with a scepter, can destroy, in a single day, the great fabric of a nation's prosperity, which all the intellectual giants of the land cannot rebuild in a long and laborious course of years. I will not tell the people to look for salvation to those who have involved them in this calamity. No, sir, this storm has been produced by a species of necromancy, which is endowed only with the faculty of mischief, and which, having raised the elements, has no power of exorcism to lay them. The Prospero whose fatal wand has conjured up these elements into this wild and fearful and disastrous commotion, has no magic power to call up the ministering spirits of the stormy deep, to rescue the sinking fortunes of a whole people, rashly and wickedly exposed to the rocks, winds, waves, and quicksands of this most desperate and imperious experiment.

Sir, the Executive branch of the Government has plunged the country into this stormy sea of desperate adventure, under circumstances which greatly aggravate the outrage committed upon the Constitution, and upon the rights and interests of the people. What excuse or apology can be offered for such a daring presumption and hazardous exercise of power by the Executive? When Cromwell usurped the supreme power in England, he saw the nation torn to pieces by factions and drenched in civil blood; and his strong arm clutched the fallen scepter to save the country from universal desolation. When Bonaparte returned from Egypt, and dispersed the Chamber of Deputies, he found the armies of the Republic driven back,

the finances involved in bankruptcy, and the combined powers of Europe menacing the existence of France. Where, said he, are the conquests I made, the victories I achieved, the resources I supplied, and the armies I left for the security of France? But what was the condition of the United States at that fatal moment, when the evil genius of the President prompted him to assume the fearful responsibility of destroying our system of credit, deranging our system of currency, in open and avowed contempt of the legislative power? What was there in that condition to afford the shadow for the pretext for the usurpation of which we complain? What civil dissensions was it designed to compose; what financial embarrassments and public sufferings was it calculated to relieve?

It is worth while to look back to the inception of this Executive experiment. The people of the United States were in the enjoyment of an unexampled prosperity—literally basking in the sunshine of tranquillity, abundance, and contentment —blessings the more exquisitely realized from their contrast with the troubled scenes which had recently passed away. They had seen a dark and portentous cloud lowering in the horizon, and could almost hear the distant thunder and see the prelusive flashes of the coming storm, which threatened to shake the mighty fabric of this Federal system to its deep foundation. But at this eventful crisis a redeeming power was interposed in the spirit of conciliation; a covenant of peace was ratified here, the storm passed away, and the rainbow circled the arch of the heavens, the cheering harbinger of that happiness and contentment which were the lot of a united people, until the fatal dog-days, when this most pernicious scheme of Executive usurpation was engendered, not to save the country from civil dissensions and restore its disordered finances, but to mar and destroy the brightest vision of happiness that ever blessed the hopes of any people.

And I regret to find that the authors of this fatal experiment are resolved to carry it on in the same reckless spirit in which it was conceived. Nothing has struck me more forcibly than the stubborn perseverance of the Administration in their desperate purposes, hoping against hope, blind to the palpable results of experience, and deaf to the cries of a suffering people. It is a spirit of heartless indifference to popular

suffering, wholly without excuse and almost without example. We have been told by a member of this House (Mr. Beardsley), in the exterminating spirit of that Roman who always concluded his speeches with the motto, "Carthage must be destroyed," that the Bank of the United States must be destroyed by whatever means, and at the hazard of whatever consequences. "Perish commerce, perish credit; give us broken banks and a disordered currency," rather than retrace the step of this Excutive crusade against the bank! And the Chief Magistrate himself declares that "neither the opinion of the Legislature, nor the voice of the people, shall induce him to abandon his purpose, whatever may be the sufferings produced," adding, for the consolation of the enterprising and industrious classes, that if those should fail "who trade upon borrowed capital," they deserve their fate!

Mr. Speaker, we can scarcely give credit to the historian who records the degeneracy and degradation of a great people of antiquity, when he informs us that a Roman emperor amused himself by fiddling while the capital of his empire and the fortunes of the Roman people were involved in one general conflagration. But our own melancholy and woful experience is but too well calculated to remove any historical skepticism, which might induce us to suppose that the extraordinary spectacle to which I have alluded was drawn rather by the pencil of poetry than by the pen of historical truth. For, even at this early period in our national progress, in the very dawn of our republican institution, we are ourselves exhibiting to the world, which we vainly boast of enlightening by our example, a spectacle, in some of its aspects, more unnatural and revolting than its Roman prototype. If my recollection of this interesting chapter in the history of man be not imperfect, Nero was not himself the incendiary who applied the fatal torch by which the temples and the gods, the Senate House and the Forum, the gorgeous palaces, and the humble cottages of the imperial city were consigned to the devouring elements. Can you say as much, sir, I will not say for the President of the United States, but for that irresponsible cabal which is the living emblem of pestilence and famine, by which even his more noble and generous impulses are converted into instruments of mischief? Who is it that has kindled up that con-

flagration which is now sweeping over the land like a prairie fire of the West, bearing destruction in its bosom, laying a scene of desolation in its rear, and scattering consternation in every direction? Nay, sir, who is it that has sacrilegiously invaded the sanctuary of the Constitution, and lighted at the very fires of the altar that fatal brand which, desperately and vindictively hurled—with whatever aim—has struck upon the great temple of our national prosperity, involving it in "hideous ruin and combustion"? Mr. Speaker, it was no midnight incendiary that silently stole into the temple with his Ephesian torch, concealed by the mantle of darkness. No; it was the high-priest of the Constitution that violated the sanctuary and desecrated the fires of the altar. It was in the broad glare of noonday, from the imperial heights of power, and in open defiance of all the moral and political guaranties of human right, that this consuming brand was cast into the elements of combustion, and which came upon an astounded people, without cause and without notice, like Heaven's avenging bolt from a cloudless sky. And now that the signal bells of alarm and distress are ringing from one extremity of this Union to the other, mingling their disastrous chimes with those cries of distress which come to us from the four quarters of the heavens on every wind that blows, and forming one mighty chorus of indignant complaint that has forced its way into the sealed ears of infatuated power—with what sympathy, with what feelings of commiseration, with what "compunctious visitings" are these proofs of a nation's suffering received by the authors of the calamity and their accomplices?

CARLYLE McKINLEY

[1847—1904]

WILLIAM ASHMEAD COURTENAY

CARLYLE McKINLEY was born at Newnan, Coweta County, Georgia, November 22, 1847, his people having removed to that State from South Carolina during the early part of the last century. He came by his remarkable mental gifts honestly, his father, Judge Charles G. McKinley, having been one of the most distinguished lawyers at the Lexington Bar, and his kinsmen, the Cummingses, Cobbs, and Jacksons, all being men of the highest intellectuality. He did not have a fair chance in his early life because of the disturbed conditions attending the war for Southern independence. At the age of fifteen his studies at the University of Georgia were suspended when he entered the service of the State as a Confederate soldier in the trenches around Atlanta.

After the war he engaged at first in cotton brokerage in Augusta, but after a short time he accepted a position in the United States Marshal's office in Savannah. Realizing his lack of a finished education, he then resumed his academic course at Athens, and subsequently attended the Southern Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Columbia, South Carolina. Here he attained a very high degree of scholarship, and was graduated in 1874. Soon after, he married Miss Elizabeth Bryce, the daughter of a Columbia lawyer and planter. On account of some change in his religious views he refrained, with admirable conscientiousness, from entering the active work of the ministry. "His mind," says Major James C. Hemphill, editor of *The News and Courier,* "was thoroughly well ordered, and to the consideration of every question presented to him for mental analysis he reached his conclusions by inexorable logic. He reasoned from cause to effect, and applied the exactness of the higher mathematics, to which he was singularly devoted and in which he was wonderfully expert, to the settlement of whatever questions were presented to him for solution. He took nothing for granted; what he could not determine by the rules of evidence he held in abeyance, but always with unprejudiced and open mind. The extra-natural or super-natural things which he could not adjust by reasoning of time and sense he contemplated with clear-eyed faith, and before his final summons came, 'his cares ebbed out with every tide, and peace came upon the flood.' "

For a time McKinley was employed as instructor in Captain (afterward Governor) Hugh S. Thompson's grammar school in Columbia. It was there that he began to give an outlet to his decided literary tastes, and did his first serious writing. In the belief that journalism would afford him the best facilities for his chosen life-work, he formed a connection with *The News and Courier* in July, 1875, assuming charge of its Columbia bureau during the gloomy but exciting reconstruction times. During Wade Hampton's first term as Senator, McKinley was in Washington as the special correspondent of his newspaper. After a brief term, during which he was in the employment of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, he resumed (1881) his connection with *The News and Courier* as a member of its editorial staff, and here he remained to the close of his useful life. He died at Mount Pleasant, on the east shore of Charleston harbor, on August 24, 1904. At his own request his remains were removed to Georgia, his native State, and buried in the Presbyterian churchyard at Lexington, where his kindred rest.

It will ever be to me a treasured memory that through long years I enjoyed intimate relations with my scholarly and versatile friend, Carl McKinley. It is indeed a precious privilege to pay my personal tribute to so gracious a memory, not for him gone before, but for ourselves, that we may ever readily recall his attractive personality, a character singularly winning through its transparent and unaffected simplicity. He was fortunate in occupying distinct and influential positions, whence issued forces of generous impulse and inspiration, wide and deep in their significance, which were hidden, however, and unidentified in some of their finest efforts. In my deliberate opinion, the man himself was ever larger than the work he was called upon to do; the largeness of his aims attests his high character, and is the symbol of his presence and power. All the varied themes of a daily newspaper, becoming vital in his hands, bear throughout the stamp of right thinking, and a calm, balanced tone. His vision upon the obligations and possibilities of the passing moment was ever clear; his grasp upon all he had acquired had not the mere quality of memory, it was knowledge impressed on his mind by indelible processes. There is another phase of his character that should be recorded here, and I will dwell upon it with supreme satisfaction—his love and devotion to the Southland. This loyalty to his native land, under all circumstances, was a crowning dignity to the man. In him we see the noble citizen, the gifted author, the true Southerner, thoroughly earnest, religious, manly, a life founded in conscious loyalty to God, permeated by a high sense of duty, and warmed by love for his fellow-men.

Besides the practical affairs of life to which McKinley gave so

much thoughtful attention, he possessed a wonderful fancy, and was master of a finished prose style that won attention by its picturesque descriptions and its vigorous narrative power. "The Cyclone of 1885" and "The Earthquake of 1886" are monographs commemorating two great disasters that visited Charleston, and are a distinct contribution to the descriptive prose literature of the country. "An Appeal to Pharaoh" (1889), a strikingly original study of the negro question, has passed through three editions. It was first published anonymously and was attributed to Henry W. Grady and other eminent publicists. It proposed, as a solution of the race question, that the negroes be sent to Egypt, a view highly commended by Henry M. Stanley in a letter to the author. "It will," says Professor Yates Snowden, "doubtless perpetuate his name among those who never knew him."

McKinley's verse is of even finer workmanship than his prose, and it is on a handful of poems of great beauty and high technical merit that his rank in letters must ultimately rest. Most of these are of a subjective and reflective type. The author's young manhood was spent under the dark shadow of reconstruction, with its alien government by force. Some of his poems, like "To-day and Yesterday" and "South Carolina, 1876," are reminiscent of this period, and breathe the undaunted, hopeful spirit that animated all true South Carolinians in those times that tried men's souls more than the days of marching and fighting. The second poem is an impressive picture of the desolation of an heroic people, and closes with a solemn prophecy of retribution. "McKinley's prevailing mood," says Professor G. A. Wauchope, "is cheerful yet subdued, and his thought and diction are characterized by a fastidious refinement. Though he is not unmindful of the stern and sorrowful side of life, his message is that of a genial, sensitive nature that is sympathetically attuned to its bright and gentle aspects. He is always the artist, and yet a lofty moral purpose and a deep seriousness are never absent from his lines. As he ponders over life's great secrets, he is not always orthodox, but his philosophy is sane, sincere, and warmly human.

" "Crucifer," a subtle study of hypocrisy set in vivid contrast with human sin and weakness, reveals a profound religious truth in a vision of enduring beauty. So too in "The Toilers" we find the same deep and tender note of sympathy for the world's sad and weary workers. "At Timrod's Grave" is a delicate and touching tribute to a once neglected brother poet. Another elegy, "At the Last," is a meditation in a brave, optimistic spirit on the eternal mystery of death. In his treatment of nature, McKinley is at his best. "In Spring" is a joyful hymn of praise to the rejuvenating principle of things, and on its technical side it is entirely adequate in phrase and structure. It

is worthy of a place near Timrod's fine ode on the same subject. "Sapelo" is undoubtedly his greatest and most finished poem, and is a priceless contribution to the national anthology. It is a loving and detailed description of nature on the coast of Georgia, a series of exquisitely soft and lovely marines. In the midst of life's toil and care, the poet gives himself up awhile to dream of the still peace and beauty of this enchanted isle so dear to his memory. "Sapelo" barely misses being a masterpiece of poetic art."

CRUCIFER

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Behold, I stood in spirit near to Heaven's gate,
A little space apart, that I might see
Who coming thither do find entrance straight,
And who rejected be.

And One stood in the narrow gateway, clothed in white
And holding forth a sword whose fiery levin,
Turning each way and flashing sharp and bright,
Kept well the way of Heaven;

"That naught of sin or wrong, or any evil thing,
Might enter there," he said, "nor any man,
Save such as from the far-off world might bring
Christ's token in his hand."

No need to tarry long, for all the ways were lined
With hurrying pilgrims, bearing each his load;
All with their eager footsteps bent where shined
The city of our God.

And so they came up ever, one by one, and stood
  Each in his turn before the closèd gate,
And offered there some offering of good;
  Nor one had long to wait.

But none did enter in. Long while I stayed,
  Waiting in vain for one whose gift should meet
Acceptance from the Seraph. Many laid
  Their burdens at his feet;

Differing in kind and in proportion, all,
  And some were weary loads enough to bear;
But still the strong barred gates closed up the wall,
  And none found entrance there.

Amid the press I noted one who brought
  Clusters of crimson fruit heaped in his arms;
Apples of Sodom proved; the fair husks held naught
  Save bitter dust, and worms.

After a while one with a sheaf, like wheat,
  Came up; but this, when he had quick untied,
A little wind did snatch up from his feet
  And scatter far and wide.

And one who trusted much unto his dress
  To pass him in, toward the gateway came,
But, seeing far the Angel's gloriousness,
  Shrunk off for very shame.

Then at the last there came one through the throng—
  I saw them draw their robes aside and toss
Their heads as she passed by—who crept along
  Bearing a grievous cross.

Some mocked her for her burden: "Go to, now,
  A rare gift thine to lay before the King."
And others yet called after: "Shame that thou
  Shouldst touch that holy thing!"

But, even while they mocked her, lo, the gate
  Before us to soft music opened wide;
The Angel sheathed his sword as she came straight,
  Naught fearing, to his side.

A hundred hands were stretched at once, it seemed,
  To draw her in; her robe turned strangely white;
And round her happy head there sudden gleamed
  A crown of life and light.

She quickly passed away—and I awoke;
  But, even as the transient vision fled,
A still voice, softer than a whisper, spoke
  Somewhere near me and said:

" 'Tis good that thou art here, since it were well
  For men to know how few and far between
Are they who pass the gate. Go now and tell
  The things that thou hast seen."

And so He faded, as the thin, white mist
  Fades in its rising from the wet sea-sands;
But this I saw—a riven side; and this—
  Piercèd white feet and hands!

SAPELO*

Far from thy shores, enchanted isle,
  Tonight I claim a brief surcease
From toil and pain, to dream awhile
    Of thy still peace—

To wander on thy shining strand,
  And lose awhile life's troubled flow;
Its tumults die upon thy sand,
    Blest Sapelo.

*Sapelo Island is on the ocean front of McIntosh County, Georgia.

The sun is setting in the west;
The last light fades on land and sea;
The silence woos all things to rest—
And wooeth me.

So here I lie, with half-closed eye,
Careless, without one vexing thought,
While cool uncounted hours drift by
In dreamy sort.

And, ever, sweet thoughts without words,
The shadows of old memories,
Rise up and float away, as birds
Float down the skies.

In dreams I see the live-oak groves;
In dreams I hear the curlews cry,
Or watch the little mourning doves
Speed softly by.

I hear the surf beat on the sands,
And murmurous voices from the sea;
The wanton waves toss their white hands,
And beckon me.

* * * * * *

Once more adrift 'neath sunny skies,
Where sunny seas have in their keep
The lotus-lands, I see arise
From out the deep

Thy purple woods, uplift in air
Above the misty horizon,
As the king's gardens towered fair
O'er Babylon.

We win into that silent sea;
Our keel glides noiseless to the shore;
Sweet eyes and true hearts welcome me
To rest once more.

The peaceful ocean hints not here
  The sorrows its deep caves conceal;
A loving Spirit broodeth o'er
    Its waters still.

And well, as words are set to song,
  My thoughts are set unto its sounds;
Their echoes rise and fall along
    Life's weary rounds.

The waves are murmuring on the beach,
  A soft wind whispers in the palm;
There is no sound of ruder speech
    To mar the calm.

The happy sun comes up once more
  Above the woods I know so well;
The rosy heaven, from shore to shore,
    Glows like a shell.

I see the great old trees and tall,
  Sheeted with tangled vines that sweep
From limb to limb—a leafy pall,
    Where shadows sleep.

The long moss waves in every breeze,
  Like tattered banners, old and gray;
And sigh and sigh, the old, old trees
    All night, all day.

With flower and fruit at once arrayed,
  The orange groves are passing fair,
As though all seasons loved such shade,
    And lingered there.

A mocking-bird on quivering wings
  Floats up and down the woodland ways,
And, glad with me, he soars and sings
    Our song of praise.

Slow, solemn cranes, with drowsy eyes,
  Nod in the shallow surf, breast-high:
And snow-white gulls, with hollow cries,
    Flit softly by.

The turning tide runs slowly out;
  I hear the marsh-birds calling shrill;
The toiling oarsmen's song and shout
    Come to me still.

I hear their boat-songs through the night;
  I think it is my heart that hears
The old songs sounding yet, despite
    These long, long years.

White clouds are drifting out to sea;
  Like clouds the great ships come and go,
As strange, and white, and silently,
    As soft and slow.

From far-off lands, like tired things,
  They wander hither o'er the deep.
Here all things rest; they fold their wings
    And fall asleep.

Far off I see the dim coast wall,
  A long, low reach of palm and pine,
The marsh between, and over all
    The wide sunshine.

And far beyond, and farther yet,
  Thank God, so far the loud world seems—
That seem its memories and regrets
    As wrecks of dreams,

When one awakens; all its rout,
  And rivalry, and pain, and care,
So faint and far there comes a doubt
    If it be there.

Here, care ebbs out with every tide,
And peace comes in upon the flood;
The heart looks out on life, clear-eyed,
And finds it good.

On that fair land, on that still sea,
A spell of mystery lies;
And all the thoughts they wake in me
Are mysteries.

Once more I stand upon thy shore—
How peaceful yon far world doth seem!
A willing exile, evermore,
Here let me dream.

AT THE LAST

A little upper chamber,
A taper by whose light
The wide and waiting casement shows,
A wicket in the Night!

The leaves without are trembling
Upon the autumn trees;
A solemn, fearful secret
Is whispered in the breeze.

The clock is silent in its place;
The fateful hands are still,
Or seem to creep along, or turn,
Responsive to your will.

A shadow hovers on its face;
Strange shadows course the wall,
Where, as the dim light flares or fades,
They run, and rise, and fall.

The curtain folds creep to and fro,
Touched by the fitful air;
Pale watchers stand about a bed,
And you are lying there,

Dumb, white and still, while over you
  The mask-faced doctor leans.
What means it all? Ah, God alone,
  He knoweth all it means.

The tide is out; the moon is set;
  How dark the dark has grown!
A star or two were there but now—
  And now they, too, are gone.

You hear a voice of weeping;
  Your brow grows strangely chill;
You wonder at the languor
  That holdeth you so still.

You try to break the silence,
  And move your lips in vain;
No word of yours, in all the world,
  Will ever sound again.

You cannot see; you cannot speak;
  You cannot move a hand;
There is so much that you would say—
  But none may understand.

* * * * * *

—Across the outer silence
  A night-bird sudden calls;
Strange echoes wake and answer
  In all the empty halls.

Draw their curtains down upon them,
  Wistful eyes, that wonder so!
And the wasted fingers—fold them;
  They are done with work, you know.

Close the poor, pale lips together,
  Parted as in silent prayer;
Prayer, nor breath of praise, forever-
  More may pass the seal set there.

A dreary, dreadful chamber,
  Where, on the pallid wall,
Strange shadows dance and clamber,
  And run, and rise, and fall.

A glimmer of pale roses:
  A scent of jasmine bloom,
Haunting with sickly sweetness
  The chilly, deathful room.

A Presence—felt, but seen not;
  A bed; a cold white sheet—
With folds and heaps that hide, and hint
  At head, and hands, and feet.

The candle, dimly flaring,
  Seems swept by viewless wings;
The gathering, flitting shadows
  Go by like formless things.

The leaves without are trembling
  Upon the ancient trees;
A solemn, fearful secret
  Is whispered in the breeze.

Would God that we could learn it;
  Or would that we might hear
One word, from out the darkness,
  To end our hope, or fear.

A life has drifted from us;
  The Ages know no more;
Or to the dust from whence it came,
  Or some eternal shore.

Lies there the way to Heaven—
  Infinite life, and light?
Ah, that one ray might reach us here,
  To gild this utter night!

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Fly fast, O happy hours! we say;
  There's music in your rustling wings,
And all days shall be as this day,
  Our false hope sings.

Flit on, O happy hours! we say;
  There's music in your flying feet,
And all days shall be as this day,
  Only more sweet.

Come back, come back, O happy hours!
  Bring back the Summer time, we say;
O bitter fruits! Ye were fair flowers
  But yesterday!

Come back, O lost, lost hours! we say;
  We watch for your returning feet.
O yesterday, fair yesterday,
  So swift! so sweet!

SOUTH CAROLINA, 1876

Naked and desolate she stands,
Her name a byword in all lands,
Her scepter wrested from her hands.
—She smiles, a queen despite their bands!

Her crown is lying at her feet,
And mockers fill her rulers' seat;
The spoiler's work is near complete.
—Her broad, fair bosom still is sweet!

They've wasted all her royal dower;
They've wrought her wrong with evil power;
And is she faint, or doth she cower?
—She scorns them in her weakest hour!

Her daughters cling about her form,
Their faith and love still high and warm;
They trust in her protecting arm.
—Her dark eyes brood a wrathful storm!

She bides her time—a patient Fate!
Her sons are gathering in the gate!
She knows to counsel and to wait,
And vengeance knoweth no too late!

AT TIMROD'S GRAVE

Harp of the South! no more, no more
  Thy silvery strings shall quiver,
The one strong hand might win thy strains
  Is chilled and stilled forever.

Our one sweet singer breaks no more
  The silence sad and long,
The land is hushed from shore to shore,
  It brooks no feebler song!

No other voice can charm our ears,
  None other soothe our pain;
Better these echoes lingering yet
  Than any ruder strain.

For singing, Fate hath given sighs,
  For music we make moan;
Ah! who may touch the harp strings since
  That whisper—"*He is gone!*"

See where he lies—his last sad home
  Of all memorial bare,
Save for a little heap of leaves
  The winds have gathered there!

One fair, frail shell from some far sea
  Lies lone above his breast,
Sad emblem and sole epitaph
  To mark his place of rest.

The sweet winds murmur in its heart
  A music soft and low,
As they would bring their secrets still
  To him who sleeps below.

And lo! one tender pearly bloom,
  Through weeds and leaves upcast;
As some sweet thought he left unsung
  Were blossoming at last.

Wild weeds grow rank about the place,
  A dark, cold spot, and drear;
The dull neglect that marked his life
  Hath followed even here.

Around shine many a marble shaft
  And polished pillar fair,
And strangers stand at Timrod's grave
  To praise them unaware!

"Hold up the glories of thy dead!"
  To thine own self be true,
Land that he loved! Come, honor now
  This grave that honors you!

IN SPRING

Now all our days are poems,
  And all our nights are song;
The woods are full of singers
  That babble loud and long.

I hear sweet sounds of sinless mirth
  In garden and in grove;
And sea and shore, and heaven and earth,
  Are lapped in light and love.

In tree, in bush and briar
  There is no silent thing;
Ah, who may hope to rival them,
  These poets on the wing!

The winter's past; all things lift up
  A hymn of joy and praise:
The hours are set to music,
  And days rhyme unto days.

The flowers put on a conscious look,
My lilies, where they grow,
Smile at me from their sunny nook,
And nod: "We know! we know!"

"We know the winter's gone," they say:
"And summer comes—We know!
A soft wind came to us last night,
Kissed us, and told us so."

Ah, life is sweeter than we thought,
And sorrows soften, even,
As if our world had strayed, somehow,
A little nearer heaven.

And so, content, I close my eyes,
And folding thought away,
Listen the breeze, the birds and bees,
Sing what I cannot say.

In all the trees—amid the flowers—
They hide and sing, and sing,
The world seems full of birds and blooms—
Wake up, my heart, 'tis spring!

THE TOILERS

All day the toilers sigh for rest,
Nor find it anywhere.
The sun sinks in the darkling west,
And they forget their care;
Tired hands are folded on each breast:
The Lord hath heard their prayer!

Through all our lives we pray for rest,
Nor find it anywhere.
Then comes the Night, with balmy breast,
And soothes us unaware.
I wonder much—"And is it Death,
Or but an answered prayer?"

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

[1874—1907]

EDWARD K. GRAHAM

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL was born in North Carolina, July 26, 1874. He spent his youth on his father's farm in Scotland County, at that time a part of Rockingham County. He received his preliminary training in ill-equipped country schools, and in 1893 went to Wake Forest College. After graduation, in 1898, he spent a year (1899-1900) as substitute professor of English at Mercer University, Macon, Georgia. The following year he began the practice of law at Lumberton, N.C., but his literary inclination was dominant, and he bought a part interest in the local paper. During the less than two years that he spent in legal practice at Lumberton, and later at Laurinburg, he was actively engaged in creative work. Journalism claimed all of his time after 1904, when he accepted a position on the Charlotte *Daily Observer*. In this paper most of his writings appeared, though he made occasionel contributions to *The Century Magazine* and other prominent periodicals. In 1905 he was awarded the Patterson Cup for the best literary work done in the State during that year. His best work, exclusive of dialect verse, was published in 1906 under the title 'Songs, Merry and Sad.'* At the time of his death, October 17, 1907, he had completed arrangements for publishing his negro dialect poems. His intimate knowledge of the negro, his warm sympathy with his moods, and his graceful gift of reproducing negro melody, put these dialect poems easily among the best in contemporary American journalism; but it is on 'Songs, Merry and Sad' that his claim to remembrance chiefly rests.

Judged by this slender volume, then, McNeill is one of the foremost poets of the South of his day. It is a collection that wins him a permanent place in Southern literary history. He is essentially Southern in the tenderness of his feeling, but he is before all else a poet. The attitudinizing that is loosely called *Southern*, he is wholly without. He has none of the offended melancholy that, though not characteristic of the best poets of the South, is characteristic of their

*Stone and Barringer, Charlotte, North Carolina.

imitators. No boding owls or humid moods haunt his verse, but there is the calm flute-like note of the wood thrush, of "silver silence,"

"And cottage crofts where apples bend the bough,"

luring the tired heart into a comfortable peace.

He is of a place very definitely, but he is not provincial. The place is home, and it is his fine gift to be able to revivify it with all of its rich connotations. Hearthstone moods, and the little loves and sorrows are his theme.

"The little cares and carols that belong
To home-hearts, and old rustic lutes and lyres,
And spreading acres, where calm-eyed desires
Wake with the dawn, unfevered, fair, and strong."

It is these that he voices, in an adequate verse-medium, in felicitous and always unpretentious diction, and with a sympathy that within its range lacks nothing of nobility.

Intuitive sympathy dominates his verse. It is melodious with full-toned, deeply-breathed sympathy. For the little white bride, the invalid, the baby in its crib, the drudge, the caged bird, the prisoner, the mother, the wife, and for her who is a mother but not a wife, it is the same: the love that understands without the need of formalism or creed. With subjects so saturated with sentiment he appears to have no temptation to indulge in sentimentality. The reserve of deep sincerity holds the balance perfectly true. Spontaneous sympathy, however, everywhere takes the emphasis. He keeps to those simple, fundamental tones and moods that present verse appears to have lost interest in, and that it has always been the peculiar function of poetry best to express. At a time when poetry has lost the appeal of passion, it is peculiarly grateful to come into the warm confidence of emotion always gentle, intimate, and manly, and in its best moments infinitely tender. It is a rare and blessed thing when Great-Heart is given the gift of speech.

The love poems exhibit the highest pitch of McNeill's singing quality. Quite frankly with him, love is the one thing worth while. The tender depth of "Love's Fashion," "Now," and "Pardon Time," the graceful spontaneity of "Jane's Birthday," and the passionate abandon of "Oh, Ask Me Not," show his power to portray with subtlety and flexibility strong, sweet passion.

Just as his sympathy is spontaneous, and not the result of modern altruism, so his representation of nature is not a part of a 'back to nature' movement. Nature with him is not an acquired taste. To say it tritely, he is clearly a lover of nature rather than a student of

nature. His knowledge has come by absorption rather than by analysis, by association rather than by reflection. He does not patronize nature by an appearance of pride in knowing little facts about her. A primrose by the river's brim remains a yellow primrose in his verse, but he reveals again that a simple primrose may be so much! The mere naming may suggest all of the beauty that is its excuse for being, and revive the swift, elusive joy that quivers

> "in the bliss
> Where roses blow."

In nature-poetry lack of reflection of course does not mean lack of revelation. To say that the treatment is obvious does not mean that it is not as profound as any. 'Songs, Merry and Sad' interpret nature by presenting her simple aspects only, but however objectively seen, it is nature seen and felt truly, with eye and ear responsive to each sensitive shade of meaning. "October" and "September" reveal real power to discriminate landscapes, and to receive in fulness and beauty landscape moods.

Affectionate observation of nature is apt to lead imperceptibly from obvious things to the most profound. "The mysterious powers themselves that men call God, that move and live and have their will behind the blowing wind, and the rising sap, behind the drifting leaf and the granite hills . . ." these mysterious powers, in poetry, in the naming of the wind, the sap, the drifting leaf, and the granite hills, move and live and have their wills once more. It is so in this work of McNeill. There is not much deliberately expressed philosophy.

> "Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
> Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
> The star of peace at watch above the crest—
> Oh, holy, holy, holy!"

This is the heart of its philosophy. Contemplation of nature shades off into worshipful quiescence rather than rises into ecstasy. Although the poet is not disturbed by the beautiful mystery that he sees about him, he sees the beauty and is conscious of the mystery. It arouses in him no anxious question, excites no fever of curiosity. He is content to sit

> "Between the tents of hope and sweet
> Rememberings."

In the end love will have its righteous way in peace. "Vision,"

"L'Envoi," "An Invalid," and "A Christmas Hymn" all express variations on this mood.

"When merry milkmaids to their cattle call
At evenfall
And voices range
Loud through the gloom from grange to quiet grange,

Wild waif-songs from long distant lands and loves,
Like migrant doves,
Wake and give wing
To passion dust-dumb lips were wont to sing.

The new still holds the old moon in her arms;
The ancient charms
Of dew and dusk
Still lure her nomad odors from the musk.

And, at each day's millennial eclipse,
On new men's lips,
Some old song starts,
Made of the music of millennial hearts,

Whereto one listens as from long ago
And learns to know
That one day's tears
And love and life are as a thousand years,

And that some simple shepherd, singing of
His pain and love,
May haply find
His heart-song speaks the heart of all his kind."

This "Folk-Song" expresses something of the mood and function of McNeill's work. It is deeply sympathetic and true, with real sweetness and with inspiration, if not broadly compelling, equally real and true. Conviction of great poetic power we seldom feel in reading it, but the presence of the divine gift of poetry we are always sensible of—the gift to minister adequately through song to some need of the spirit—as when a simple heart-song speaks the heart of all mankind.

Edward K. Graham

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THE BRIDE

The following selections, with the exception of "To Sleep" and "Holding off the Calf," are from 'Songs, Merry and Sad,' 1906, and are used here by permission of the publishers.

The little white bride is left alone
With him, her lord; the guests have gone;
The festal hall is dim.
No jesting now, nor answering mirth.
The hush of sleep falls on the earth
And leaves her here with him.

Why should there be, O little white bride,
When the world has left you by his side,
A tear to brim your eyes?
Some old love-face that comes again,
Some old love-moment sweet with pain
Of passionate memories?

Does your heart yearn back with last regret
For the maiden meads of mignonette
And the fairy-haunted wood,
That you had not withheld from love,
A little while, the freedom of
Your happy maidenhood?

Or is it but a nameless fear,
A wordless joy, that calls the tear
In dumb appeal to rise,
When, looking on him where he stands,
You yield up all into his hands,
Pleading into his eyes?

For days that laugh or nights that weep
You two strike oars across the deep
With life's tide at the brim;
And all time's beauty, all love's grace
Beam, little bride, upon your face
Here, looking up at him.

AWAY DOWN HOME

'T will not be long before they hear
The bullbat on the hill,
And in the valley through the dusk
The pastoral whippoorwill.
A few more friendly suns will call
The bluets through the loam
And star the lanes with buttercups
Away down home.

"Knee-deep!" from reedy places
Will sing the river frogs.
The terrapins will sun themselves
On all the jutting logs.
The angler's cautious oar will leave
A trail of drifting foam
Along the shady currents
Away down home.

The mocking-bird will feel again
The glory of his wings,
And wanton through the balmy air
And sunshine while he sings,
With a new cadence in his call,
The glint-wing'd crow will roam
From field to newly-furrowed field
Away down home.

When dogwood blossoms mingle
With the maple's modest red,
And sweet arbutus wakes at last
From out her winter's bed,

'T would not seem strange at all to meet
A dryad or a gnome,
Or Pan or Psyche in the woods
Away down home.

Then come with me, thou weary heart!
Forget thy brooding ills,
Since God has come to walk among
His valleys and his hills!
The mart will never miss thee,
Nor the scholar's dusty tome,
And the Mother waits to bless thee,
Away down home.

OH, ASK ME NOT

Love, should I set my heart upon a crown,
Squander my years, and gain it,
What recompense of pleasure could I own?
For youth's red drops would stain it.

Much have I thought on what our lives may mean,
And what their best endeavor,
Seeing we may not come again to glean,
But, losing, lose forever.

Seeing how zealots, making choice of pain,
From home and country parted,
Have thought it life to leave their fellows slain,
Their women broken-hearted;

How teasing truth a thousand faces claims,
As in a broken mirror,
And what a father died for in the flames
His own son scorns as error;

How even they whose hearts were sweet with song
Must quaff oblivion's potion,
And, soon or late, their sails be lost along
The all-surrounding ocean;

Oh, ask me not the haven of our ships,
Nor what flag floats above you!
I hold you close, I kiss your sweet, sweet lips,
And love you, love you, love you!

FOR JANE'S BIRTHDAY

If fate had held a careless knife
And clipped one line that drew,
Of all the myriad lines of life,
From Eden up to you;
If, in the wars and wastes of time,
One sire had met the sword,
One mother died before her prime
Or wed some other lord;

Or had some other age been blest,
Long past or yet to be,
And you had been the world's sweet guest
Before or after me:
I wonder how this rose would seem,
Or yonder hillside cot;
For, dear, I cannot even dream
A world where you are not!

Thus heaven forfends that I shall drink
The gall that might have been,
If aught had broken a single link
Along the lists of men;
And heaven forgives me, whom it loves,
For feigning such distress:
My heart is happiest when it proves
Its depth of happiness.

Enough to see you where you are,
Radiant with maiden mirth!
To bless whatever blessed star
Presided o'er your birth,

That, on this immemorial morn,
When heaven was bending low,
The gods were kind and you were born
Twenty sweet years ago!

HOME SONGS

The little loves and sorrows are my song:
The leafy lanes and birthsteads of my sires,
Where memory broods by winter's evening fires
O'er oft-told joys, and ghosts of ancient wrong;
The little cares and carols that belong
To home-hearts, and old rustic lutes and lyres,
And spreading acres, where calm-eyed desires
Wake with the dawn, unfevered, fair and strong.

If words of mine might lull the bairn to sleep,
Or tell the meaning in a mother's eyes;
Might counsel love, and teach their eyes to weep
Who, o'er their dead, question unanswering skies,
More worth than legions in the dust of strife,
Time, looking back at last, should count my life.

PROTEST

Oh, I am weary, weary, weary
Of Pan and oaten quills
And little songs that, from the dictionary,
Learn lore of streams and hills,
Of studied laughter, mocking what is merry,
And calculated thrills!

Are we grown old and past the time of singing?
Is ardor quenched in art
Till art is but a formal figure, bringing
A money-measured heart,
Procrustean cut, and, with old echoes, ringing
Its bells about the mart?

The race moves on, and leaves no wildnernesses
Where rugged voices cry;
It reads its prayer, and with set phrase it blesses
The souls of men who die,
And step by even step its rank progresses,
An army marshalled by.

If it be better so, that Babel noises,
Losing all course and ken,
And grief that wails and gladness that rejoices
Should ever wake again
To shock a world of modulated voices
And mediocre men.

Then he is blest who wears the painted feather
And may not turn about
To dusks when muses romped the dewy heather
In unrestricted rout
And dawns when, if the stars had sung together,
The sons of God would shout!

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

Near where the shepherds watched by night
And heard the angels' o'er them,
The wise men saw the starry light
Stand still at last before them.
No armored castle there to ward
His precious life from danger,
But, wrapped in common cloth, our Lord
Lay in a lowly manger.
No booming bells proclaimed his birth,
No armies marshalled by,
No iron thunders shook the earth,
No rockets clomb the sky;
The temples builded in his name
Were shapeless granite then,
And all the choirs that sang his fame
Were later breeds of men.

But, while the world about him slept,
Nor cared that he was born,
One gentle face above him kept
Its mother watch till morn;
And, if his baby eyes could tell
What grace and glory were,
No roar of gun, no boom of bell
Were worth the look of her.
Now praise to God that ere his grace
Was scorned and he reviled
He looked into his mother's face,
A little helpless child;
And praise to God that ere men strove
About his tomb in war
One loved him with a mother's love,
Nor knew a creed therefor.

LINES

To you, dear mother-heart, whose hair is gray
Above this page to-day,
Whose face, though lined with many a smile and care,
Grows year by year more fair,

Be tenderest tribute set in perfect rhyme,
That haply passing time
May cull and keep it for strange lips to pay
When we have gone our way;

And, to strange men, weary of field and street,
Should this, my song, seem sweet,
Yours be the joy, for all that made it so
You know, dear heart, you know.

OCTOBER

The thought of old, dear things is in thine eyes,
O, month of memories!
Musing on days thine heart hath sorrow of,
Old joy, dead hope, dear love.

I see thee stand where all thy sisters meet
To cast down at thy feet
The garnered largess of the fruitful year,
And on thy cheek a tear.

Thy glory flames in every blade and leaf
To blind the eyes of grief;
Thy vineyards and thine orchards bend with fruit
That sorrow may be mute;

A hectic splendor lights thy days to sleep,
Ere the gray dusk may creep
Sober and sad along thy dusty ways,
Like a lone nun, who prays;

High and faint-heard thy passing migrant calls;
Thy lazy lizard sprawls
On his gray stone, and many slow winds creep
About thy hedge, asleep;

The sun swings farther toward his love, the south,
To kiss her glowing mouth;
And Death, who steals among thy purpling bowers,
Is deeply hid in flowers.

Would that thy streams were Lethe, and might flow
Where lotus blossoms blow,
And all the sweets wherewith thy riches bless
Might hold no bitterness!

Would, in thy beauty, we might all forget
Dead days and old regret,
And through thy realm might fare us forth to roam,
Having no thought for home!

And yet I feel, beneath thy queen's attire,
Woven of blood and fire,
Beneath the golden glory of thy charm
Thy mother heart beats warm;

And if, mayhap, a wandering child of thee,
Weary of land and sea,
Should turn him homeward from his dreamer's quest
To sob upon thy breast,

Thine arm would fold him tenderly, to prove
How thine eyes brimmed with love,
And thy dear hand, with all a mother's care,
Would rest upon his hair.

PAUL JONES

A century of silent suns
  Have set since he was laid on sleep,
And now they bear with booming guns
  And streaming banners o'er the deep
A withered skin and clammy hair
  Upon a frame of human bones:
Whose corse? We neither know nor care,
  Content to name it John Paul Jones.

His dust were as another's dust;
  His bones—what boots it where they lie?
What matter where his sword is rust,
  Or where, now dark, his eagle eye?
No foe need fear his arm again,
  Nor love, nor praise can make him whole;
But o'er the farthest sons of men
  Will brood the glory of his soul.

Careless though cenotaph or tomb
  Shall tower his country's monument,
Let banners float and cannon boom,
  A million-throated shout be spent,

Until his widowed sea shall laugh
  With sunlight in her mantling foam,
While, to his tomb or cenotaph,
  We bid our hero welcome home.

Twice exiled, let his ashes rest
  At home, afar, or in the wave,
But keep his great heart with us, lest
  Our nation's greatness find its grave;
And, while the vast deep listens by,
  When armored wrong makes terms to right,
Keep on our lips his proud reply,
  "Sir, I have but begun to fight!"

BEFORE BEDTIME

The cat sleeps in a chimney jam
  With ashes in her fur,
An' Tige, from on the yuther side,
  He keeps his eye on her.

The jar o' curds is on the hearth,
  An' I'm the one to turn it.
I'll crawl in bed an' go to sleep
  When maw begins to churn it.

Paw bends to read his almanax
  An' study out the weather,
An' bud has got a gourd o' grease
  To ile his harness leather.

Sis looks an' looks into the fire,
  Half-squintin' through her lashes,
An' I jis watch my tater where
  It shoots smoke through the ashes.

TO SLEEP

Wherein have I displeased thee, fickle Sleep,
O sweetheart Sleep, that thou so far away
Hast wandered and hast made so long thy stay?
I perish for some spell to call and keep
Thee near me, that thy gentle arts may steep
My brain with calm, from dusk till dawn of day!
The night's long hours are blind and love delay,
But, with thee, I would bless them that they creep.

Once, night by night, as love's own self wast thou:
Over my boyhood's couch didst loose the powers
Born of the opiate breath of autumn flowers,
And with thine own cool hand assuaged my brow;
Wherefore, I pray thee, keep not from me now,
For I am summer, and thou art her showers.

HOLDING OFF THE CALF

From *The Century Magazine*, September, 1905.

They-all 'll tell you that I wouldn't mind
A-holdin' the kef at all
If it didn't come at the very time
I hear the other uns call.
Jis when I see 'em goin' by,
Wi' the'r dogs an' guns in a hurry,
An' I wanter go I hear maw cry
'At she's ready to mulk ol' Cherry!
An' there I stan' wi' the kef by the yur,
The boys done out o' sight,
An' maw *a-whang, a-whang,* jis like
There 'us nothin' else till night!

'Bout sundown's time for the swimmin'-hole,
But from me it's mighty fur—
That's jis the minute, each blessed day,
I must ketch the kef by the yur!

The parson, my bud—he's a preacher, you know,
  But he can't git nowhere to preach—
Looks on wi' 's thumbs in 'is gallus-straps,
  Smilin' sweet as a peach.
The kef is a fool, don't mean no harm,
  Only wantin' to suck;
But sometimes I git so awful mad
  'At I twistes 'is yur like a shuck.

They-all say I'm lazy, no 'count in the worl',
  Only to raise a row;
But I wouldn't mind workin' all times o' day
  'Cep' the time fur mulkin' the cow.
Whenever the fellers go off to swim,
  Or take the'r dogs an' gun,
That pore white kef, a-wantin' his share,
  Heads off both ends o' my fun.
But some sweet day I'll be a man,
  An' when I'm boss myse'f
I'll ketch ev'ry boy 'at stays on the place
  An' put him to holdin' a kef!

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK

[1814—1865]

PETER J. HAMILTON

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK, one of the earliest Alabama writers and still among the most admired, was not a native of the community he adorned. His paternal grandparents were from County Antrim, Ireland, and his father, a physician and minister, served the Methodist Church, both in Charleston and in Columbia, South Carolina. In the latter city the oldest son of the Rev. Samuel M. Meek, M.D., and his wife, Anne McDowell, was born July 17, 1814. Soon after this the Rev. Mr. Meek became interested in the Southwest, then opening up, and took his wife and children to Tuscaloosa. There he became a druggist and physician, although he never quite gave up the ministry.

Alexander B. Meek's life owed much more to his new environment than to his birthplace; for, if not a native, yet he came early enough to Alabama to feel and share the romance of the commonwealth with which he was to grow up. Alabama was admitted into the Union in 1819, but its coast had enjoyed a long existence under the Latin *régime,* and the St. Stephens and Tensaw districts, in which its great rivers join, had had a recent and thrilling pioneer history. Above, in the middle regions, were still the Creek and Choctaw Indians, and almost cut off in the north was the Tennessee Valley, a reservoir of immigration from the Atlantic coast. Apart from the sea route to Mobile, the main tides of immigration which were making the new State came down the Tennessee River from Virginia and the Carolinas, and on the other hand from the Georgia frontier across to the Alabama River. These two streams through the interior were to absorb, if not almost blot out, the old Latin element in the South. Of the two the earlier was that of which the Meeks were part, from the Tennessee Valley and over the watershed to build up the Tuscaloosa country at the head of the navigation of the Warrior River. This was a different and somewhat later migration than that down the Mississippi and by land across from Tennessee to people what became Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana, but still a part of the general movement to the new country gradually acquired from the French and the Spanish, or reclaimed from the Indians, and making up what was called the Old Southwest.

The somewhat arbitrary division of the old Mississippi Territory (which had embraced everything from Georgia to the Mississippi and from Tennessee to the Gulf) had left most of the Alabama-Tombigbee system out of Mississippi, admitted in 1817. This tract, together with the Tennessee Valley, became two years later the State of Alabama, although the sources of the three principal rivers were in other commonwealths. Thus the Rome district, settled after the removal of the Indians in the 'thirties, was in Georgia; and where the upper reaches of the Tombigbee approached the great bend of the Tennessee was in Mississippi. The immigration from the back country of the Carolinas and Virginia down the Tennessee not only built up the Warrior River districts in Alabama, but somewhat later developed also Columbus and Aberdeen, which, until the Choctaws were removed from the center of the State, and on account of river navigation, had more to do with West and North Alabama than with their own State of Mississippi. The removal of the Indians after the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit, in 1831, marked an epoch. It not only took away an unassimilable, if romantic, element, but opened three states to solid Anglo-Saxon population. Young Meek grew up with the new commonwealths. The Tombigbee and its tributaries were to be his lifelong haunts, and its old history and romance attracted him.

The boy was a precocious member of B. F. Fontaine's Sunday-school at Tuscaloosa, and is said, upon the best authority, to have learned to recite every verse of the Old and New Testaments. At school he was an omnivorous reader, especially of newspapers, then weekly, and the only vehicles of literature in that part of the country. The boy was often punished for reading these newspapers, carried in his hat or in the book which he was supposed to be studying. He early rhymed, was a good declaimer, and, being of social nature, was a general favorite at school. When the University of Alabama opened its doors in 1831 Meek was one of the earliest matriculates; and in its first graduating class two years later he took the highest honors.

He was admitted to the Bar at the capital, his home, in 1835, and became a forcible speaker, indeed, a leader in everything he touched. He was an ensign during the trouble growing out of the removal of the Creeks, and earned a pension that was to serve his family long after in good stead. For a few months he was Attorney-general by appointment of Governor Clay, after which his tastes led him to an editorial chair at Tuscaloosa. Naturally he became an occasional orator, and his early attempts in poetry, such as "The Fated City," led in 1838 to an ambitious address in verse entitled "The Day of Freedom." There was a great deal of true poetry in this oration, such as the passage on "The Land of the South," which attracted much attention.

In countries which create their own letters out of nothing, as in Greece and England, literature begins with poetry, and generally with religious poetry or with ballads, from which everything is gradually differentiated. America, of course, inherited not only the traditions but the culture of England; and the Southwest inherited also a Colonial literature based upon the British. This, however, whether the descriptive works of Smith and Byrd in Virginia, or the religious discussions in New England, was English-born and not indigenous to the new soil. The English traits remained in the East, although, after the War of 1812, Irving, and later Poe, began a more distinctly American literature. Letters further to the West and the South had in their origin a frontier character, and were characterized by a rough humor corresponding to the rude horseplay of the early settlers. Pure literature was long in gaining a place; and therefore it was that Alabama, for instance, produced few books of permanent value until the 'thirties, when, indeed, the State first assumed a true Anglo-Saxon character. Meek was one of the pioneers on the poetical side. He was saturated with the spirit of Tom Moore, and particularly with "Lalla Rookh," while the plays of Shakespeare seemed to have little attraction for him. Indeed, while his love for history was great, it was in the imaginative branches that he excelled. In him began a new day, one might almost say the first period of American literature for its own sake in Alabama, if not in the Southwest; and its dawn was in Tuscaloosa, the political and university center.

There were chiefs before Agamemnon, but when William Russell Smith and Alexander B. Meek began *The Southron,* in 1839, they not only afforded a medium for Southern writers, as other magazines were doing for other sections, but themselves contributed articles which were to prove valuable. It was in this way that Meek published his "Pilgrimage of De Soto," which he says was "the first attempt made to locate definitely the route of De Soto in the Southwest." His identifications have been followed by many writers, and indeed in broad outlines cannot be superseded. There were stories and poetry in abundance in *The Southron,* and its discontinuance by merger in *The Bachelor's Button* of Mobile was a distinct loss. In the year 1839 Meek delivered before the Erosophic Society of the University of Alabama an oration on the Southwest, continuing the historical studies which were always to interest him.

Meek, like many another American, combined politics with the practice of law, and his literary versatility is shown by his publication in 1842 of the legal work known as the 'Supplement to Aiken's Digest of the Laws of Alabama.' This collection of statutes, without a word of comment, is the antithesis, however, of his chosen literary subjects. Even during its preparation he delivered before the so-

cieties of La Grange College, Alabama, under the title of "Jack Cadeism in the Fine Arts," a defence of pure literature—literature of expression as distinguished from that with a purpose of utility.

Such was the first period of Meek's life. Meantime, however, the growth consequent upon removal of the Indians had developed southern and eastern Alabama. The capital was changed to Montgomery, and Tuscaloosa relatively declined.

Meek went to Washington in 1845 as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under President Polk, and on his resignation two years later was appointed United States Attorney for the Southern District of Alabama. He accordingly moved to Mobile, and here he spent the second and most important period of his life. He held the position four years, and edited the *Mobile Register* five years. In 1853 he was in the Legislature, where he carried the notable act establishing public schools for the State. At Tuscaloosa he had been Probate Judge a short time, and in 1854 was appointed Probate Judge of Mobile County, but was soon ousted by the "Know-Nothing" party. As at Tuscaloosa, he was in this larger field prominent in literature and in social functions.

Mobile had changed from the Latin town which General Wilkinson found when he took possession of it into an American metropolis, growing by leaps and bounds as the interior developed and sent its cotton to Alabama's seaport. Meek found many old friends and a literary and educational atmosphere rare at that day. With Madame Le Vert, Dr. Nott, and later Miss Evans, he found congenial company.

He continued to write, and was in demand as an occasional orator. Among his addresses may be mentioned the one on "Alabama History," delivered before the Historical Society of the State in 1855; while of broader scope was "Americanism in Literature," delivered early before the Societies of the University of Georgia. Of a different character, but well suited to the occasion, was his "Address of Welcome," delivered at Mobile in 1848 to the soldiers returning from Mexico. These and essays on "Fort Mims," the "Canoe Fight," and the like, were gathered together and published in 1857 as 'Romantic Passages in Southwestern History.' In this, unfortunately, he did not include the highly appreciated oration at the reception of Kossuth at Mobile.

The romance of southern Alabama appealed to him so strongly as to find expression in poetry also. The story of Weatherford, an Indian character which he had more than once discussed in prose, became enshrined in 1855 in his 'Red Eagle.' In this are many passages of great beauty, particularly in describing scenery; but, as with Cooper, the Indian is interesting by being made more Saxon

than aboriginal. At this time he married a Mobile widow, Mrs. Emma Donaldson Slatter, and his poetical inspiration was apparently intensified. In the next year, 1857, he published at Mobile and New York his 'Songs and Poems of the South,' containing many of the poems which he had composed at different times. Among them was "The Day of Freedom" and "The Nuptial Fête," his longest single poems up to that time, together with many short lyrics. There was a humorous piece read at a Bar dinner, but most of his compositions related to love or to nature. A gem is that entitled "The Mocking Bird," and one of the best known is the poem on the heroic "Charge at Balaklava" in the Crimean War, then a recent event. This was his own favorite.

The book well illustrates his idea of poetry. "The poetry of a country," says he, "should be a faithful expression of its physical and moral characteristics. The imagery, at least, should be drawn from the indigenous objects of the region, and the sentiments be such as naturally arise under the influence of its climate, its institutions, habits of life, and social condition. Verse, so fashioned and colored, is as much the genuine product and growth of a land as its trees and flowers. It partakes of the raciness of the soil, the purity of the atmosphere, the brilliancy of the skies, its mountain pictures, and its broad sweeps of level and undulating territory. The scenery infuses itself into the song, and the feelings and fancies are modulated by the circumstances amid which they had their birth."

He excelled in the imaginative and the picturesque, and his diction is generally clear and often beautiful, although the use of punctuation is excessive, and exclamations sometimes mar the smoothness of his lines. His taste was lyric, and his dramatic passages are less attractive. His nature did not permit him ever to pen an unkind line or to perpetuate an impure thought.

While this period of his life saw his greatest literary activity, he was equally in the public eye in political affairs. In 1856 he was a Democratic Presidential elector, and three years later served with grace and general acceptance as Speaker of the Lower House of the Legislature, where he was prominent in the debates and measures of that exciting epoch.

His personal appearance in mature life, says one who knew him well, "was very striking and would arrest attention in any concourse. Rising to the commanding height of six feet four inches, he towered above the heads of common men, and it was a favorite jest among his friends, that although 'Meek' he was by no means 'lowly.' His eyes were blue, his complexion was florid, his forehead high and massive, features good, and, when lit up by his genial smile, remarkably attractive. His conversational powers were brilliant, his fund

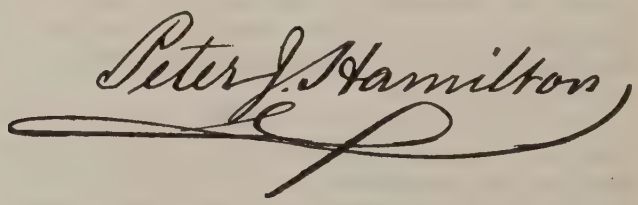
of anecdotes was exhaustless; his wit free and flashing, his knowledge of men and manners and literature thorough; and these, combined with his fascinating address, rendered his influence over his associates almost unbounded."

Although long a bachelor, he appreciated the charms of women, and women delighted in his society. Beautiful expression, oral or written, was not with him an amusement or occupation, but part of his very nature, and his correspondence with William Gilmore Simms and other prominent people kept him in touch with all that was best in the opening vistas of the American literature which he so desired.

Meek was Speaker of the Lower House in 1861, but, being over age, was not in the army. His Mobile life now ended, for, having lost his wife, Meek, in 1863 moved to Columbus, Miss., to be with his brother's family while the brother was in military service. There he took care of them, their town residence and plantation, and occupied his spare time with poetry and his favorite game of chess. Somewhat as Gayarré turned from the destruction about him to study the early days of his Louisiana, Meek planned to devote his time during the later days of the war to the history of Alabama; and this he partly accomplished.

It is pleasant to know that he had saved enough from his many offices—and twenty Federal and State commissions still exist—to make him independent. There was a comfortable sum in gold to his credit in the Bank of Mobile.

The Columbus period of Meek's life, however, was not a long one. In 1864 he married the widow of William R. Cannon, long President of the Mississippi Senate, who survived him until the beginning of a new century. On the last day of October, 1865, while writing on his history, destined never to be completed, Meek suffered a heart attack. Shortly after midnight, he expired in the arms of his brother. He sleeps in Columbus, near the Tombigbee River, which was the inspiration and scene of much of his writing.



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THE MOCKING BIRD

The following poems are from 'Songs and Poems of the South.'

From the vale, what music ringing,
Fills the bosom of the night;
On the sense, entranced, flinging
Spells of witchery and delight!
O'er magnolia, lime and cedar,
From yon locust-top, it swells,
Like the chant of serenader,
Or the rhymes of silver bells!

Listen! dearest, listen to it!
Sweeter sounds were never heard!
'Tis the song of that wild poet—
Mime* and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

*Mimic.

See him, swinging in his glory,
On yon topmost bending limb!
Caroling his amorous story,
Like some wild crusader's hymn!
Now it faints in tones delicious
As the first low vow of love!
Now it bursts in swells capricious,
All the moonlit vale above!

Listen! dearest, etc.

Why is't thus, this sylvan Petrarch
Pours all night his serenade?
'Tis for some proud woodland Laura,
His sad sonnets all are made!
But he changes now his measure—
Gladness bubbling from his mouth—
Jest, and gibe, and mimic pleasure—
Winged Anacreon of the South!

Listen! dearest, etc.

Bird of music, wit and gladness,
Troubadour of sunny climes,
Disenchanter of all sadness—
Would thine art were in my rhymes.
O'er the heart that's beating by me,
I would weave a spell divine;
Is there aught she could deny me,
Drinking in such strains as thine?

Listen! dearest, etc.

BALAKLAVA*

Oh, the Charge at Balaklava!
  Oh, that rash and fatal Charge!
Never was a fiercer, braver,
Than that Charge at Balaklava,
  On the battle's bloody marge!
All the day, the Russian columns—
  Fortress huge, and blazing banks—
Poured their dread destructive volumes
  On the French and English ranks—
  On the gallant allied ranks!
  Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
  By the loud incessant thunder!
  When a strange, but stern command—
  Needless, heedless, rash command—
  Came to Nolan's little band—
Scarce six hundred men and horses
Of those vast contending forces—
"England's lost! oh, charge and save her—
Charge the pass of Balaklava!"
    Oh, that rash and fatal Charge,
    On the battle's bloody marge!

Far away the Russian Eagles
  Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,
And their hordes, like howling beagles,
  Dense and countless, 'round them yell!
Thundering cannon, deadly mortar
Sweep the field on every quarter!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Trembled so the Chersonesus!
  Here behold the Gallic Lilies—
  Stout St. Louis' golden Lilies!—
  Float as erst at old Ramilies!—
  And, beside them, lo! the Lion—
  England's proud, unconquered Lion!—
  With her trophied Cross, is flying.

*Compare with the poem on the same event by James Barron Hope (*q.v.*) and with Tennyson's more famous lyric.

Glorious standards! shall they waver
On the field of Balaklava?
No, by heaven! at that command—
Sudden, rash, but stern command—
Charges Nolan's little band!
Brave Six Hundred! lo! they charge
On the battle's bloody marge!

Down yon deep and skirted valley,
Where the crowded cannon play—
Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
Cossack, Kalmuck, savage Kalli—
Down that gorge they sweep away!
Down that new Thermopylæ,
Flashing swords and helmets, see!
Underneath the iron shower,
To the brazen cannon's jaws,
Heedless of their deadly power,
Press they without fear or pause—
To the very cannon's jaws!
Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland
At the field of Roncesvalles,
Dashes down the fatal valley,
Dashes on the bolt of death,
Shouting with his latest breath,
"Charge them, gallants! do not waver,
Charge the pass of Balaklava!"
Oh, that rash and fatal Charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of vollied thunder
Rend that little band asunder.
Steed and rider wildly screaming,
Screaming wildly, sink away—
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming.
Now but lifeless clods of clay—
Now but bleeding clods of clay;
Never since the days of Jesus,
Saw such sight, the Chersonesus!
Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,

Presses onward, onward, onward.
Till they storm the bloody pass—
Till, like brave Leonidas,
They storm the deadly pass!
Sabering Cossack, Kalmuck, Kalli,
In that wild shot-rended valley—
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,
Awful pass of Balaklava!
Oh, that rash and fatal Charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces—
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
Trampling o'er the reeking corses—
Drive the thinned assailants back,
Drive the feeble remnant back!
O'er their late heroic track!
Vain, alas! Now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave Six Hundred!
Half your numbers lie asleep,
In that valley dark and deep.
Weak and wounded you retire
From that hurricane of fire—
That tempestuous storm of fire!
But no soldiers, firmer, braver,
Ever trod a field of fame,
Than the Knights of Balaklava—
Honor to each hero's name!
Yet their country long shall mourn
For her ranks so rashly shorn—
So gallantly but madly shorn,
In that fierce and fatal Charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

LAND OF THE SOUTH

I

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
How proud thy mountains rise!—
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this—oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam—
Thou hast a dearer spell to me—
Thou art my native home!

II

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequalled to the sea—
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
But, not for thy proud ocean streams,
Not for thine azure dome—
Sweet, sunny South!—I cling to thee—
Thou art my native home!

III

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song—
On Helvyn's hills,* proud and sublime,
Where nature's wonders throng;
By Tempe's† classic sunlit streams,
Where Gods, of old, did roam—
But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou—my native home!

IV

And thou hast prouder glories too,
Than nature ever gave—
Peace sheds o'er thee, her genial dew,
And Freedom's pinions wave—

*Switzerland.
†The famous Thessalian vale.

Fair science flings her pearls around,
  Religion lifts her dome—
These, these endear thee, to my heart—
  My own, loved native home!

V

And "heaven's best gift to man" is thine,
  God bless thy rosy girls!—
Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine—
  Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
  Where'er their footsteps roam—
How can I then, whilst loving them,
  Not love my native home!

VI

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
  Then here's a health to thee—
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
  May'st thou be blessed and free!—
May dark dissension's banner ne'er
  Wave o'er thy fertile loam—
But should it come, there's one will die,
  To save his native home!

SPRING ON THE SOUTHERN HILLS

Spring on the Southern hills!—
  The music and the light of Spring!—
What voices from a thousand rills!—
  What bright birds on the wing!
How like a bride, the Earth
  Her *roving lover* smiles to meet!
And, wreathed in flowers, with minstrel mirth,
  Wooes to her couch his feet!

Not in the song-loved East,
  Diviner spells were ever given—
By fair Circassia's flowery feast,
  Or Paphia's sunset heaven!

Stand with me on this mound,
  And gaze with swimming eyes below:
Greens not yon turf like fairy ground,
  Beneath some white moon's glow?—

This spherèd tomb we tread,
  Is shrine-like, too, bedecked with green;
How sweetly sleep the olden dead,
  Its sloping sides between!
Look down yon vine-hung lane,
  The fair magnolia's fragrant bowers!—
Oh, seem they not some Emir's train,
  So moonlike in their flowers?

These tall old trees behold!
  With renovated trunks they rise—
Their summits bathed in molten gold,
  But shut from us the skies.
Hark! overhead the screams
  Of green and gold-winged birds are loud!—
Brave paroquets!—they've sought these streams,
  A wheeling, noisy crowd!

And now the mock-bird's note
  Comes, glass-like, ringing on the breeze!
How sweet its changing currents float
  Through these old silent trees!
Well might the dreamer think
  Some Dian's hand these forests gave—
Ah! see her wild deer stoop to drink
  From yonder pebbly wave!—

All o'er the sunny land,
  The same wild beauties spread,
From fair Tuscala's rocky strand,
  To Coosa's green-rimmed bed!

THE DEATH OF RICHARD HENRY WILDE

The harp that sang "the Summer Rose,"
  In strains, so sweetly and so well,
That, soft as dews at evening's close,
  The pure and liquid numbers fell,
Is hushed and shattered! now, no more
Its silvery chords their music pour;
But, crushed by an untimely blow,
Both harp and flower in dust lie low!

The bard!—alas, I knew him well!
  A noble, generous, gentle heart,
Which, as his brave hand struck the shell,
  Poured feeling through the veins of Art.
What radiant beauty 'round his lyre!—
Pure as his loved Italian fire!—
He caught the sweetest beams of rhyme—
The Tasso of our Western clime!

Nor this alone: a loftier power,
  That shone in halls of High Decree,
And swayed the feelings of the hour,
  As summer winds, the rippled sea—
Bright eloquence! to him was given:
The spark, the Prophet drew from heaven!
It touched his lips with patriot flame,
And shed a halo 'round his name!

As late I saw, I see him now!
  His stalwart form, his graceful mien,
His long, white locks, his smiling brow,
  His eyes benignant and serene!
How pleasant 'round the social hearth,
When listening to his tones of mirth!
What lessons of the good and true,
The brave, the beautiful, he drew!

Droop down thy willows, Southern land!
Thy bard, thine orator is dead.
He sleeps where broad magnolias stand,
With "Summer Roses" o'er his head!
The lordly River, sweeping by,
Curves 'round his grave, with solemn sigh,
And, from yon twinkling orange stem,
The "Mock-bird" pours his requiem!

Bard of the South!—the "Summer Rose"
May perish with the "Autumn Leaf,"
The "footprints left on Tampa's" shores
May vanish with a date as brief:
But thine shall be the "life" of fame;
No winter winds can wreck thy name;
And future minstrels shall rehearse
Thy virtues, in memorial verse!

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE SOUTHWEST

From 'Romantic Passages in Southwestern History.'

THE whole history of the Southwest remains to be written. And whoever shall go to the work philosophically, who shall delve, amid their quaint and musty tomes, for the records of French and Spanish colonization and settlement; and shall collect and embody the scattered materials for such a history; apart from conferring a permanent benefit upon the literature of this country, will possess the honor of being like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," when entering the Pacific, well nigh

. . . The first that ever burst
Into the silent sea!

Having frequently, Gentlemen, in the course of a miscellaneous reading—under the belief that there is no merely theoretical knowledge, which it is more creditable to a man to possess, than the history of his own country, and with the conviction that, if, as Lord Bolingbroke has told us, "History is Philosophy teaching by example," that philosophy can be

best learned from those pages which show us man in his most individual capacity, and under the most novel and striking phases of existence—directed my attention to this but partially explored field of Southwestern history, I may be enabled to point out, for your future investigation and improvement, some of its more prominent and interesting features. The present occasion, however, will permit us but to take a hurried and superficial glance at the subject. Such a glance will suffice to show its peculiar and romantic character, and the rich fund of historic materials which lie all unappropriated and daily perishing. For the sake of order and conciseness, we will pursue the natural divisions of the subject into general periods.

I. Two hundred and ninety-nine years ago—near a century before the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth, or the Cavaliers at Jamestown, and within fifty years of the discovery of the Continent by Columbus—upon an extensive plain, near the junction of two of our principal rivers, in the very heart of this State, might have been seen collected two large and hostile armies. One of them is composed of the native dwellers in the surrounding forests, to the number of ten thousand, painted and plumed and armed, according to their immemorial customs. The other, though smaller in number, presents the more regular appearance, and powerful implements of European warfare. They are engaged in deadly battle. For hours they fight hand to hand, with all the fury of demons. At length the savage hordes are driven back by the more systematic valor of their opponents. They fly for refuge to a city which appears in the background of the picture. Here they are pursued; the walls broken down; and amidst the flames of their dwellings—the shrieks of their women and children—the fury of their assailants—this mighty army is unsparingly destroyed.

Is this a picture of fancy? The historic page tells us that in the year 1539, Hernando de Soto, a Cavalier of Spain, after landing in Florida, with an army of one thousand select soldiers, proceeded north through the territory of Georgia; entered Alabama at its northeastern extremity; descended along the banks of the Coosa, to its junction with the Tallapoosa; crossed the latter stream; proceeded west along the banks of the Alabama; crossed it about fifty miles above its junction

with the Tombeckbe, and there, on the eighteenth of October, 1540, fought the battle of Mobile with the natives, headed by their Chieftain Tuscaloosa. For the length of its continuance, the desperate character of the contest, the horrors of its details, and the numbers slain upon both sides, this was by far the most bloody battle ever fought upon the soil of the United States. After remaining several weeks near Mobile, De Soto proceeded to the north, crossed the Black Warrior not far south of the spot at which we are now assembled, [Tuskaloosa, Alabama] and continued his course into the State of Mississippi, where he spent the winter. With the natives he fought many other desperate battles. Subsequently he discovered the Mississippi River, and made several extensive expeditions into the regions beyond it. Throughout the whole of this strange pilgrimage, to which he was incited by motives of avarice, combined with the love of conquest, he encountered dangers and endured difficulties which have no parallel save in the annals of Mexican and Peruvian conquest. At length, overcome by fatigue, disappointed in his hopes, his forces half destroyed by perpetual battles, famine and disease, he died of a broken heart, and was buried in the middle of that mighty stream which he had been the first white man to cross. Thus, in the language of the most philosophic of American historians, "the discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed the greater part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial place!"

This romantic expedition furnishes, in its details, one of the most interesting chapters in American history; and, in its whole inception, progress and dénouement, appears more like a creation of fancy than a series of events in actual life. The authenticity and correctness of the accounts concerning it, are, however, well established; and we are justified in considering it the prologue, as well as the first period, of Southwestern History.

II. By this Expedition—which is known in her annals as "The Conquest of Florida"—Spain considered that she had acquired a right to the whole North American Continent. Her attempts to take possession of it were, however, few and far between. They were principally confined to the settlement of East Florida, and were interrupted by the interference of

France, whose emissaries, in the long period from 1562 to 1698 —which we shall denominate the second era of Southwestern History—had explored the Mississippi River, taken possession of the country under the name of Louisiana, and had pushed their way as missionaries and traders among most of the native tribes of the interior. In the latter part of this period, occurred the celebrated expedition of La Salle, into the territory now the Republic of Texas, by virtue of which, our government long subsequently laid claim to the soil, based upon the French right, as far as the Rio del Norte. The correspondence, which ensued between Mr. Adams, our then Secretary of State, and M. De Onis, the Spanish minister, gives the general outline of this ill-starred expedition, which in its details was well nigh as romantic as that of De Soto. The incidents of this period constitute an important part of Southwestern history, but as they have been generally recorded, we need not farther allude to them, than to say that in 1693, Spain took possession of West Florida, laid the foundation of Pensacola, and established a brisk trade with the Alibamon and Chickasaw Indians.

III. The third general division of Southwestern History extends from 1698 to 1768, a period of seventy years. It is the era of French colonization and settlements; and, while it is the most interesting and important, is that portion of our history of which least is known. The materials for a correct account, although they exist in the rare volumes of a foreign tongue, are, however, abundant and accessible. From them it appears that this period is naturally subdivided into four parts:

1. The first extends from 1698 to 1713. During this time, Iberville, an officer of the King of France, under the direction of his monarch, who was anxious to reduce Louisiana into possession, brought out a colony of some three hundred individuals, and, in 1699, made settlements upon Dauphin Island, in the present limits of Alabama, and at the Bay of Biloxi, now in the State of Mississippi. He immediately commenced an intercourse with the natives of the interior—who consisted, he found, of numerous tribes calling themselves, Alibamons, Choctaws, Mobiles, Chickasaws, etc.; and who had already been visited by traders and missionaries, from the Spaniards in Florida, and the English in Carolina. After building a fort upon the Mississippi River, he returned to France, leaving his

brother, Bienville, Governor of the colony. He, in 1702, built a fort upon Mobile Bay, a few miles below the site of our present flourishing emporium, and removed to it the headquarters of the colony—where it remained until 1711, when in consequence of an inundation in the spring, it was removed to the present site of the city, and Fort Louis, whose ruins are yet to be seen, was built. Throughout the whole of this period, the colonists were engaged in violent wars with the neighboring tribes—particularly the Alibamons; and, in the latter part of it, with the English of Carolina—the parent countries at that time being at war. They suffered frequently from disease; and in 1705, the dread visitant, which has recently made such terrible havoc upon the same devoted spot, made its first appearance in the colony, and carried off *thirty-five* of the inhabitants. Nevertheless, the colonists carried on a considerable trade with the natives, in peltries and furs, which they sent to France. To agriculture they paid little or no attention. The population of the colony, which at the close of this period resided principally at Mobile and on Dauphin Island, amounted to three hundred and eighty individuals.

2. The second subdivision of the period of the French colonization and government in the Southwest, embraces but four years, but is full of interesting adventure. In 1713, the officers of Crozat, a rich merchant of Paris, to whom the King had given a charter of the Colony, took possession; and Lamotte Cadillac became Governor. Under this charter, the population was greatly increased by emigration from France, and military posts were established along the banks of the Mississippi and in the interior. In 1714, a military establishment, called Fort Toulouse, with a colonial settlement, was made upon the headwaters of the Alabama, at the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, near which Fort Jackson was erected in 1812, by the American troops. Some of the evidences of this settlement may yet be found, though they who built, like the native tribe who assisted—then called "the Alibamons"—have long since passed away. Several other establishments were, about the same time, made in the interior of this State and of Mississippi. An old map locates one upon the Tombeckbe, another upon the head waters of the Yazoo, and a third upon the Tennessee, then called the Cherokee River.

Crozat, disappointed in his hopes of profit from commerce with the Indians, and harassed by the continual wars which he was compelled to carry on with them, particularly against the Chickasaws—in 1717 surrendered his charter to the King. He left the colony but little improved, save by the increase of population, which now amounted to near *eight hundred* inhabitants.

3. From 1718 to 1732—a period of fourteen years—the colony was under the government of a chartered association called the "Western Company," and Bienville was reinstated as Governor, much to the delight of the inhabitants. This period is marked by a great increase of population; an extension of settlements into Louisiana and Mississippi; the foundation of New Orleans; a violent war with the Spanish in West Florida; the capture of Pensacola; an attack by the Spaniards upon Dauphin Island and Mobile; the division of the country into nine ecclesiastical districts, for the purposes of the Roman Catholic religion, which was exclusively established; the dissemination of priests and friars among all the Indian tribes; the first serious attention to agriculture, by the colonists, in the cultivation of indigo, rice and tobacco; the introduction of large numbers of slaves brought from the coast of Africa; numerous bloody wars among the Indian tribes; a combination of several of these tribes against the colonists; and finally, the terrible and relentless destruction of the once powerful and almost semi-civilized tribes of the Natchez, by Perrier, who in 1726 had succeeded Bienville as Governor. We can but thus barely allude to all these important incidents. One or two events of a less general character may serve to show the condition and spirit of affairs in the colony.

In 1722, the colony at Fort Toulouse, upon the head waters of the Alabama, was disturbed by a mutiny among the soldiers. Twenty-six rose in arms against Marchand, the commander, and forcing their way out of the fort, departed for the English settlements in Carolina. Villemont, the second in command, immediately collected a large force of the Alibamon Indians, and, with them and the balance of the troops, pursued the fugitives. They were overtaken near the Chattahooche river, and, after a brief but bloody engagement, were, with the exception of eight prisoners, mercilessly massacred.

These prisoners were taken back to the Fort, and thence to Mobile, where they were publicly executed. One of them, belonging to a corps of hired Swiss, was put to death according to their bloody military rules. He was placed alive in a coffin, and his body was sawed in two with a cross-cut saw.

Another incident which occurred during this period, casts a softening shadow of romance over the rude life of the colonists, and would afford, in connection with the time, the groundwork for a highly imaginative novel.

Among a company of German colonists, who arrived at Mobile, in 1721, there came a female adventurer, of great personal beauty, high accomplishments, and evidently possessed of much wealth. It was generally believed, as she herself represented, that she was the daughter of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, and the wife of the Czarowitz Alexius Peter, the only son of Peter the Great, and that being cruelly treated by her husband, she had fled from him, for refuge in these far colonies, while he represented that she was dead. This belief was confirmed by the Chevalier d'Aubant, who having seen the Princess at St. Petersburgh, recognized her features in the new comer; and, upon the strength of his opinion, formed a matrimonial alliance with the repudiated wife. After many years' residence in the colony, with all the style of a court, the Chevalier went to Paris with his princess. Here, for some time, her story obtained general credit, and it was not till after the death of her husband, that she was discovered to be an impostor. It was now proved that the pretended arch-duchess was only an humble female, who, having been attached to the wardrobe of the princess of Russia, had robbed her of large quantities of jewelry and gold, and had fled to America. By a similarity of appearance with her mistress, she imposed upon the credulity of a young officer, who lived in splendor upon her ill-gotten wealth, and died in blissful ignorance of the truth of her history.

The "Western Company" in 1732, surrendered their charter to the king. A few years previously they had removed the seat of government to New Orleans, though the principal business was yet transacted at Mobile. The population of the colony now amounted to over *five thousand* white inhabitants and *two thousand* slaves

4. The fourth and last period of French government in the Southwest extends from 1732 to 1768, when France became dispossessed of every inch of ground in North America. The most interesting incident of the first part of this era, is an expedition made against the Chickasaw Indians, by Bienville, who had been re-appointed Governor by the King. These Indians had made many hostile depredations upon the settlements around Mobile, and upon the Mississippi, and had refused to deliver up a party of the Natchez, who, after the massacre, had taken refuge among them. Determining to punish their audacity, and to quell them for all future time, Bienville, in the spring of 1736, left Mobile with an army of fifteen hundred troops, with all the implements and provisions of war. The greater part of the forces ascended the river upon its western bank. The baggage, artillery and provisions were transported in boats. On the twentieth of April, he reached a fort, which he had caused to be built a short time before, on the west bank of the Tombeckbe river, two hundred and fifty miles above Mobile, and to which the appellation of "Fort Tombeckbe" had been given. Here he was joined by twelve hundred Choctaw warriors, who had been engaged for the expedition. With this formidable army, he was twenty days ascending the Tombeckbe, to the point at which Cotton Gin Port now stands. Here, finding his artillery difficult of transportation, and deeming it unnecessary, he erected a temporary fortification, in which he placed it with a company of soldiers. The village, in which the Chickasaws were collected, was distant twenty miles. This Bienville reached on the morning of the twenty-sixth of May, and immediately invested. It was found to be entirely surrounded by strong palisades, constructed of large trees, and was filled by an immense number of warriors. From several English flags, displayed over the village, evidence was given that the Chickasaws were headed by traders from Carolina. An immediate assault was made upon the fortifications, by the whole army; but they were found impregnable. Though the most desperate valor was exhibited by the troops, and though they made repeated attempts to storm particular points, which seemed most exposed, they were continually repulsed with great loss. The well directed fire of the besieged mowed down the assailants,

and, amidst their war-cries and firing, they jeered them with impotency and cowardice. After continuing his efforts until the close of the day, and finding them all ineffectual, Bienville, with thirty killed—among whom were four of his principal officers—and over seventy badly wounded, commenced a hasty retreat. This he continued for three miles, and encamped for the night. The next day he returned to his fortifications upon the Tombeckbe. His Choctaw allies here abandoned him; and, embarking his troops upon his boats, he floated down the river to Mobile. Before embarking, however, he threw his cannon into the Tombeckbe. Some of these were found a few years since, near Cotton Gin, and were said by the pseudo-literati of Mississippi—who, in their wisdom, perhaps had never heard of Bienville—to be relics of De Soto's expedition!

This unfortunate campaign, in its whole conduct and termination, partakes largely of the spirit of romance. One, who, like your speaker, has ascended the sinuous windings of the Tombeckbe, or traveled through the quiet forests and blooming prairies of upper Mississippi, can scarcely realize that their peaceful solitudes have ever been broken by scenes like these. And yet, if some day, as he is riding through those regions, he will throw his bridle upon the neck of his horse, and look around him, he will find vestages of the Frenchman's visit visible in more places than one.

After Bienville's return from this expedition, he applied himself, for some years, to the improvement of the colony, in agriculture and commerce with the West Indies. In 1740, however, he prepared another and a more powerful expedition against the Chickasaws. With it he ascended the Mississippi river and the Yazoo, and succeeded in bringing them to terms. He then resigned the Governorship of the Colony, and returned to France.

The remainder of this period of French history, is replete with interesting details. Suffice it to say, that under the government, first, of the Marquis of Vaudreuil, and then, of General Kelerec, the colony continued to flourish to an extent, previously unprecedented: the cultivation of the sugar cane was commenced in 1751; and some attention paid even to those arts which refine and embellish life.

France being worsted in the war, which she had been car-

rying on with England, by a secret treaty in 1762, ceded all her possessions west of the Mississippi, with New Orleans, to the crown of Spain; and in the next year all the balance to the King of England. She thus became dispossessed of all her right to the soil of North America; though she continued in possession of Western Louisiana, until 1768, when the Spanish officers took possession.

IV. The fourth general division of Southwestern History may be said to extend through a period of thirty-nine years—from 1764 to 1803—when Louisiana passed into the possession of the United States. Of this period I have time barely to say that it is divided into three distinct parts: the one extending to 1783, and embracing the British Government in West Florida, and over the whole of that part of the present States of Alabama and Mississippi, south of the thirty-third degree of north latitude—another comprising the Spanish government of Louisiana during the whole period, and of West Florida from 1782; and the third, commencing in 1783, of the United States, over all the country east of the Mississippi, and north of the thirty-first degree of latitude. This era is teeming with rich historic materials, whether we look to those events which go to the building of States, or to those lesser things which serve to illustrate man in his individual and social capacity. I cannot linger with them but must proceed to the fifth period of our history.

V. This extends from 1803 to 1819—when the last of the States, now composing the Southwest, passed into the Federal sisterhood. It is, perhaps, as far as we are concerned, the most interesting era of our history: embracing, as it does, the first settlement of this vast region by the pioneers of the population who now possess it—the thrilling incidents of the "Last War," with the powerful Indian tribes of our State—with the Spaniards in West Florida, and with the British before Mobile and New Orleans; and the establishment of those municipal institutions, under whose benign protection we live, and in the blessed light of whose influence we are this day assembled. An examination of this period will show us, what I believe is most generally overlooked, that the foundations of our own State particularly, were not effected by the tranquil course of peaceful emigration, but were wrought and con-

secrated through a bitter sacrament of blood. Such an examination is not now permitted. The materials for a correct history of their time have never been collected. You will find them in the scattered records of our country, and among the perishing traditions of our older inhabitants. In the Western States they have set us an example, in regard to this matter, which we should patriotically imitate. What Flint, Hall, Drake, Marshall, Butler, and many others have done for the States bordering upon the Ohio—at the same time that they have pursued honest and reputable vocations—among which the present temper of these Hesperian longitudes, in the superlative possession of that species of wisdom which belonged to the friends of Job, does not seem to consider exclusively literary occupations—will not some of you, Gentlemen, in your hours of recreation in after life from more practical purposes, perform for the Southwest?

Only two circumstances in this period, will your time permit me to mention. Printing—which always marks an epoch in the history of a State—was commenced in Mississippi, by the publication of a newspaper at Natchez, in 1809. The first paper ever printed in Alabama, was the "Madison Gazette," started in Huntsville in 1812. Another was begun at St. Stephens, in 1816, by Thomas Eastin. It was not inappropriately called "The Halcyon"—and like its fabled prototype, no doubt, had much influence in softening the rude turbulence of the times.

The other circumstance, to which I allude, constitutes an interesting chapter in the history of our own State; and, as it has never been written, and is, in all its features, tinctured with the attractiveness of romance, I will briefly present it to your view. I mean the history of the FRENCH COLONY, which settled in Marengo, in 1817.

The overthrow of Napoleon was followed by the expatriation of many thousands of those who had been the most conspicuous maintainers of his colossal power. Of these a large number came to the United States. Among them were generals, who had won laurels in the proudest fields of European valor, and assisted in the dethronement and coronation of monarchs over millions of subjects; and ladies who had figured in the voluptuous drawing rooms of St. Cloud, and glittered

in the smiles and favor of Josephine and of Marie Antoinette. With the irrepressible enthusiasm of their nation, they thought to find, in the quietude and peace of our boundless forests, an Arcadian exchange for the aristocratical establishments and gilded salons of Paris. They wished to dwell together, and to form a miniature republic of their own, subject however to the same laws as other citizens of the Union. Accordingly they petitioned Congress, to grant them a portion of the public domain in the Southwest. This was done by an act of March 3, 1817, granting to them four townships of land, to be selected by them somewhere in the territory of Alabama. The conditions of the grant were that the emigrants should cultivate the Vine upon one acre in each quarter section, and the Olive upon another; and at the end of fourteen years should pay the General Government two dollars an acre, for a fee-simple title to the land. Among the grantees were Marshal Grouchy, the hero of Linden, and the present Minister of War for France; General Lefèbvre Desnouettes, Lieutenant General, who had distinguished himself in all the great battles of Napoleon; General Count Clausel, General Count Real, the two Generals L'Allemand, and Generals Vandamme, Lakanal, Penniers, and Garnier de Saintes; with a number of other subordinate officers, whose names are among the composing stars of that galaxy of greatness which encircled the "Sun of the Sleepless!" Under the direction of these men, the location of the colony was made upon the Tombeckbe river, in what is now the county of Marengo. During the year, emigrants, to near the number of four hundred, arrived, and took possession of the soil—which was proportioned among them by lottery. They, however, did not disperse to any great extent through the country, but principally settled down in two villages; the one called Demopolis, upon the site where the village with the same name now stands; and the other called Eaglesville, situated upon the Black Warrior river, a short distance above Demopolis. In this latter village several of the distinguished men I have named resided. Upon the Colony they bestowed the name of Marengo, which is still preserved in the county. Other relics of their nomenclature—drawn, similarly, from battles in which some of them had been distinguished—are to be found in the villages of Linden and Ar-

cola. In the spring, after their emigration, they proceeded to the cultivation of the soil, and were soon settled down in the occupations of agricultural life.

A more singular spectacle than the one thus presented is rarely to be found in the leaves of history. It is true that Cincinnatus, when he had saved Rome from the irruptions of her foes, returned to the plough he had abandoned. But here we have instances of men, who had been actors in scenes, which, in military magnificence, far transcended the wildest imaginings of the Roman—turning from the theater of their former triumphs, and exchanging the sword for the ploughshare, and the spear for the pruning hook. In moral dignity, indeed, the advantage is all in favor of the ancient—for these are driven from their country by compulsion—but in other respects the parallel is not unequal. Who, that would have looked upon Marshal Grouchy, or General Lefèbvre, as, dressed in their plain rustic habiliments—the straw hat, the homespun coat, the brogan shoes—they drove the plough in the open field, or wielded the axe in the new-ground clearing, would, if unacquainted with their history, have dreamed that those farmer-looking men had sat in the councils of monarchs, and had headed mighty armies in the fields of the sternest strife the world has ever seen? "Do you know, Sir"—said a citizen to a traveller, who in 1819, was passing the road from Arcola to Eaglesville—"Do you know, Sir, who is that fine looking man, who just ferried you across the creek?" "No! Who is he!" —was the reply. "That Sir," said the citizen, "is the Officer who commanded Napoleon's advance guard when he returned from Elba!" This was Colonel Raoul, now a General in France.

Great as is this contrast, it was perhaps greater with the female part of the colonists. Here, dwelling in cabins, and engaged in humble attention to the spinning wheel and the loom, or handling the weeding-hoe, and the rake, in their little gardens, were matrons and maidens, who had been born to proud titles and high estates, and who had moved as stars of particular adoration, amid the fashion and refinement and imperial display of the Court of Versailles. And yet—to their honor be it said—notwithstanding the rustic and ill-proportioned circumstances around them—they did not appear dis-

pirited or miserable. Nothing of "angels ruined," was visible in their condition. They were contented—smiling—happy. As cultivated women always may, they diffused around them, and over the restless feelings of their sterner relatives, the softening graces of the heart, and that intellectual glow which, as Spenser has said of the retired beauty of an English girl, makes "a sunshine in the shady place."

But not the least amusing as well as singular circumstances, to which these French colonists were exposed, arose from their connection with the adjacent American inhabitants. Who can think of the celebrated officers I have named, being drilled and mustered by one of our ordinary militia captains, and not feel emotions of the supremely ridiculous? And yet such, I am credibly informed, was frequently the case! Many amusing incidents resulted from their ignorance of our language. One, not unworthy of preservation, was this: An officer of the colony became engaged in a fight with a citizen of one of our villages. They used only the weapons which nature had given them. The Frenchman, getting the worst of the battle, desired to surrender according to the ordinary signal in such cases. But he could not think of the word "Enough!" The only phrase he could recall, which he had ever heard upon such occasions, was the word "Hurra!" This he continued to shout, until the bye-standers, guessing his meaning, removed his antagonist.

For two or three years the colonists appeared prosperous and happy, and seemed likely to realize those visions of the pastoral state so sweetly sung by the Mantuan bard, and which they had caught from the pages of Chateaubriand and Rousseau. But "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream." The country was found unsuited to the cultivation of the Vine and the Olive. The restless spirits of the leaders, which had been formed and tutored to act a part in those games which loosen thrones and crack the sinews of whole nations, could not be content with the quiet circumference of their backwoods home, in an age of startling incidents, when war was afoot, and the far vibrations of its stormy music, were heard, like the Macedonian invitation, in their sylvan solitudes. Inducements were held out to some of them by the struggling States of South America: and the ferryman left his flat, and the plough-

man his furrow, for posts of honor in the army of Bolivar. For some, the decrees of their banishment were revoked, and they returned to "la Belle France"—for which, in their exile, they had felt all the *maladie du pays,* to preside in her senates, or to head her armies. Seeing their leaders thus leaving them, the emigrants, in large numbers, disposed of their lands, and either returned to their native country or sought more congenial homes in our Southwestern cities. The rights of the soil passed into the hands of a few: Congress, at intervals, exempted them from the requisitions of the grant, and ultimately included them in the provisions of the general preemption law of 1833. The Colony thus passed away; and though there are many of the original families, at least of their descendants, yet residing in the county, a stranger would in vain look among the black lands and the broad cotton fields of Marengo, for the simple patches upon which the Duke of Dantzic, or Count Clausel attempted to cultivate the Olive and the Vine.

This is a superficial glance at the French Colony in Alabama; and to my mind it presents a picture that is tinted with all the hues of poetry. Well has the Evil-Genius of modern song exclaimed, "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction!" Not in the living conceptions of the Wizard of Waverly—nor in the wilder creations of a Goethe or a Boccaccio, have I found aught—with a semblance of probability about it—which could compare with this singular chapter in Southwestern history. Nowhere, but in our own annals can its parallel be found.

ALFRED MERCIER

[1816—1894]

ALCÉE FORTIER

ALFRED MERCIER* was born at McDonogh, Louisiana, June 3, 1816. His father was a Louisianian by birth; his mother, a Canadian. As were nearly all boys of wealthy Creole families at that time, he was sent to France to be educated. He received an excellent classical education at the Collège Louis-le-Grand in Paris, and was doubtless inspired by the memory of all the great men who were educated there, from the time when the institution was named Collège de Clermont, and had Molière among its students, to the reigns of Charles X and of Louis-Philippe, the last of the Bourbon kings.

On leaving college Alfred Mercier studied law in Paris, but, without completing his course, he returned to Louisiana in 1838. He went to Boston to study the English language, and in 1839 returned to Paris, where he published his first volume of poems. He wished, however, to broaden his intellectual horizon, and traveled in France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Belgium, and England. He visited Italy a second time, on foot, and went as far as Sicily, the beautiful island he loved so well, which he has described admirably in his writings.

In 1848 Alfred Mercier wrote a drama and a novel and wished to adopt literature as a profession. The Revolution of February broke out, however, and the period seemed little favorable to literary pursuits. Mr. Mercier resolved then to study medicine, and received his degree in Paris in 1855. He practiced medicine four years in New Orleans, and in 1859 went back to France, where he stayed until 1865. From that time until his death, in 1894, he was a practicing physician in New Orleans; but he believed that most men, whatever their occupations, might devote some moments to literature.

Dr. Mercier, in his long career, saw all the miseries to which man is subject, but he met also many men of noble sentiments, and he was one of those who believed that humanity is not entirely bad, and that vices can be corrected by good advice and kind words. It was this enlightened and benevolent philosophy which drew to him all persons who knew him and which is the principal charm of his writings. Simple, modest, and unselfish, he was not continually occu-

*See 'Littérature Française de la Louisiane.'

pied with himself; he could see the world as it is, and revive in his works the personages he had met in life. He seemed to have considered poetry as a relaxation from his more serious duties, and he called the Muse to him, not to confide his sorrows to her, as did Musset, the author of 'Les Nuits,' but to take his flight with her toward those regions where are to be found charming children, beautiful young girls, and variegated flowers.

Dr. Mercier was a profound Latin and Greek scholar, and was also well versed in the Spanish and Italian literatures. What he loved above all, however, was French literature and the French language, which he wished to see preserved in Louisiana. For that purpose he founded in 1876 the Athénée Louisianais, which has been very successful. He contributed numerous articles and poems to the journal, or *Comptes Rendus*, of that literary society.

Alfred Mercier was a distinguished poet, novelist, and philosopher, and the most sympathetic of the writers who have given to Louisiana the honor of possessing a French literature of real merit. He died in New Orleans May 12, 1894, aged seventy-eight years.

L'HABITATION SAINT-YBARS, OU MAÎTRES ET ESCLAVES EN LOUISIANE

L'Habitation Vieumaite.

"L'Océola" était en retard de plusieurs heures; l'épais brouillard qui avait couvert les eaux et les rives du Mississippi, la nuit précédente, l'avait forcé à ralentir sa marche, plusieurs fois même à s'arrêter. Il était deux heures de l'après-midi, quand Saint-Ybars, averti par le sifflet, se disposa à débarquer. Son habitation était située sur la rive gauche; on la reconnaissait de loin à son "wharf," sur lequel s'élevait un élégant pavillon destiné à servir d'abri contre la pluie ou les ardeurs du soleil.

Une voiture attelée de deux chevaux magnifiquement harnachés, attendaient Saint-Ybars sur la voie publique, au bas de la "levée." Il y monta avec sa fille et Pélasge; Titia s'assit à côté du cocher. Un domestique reçut l'ordre de con-

duire Fergus auprès du maître de forge. Une vieille négresse, qui ramassait du bois de dérive, fut chargée de faire prendre à Lagniape un sentier qui abrégeait la route. Une belle porte cochère donnant sur le chemin public, s'ouvrit; la voiture entra, et roula sur une chaussée que bordait, à droite et à gauche, une allée de chênes. Au bout de l'avenue, à un demi-mille de distance, on voyait la maison du riche planteur au milieu d'un grand jardin.

La demeure de Saint-Ybars était dans le style des maisons de campagne louisianaises; elle en différait seulement par ses proportions plus grandes, et par la disposition particulière du toit. Elle formait un vaste carré dont chaque côté, au rez-de-chaussé et au premier étage, présentait une galerie avec huit colonnes sur chaque face; les colonnes d'en bas étaient d'ordre dorique, celles d'en haut d'ordre corinthien. Le vieux Saint-Ybars qui l'avait fait bâtir, ne lui avait pas donné le toit aigu généralement adopté. S'inspirant de l'architecture si bien raisonnée de la vieille Espagne, il l'avait couverte d'une terrasse encadrée d'une balustrade ornée de pots à fleurs. Deux escaliers conduisaient à cette terrasse, où souvent la famille se réunissait, après le coucher du soleil, pour contempler la campagne et respirer l'air frais du soir. La façade, l'aile droite et l'aile gauche donnaient sur le jardin, où l'on voyait réunis les arbres indigènes les plus beaux et quantité de végétaux exotiques. Derrière la maison, une grande cour plantée de magnolias, conduisait aux cuisines et aux chambres à repasser. Le centre de cette cour était occupé par un puits d'un diamètre de six pieds. Plus loin, était le corps de logis des domestiques affectés exclusivement au service de la maison. Derrière ces logements, un bois d'orangers entretenait une ombre délicieuse; puis, au-delà s'étendait un immense enclos dans lequel étaient l'hôpital et ses dépendances, les écuries du maître, des échoppes de selliers, de cordonniers, de menuisiers, une salle de bal pour les esclaves, et enfin un jardin potager.

Pélasge, remarquant une centaine de maisonnettes blanches et une maison à deux étages, qui luisaient au soleil, sur la lisière d'un champ de cannes à sucre, et, plus loin encore, un amas de grosses constructions, crut que c'étaient deux villages. Il en parla dans ce sens à Saint-Ybars, qui lui répondit en souriant que c'étaient d'une part les cabanes de ses nègres

avec la maison de l'économe, et d'autre part la sucrerie; il lui expliqua que chaque cabane contenait deux logements, et que la sucrerie formait un département où se trouvaient réunis, autour de l'usine à vapeur fabriquant le sucre, une scierie, une tonnellerie, des forges, des écuries, une échoppe de charpentier, des hangars et des greniers pour le foin et les grains.

La plantation de Saint-Ybars embrassait, dans son ensemble, un terrain d'un mille et demi de face sur trois de profondeur. Il avait quatre cents esclaves, hommes et femmes, pour les travaux des champs, dix-huit ouvriers spéciaux, dix jardiniers, vingt domestiques pour le service de la maison, deux cents mulets, trente chevaux dont douze de luxe, une vacherie, des troupeaux de moutons et de chèvres, plusieurs basses-cours, un vivier, quatre colombiers, vingt-cinq chiens de chasse, un énorme dogue qu'on lâchait seulement la nuit, pour garder la maison.

Une discipline sagement raisonnée s'appliquait à tout le personnel de ce domaine, maîtres et esclaves. Saint-Ybars était sévère, mais juste. Malheureusement, il était sujet à des accès de colère, qui quelquefois étaient d'une telle violence qu'ils faisaient douter de sa raison et de la bonté naturelle de son cœur. Mais il était celui qui souffrait le plus de ses emportements; car, à ses explosions de fureur succédait une tristesse amère qui durait une semaine. Il aimait tendrement son père, et le vénérait; mais, à son tour, il exigeait que ses enfants, dont il se savait aimé, eussent pour lui-même le plus grand respect. Aussi, quand on le vit arriver avec Chant-d'Oisel, tous les membres présents de la famille allèrent-ils au devant de lui, pour le saluer et l'embrasser.

La voiture s'arrêta sous un groupe de palmiers dont les tiges élancées montaient jusqu'au niveau de la balustrade du toit.

A la manière dont chacun caressa Chant-d'Oisel, Pélasge comprit qu'elle était la gâtée de la maison. Elle s'empressa de demander des nouvelles de Démon; on lui apprit qu'il était sorti avec son trébuchet, pour attraper des papes.

Quelques minutes après le retour de Saint-Ybars, la première cloche pour le dîner sonna. Chacun se retira, pour rafraîchir sa toilette. Un des frères de Démon conduisit Pélasge

à la chambre qu'on lui destinait; elle était située à l'extrémité de la galerie, à gauche, faisant face au fleuve.

Il la trouva entièrement de son goût. Après en avoir contemplé les détails avec plaisir, il s'avança sur la galerie, et parcourut du regard tout le tableau qui s'étendait entre la maison et le fleuve. Il vit deux hommes à cheval entrer dans l'avenue qu'il venait de suivre, quelques instants auparavant, avec Saint-Ybars et Chant-d'Oisel. A mesure que les cavaliers s'approchèrent, il distingua un vieillard suivi d'un jeune nègre. Quand il furent arrivés, le jeune nègre sauta à terre avec la souplesse d'une panthère, et alla tenir le cheval de son maître; le vieillard descendit plus prestement que n'eussent fait beaucoup d'hommes moins âgés que lui. Saint-Ybars accourut, embrassa le vieillard, et ces paroles arrivèrent aux oreilles de Pélasge:

"Mon père, comment vous portez-vous?"

"Très bien, mon fils; toi aussi, à ce que je vois. Et Chant-d'Oisel?"

"Parfaitement. J'ai encore fait une folie pour elle."

"Ah! qu'est-ce donc?"

"J'ai acheté une jeune femme dont elle avait envie."

"Tu as bien fait, mon fils; il faut, autant qu'on peut, rendre les enfants heureux; on ne sait pas ce que l'avenir leur réserve; une satisfaction accordée à une fillette par son père, même au prix d'un excès de complaisance, c'est autant de gagné pour elle dans cette partie d'échecs que tous, jeunes ou vieux, nous jouons avec le sort."

"Je crois," continua Saint-Ybars, "que j'ai eu la main heureuse pour Démon; j'ai trouvé un professeur qui paraît très bien."

"Tant mieux, mon fils, mille fois tant mieux; Démon est terriblement en retard! espérons que le nouveau précepteur saura lui faire rattraper le temps perdu. Ton Monsieur Héhé, n'en déplaise à cousine Pulchérie, est, avec toute son érudition, un maladroit qui n'a jamais su . . . "

Pélasge n'entendit pas la fin de la phrase; le vieux Saint-Ybars et son fils avançaient tout en parlant; leurs paroles se perdirent sous la galerie. Quand leurs pas retentirent sur l'escalier, qui conduisait du rez-de-chaussée à la galerie d'en haut, il alla au-devant d'eux et salua le vieillard. Cette marque em-

pressée de déférence fut une heureuse inspiration; elle plut beaucoup à Saint-Ybars, et non moins à son père.

Sur l'habitation on appelait le père de Saint-Ybars vieux maître, ou comme disaient les nègres en un seul mot "Vieumaite"; nous le nommerons de la même manière.

Vieumaite était, comme son fils, haut de taille, mais un peu courbé; ce n'était pas le poids de l'âge qui l'inclinait ainsi en avant, mais bien l'habitude de se tenir penché sur ses livres et ses paperasses. Au besoin, il se redressait; alors, son front était de niveau avec celui de son fils.

Au premier abord, Pélasge ne se rendit pas compte de l'impression extraordinaire que Vieumaite produisit sur lui; elle tenait à ce que les deux côtés de la figure du vieillard ne se ressemblaient pas. Les peintres et les statuaires, que leur art oblige à étudier alternativement tous les traits du visage, savent très bien que ses deux moitiés ne sont jamais identiques; mais jamais ni peintre ni statuaire ne vit cette dissemblance poussée aussi loin que chez le père de Saint-Ybars. Elle commençait à la tête; à droite, ses cheveux se dressaient comme une crinière de lion furieux; à gauche, ils tombaient d'un air éploré sur la tempe et le front. L'œil droit, d'un beau bleu de ciel, était largement ouvert; il en sortait une lumière vive mais douce. L'œil gauche se voyait à peine entre des paupières demi-closés; il s'en échappait un rayon mince, froid, pénétrant. A droite, les lèvres étaient prononcées et bienveillantes; à gauche, elles étaient fortement tirées en bas, exprimant la défiance; cette expression de défiance était d'autant plus accusée que le vieillard avait la singulière habitude de tenir entre ses dents, de ce côté, une petite branche de cyprès dont le poids augmentait l'abaissement de sa bouche. Fait curieux, Vieumaite ne regardait jamais que d'un côté; du côté droit, si on lui plaisait et s'il avait confiance; du côté gauche, quand il se tenait sur ses gardes, ou quand il n'aimait pas la personne placée devant lui.

Les nègres, on le sait, ne laissent jamais passer inaperçues les particularités physiques ou morales de leurs maîtres; ils les désignent toujours par quelque mot bien approprié. Sur l'habitation Saint-Ybars, les esclaves appelaient la moitié droite du visage de Vieumaite "le côté du soleil"; la moitié gauche "le côté de l'ombre." Quand ils le voyaient venir, ils disaient,

selon les circonstances, avec la précision du langage créole: "Côté soleil ou côté l'ombe apé vini."

Saint-Ybars laissa Pélasge avec son père. Le vieillard engagea la conversation, en opposant à son interlocuteur le côté de l'ombre. Pélasge ne tarda pas à comprendre que le grand-père de Démon, en lui fournissant avec courtoisie l'occasion de prendre la parole, le sondait; acceptant l'épreuve sans crainte comme sans ostentation, il parcourut rapidement la gamme des connaissances humaines; il passa de l'histoire à la philosophie, et de celle-ci aux sciences; puis, remontant dans le passé, il prit la poésie à sa source dans Homère, et la suivit à travers les âges dans Virgile, Dante, Milton, Byron, Lamartine et Hugo. Il dessina, en quelques traits, les antiques poèmes de l'Inde et de la Judée. A mesure qu'il parlait, la tête de l'octogénaire pivotait insensiblement sur son cou; peu à peu le côté de l'ombre s'effaça, le côté du soleil parut. Etonné de la science et de l'érudition du jeune professeur, Vieumaite éprouvait une joie mêlée d'admiration en l'entendant parler, dans un langage simple mais chaud d'enthousiasme, des choses que lui-même il aimait avec passion.

Quand la seconde cloche du dîner retentit, Pélasge avait entièrement fait la conquête du vieux Saint-Ybars.

TAWANTA

Près de Niagara l'on rencontre un village
Peuplé par les débris d'une tribu sauvage.
Ces bons Tuscaroras que j'allai voir un jour,
Vivent paisiblement des travaux du labour.
Ils ne pratiquent plus la chasse ni la guerre;
Car ils ont pour sachem un homme de prière.
Un patriarche aimable, un indulgent pasteur,
Qui les a convertis au Christ libérateur.
J'arrivai vers midi. Le prêtre vénérable
Me reçut au grand air, à l'ombre d'un érable.
Des femmes, au regard mélancolique et doux,
Allaitaient leurs enfants à quelques pas de nous.
D'autres tressaient le jonc ou s'occupaient à coudre.
De jeunes Indiens, aussi vifs que la poudre,

S'amusaient en faisant de grands bonds de chevreuil
Bref, tout cela formait un ravissant coup-d'œil.
Causant sans règle, au gré de notre fantaisie,
Nous parlâmes de tout, même de poésie;
Si bien que le pasteur me dit naïvement
Qu'il avait un sujet qui lui semblait charmant.
"L'histoire s'est passée à Niagara même,"
Me dit-il. Là-dessus il déroule son thème.
Pensant que j'aurais tort d'orner la vérité,
Je dirai simplement le fait qu'il m'a conté.
—Une Indienne aimait un jeune et beau sauvage,
Et bientôt ils devaient s'unir en mariage.
Alors tout le pays de bois était couvert;
Et quand un étranger visitait ce désert,
C'était un Indien qui lui servait de guide.
Le nôtre qu'on nommait le Nuage-Rapide,
Eut donc occasion, pendant quinze ou vingt jours,
De montrer la cascade avec ses alentours
Au colonel Clinton, qui, pour toute famille,
Conservait une jeune et gracieuse fille.
Elle avait la peau blanche et les yeux bleus du nord,
Et quand on la voyait on l'aimait tout d'abord.
Le Nuage-Rapide en eut l'âme blessée;
La pauvre Tawanta fut par elle éclipsée;
Elle s'en aperçut. Dans son dépit secret,
Elle jura tout bas qu'elle se vengerait.
Elle s'en alla seule, et, comme une panthère
Qui poursuit une piste en effleurant la terre,
Elle glissait sans bruit derrière son amant,
Saisissant d'un coup-d'œil son moindre mouvement,
Et guettant le moment où contre le parjure
Elle pourrait tirer une vengeance sûre.
Ce moment vint enfin. Un jour qu'il faisait chaud,
L'Indien s'endormit au fond de son canot.
C'était au pied d'un arbre, au point ou la rivière
Coule insensiblement sur sa couche de pierre,
Et recueille ses eaux, dans un moment d'arrêt,
Pour prendre son élan et tomber tout d'un trait.
Tawanta s'approcha jusqu'au bord du rivage,
Et d'un air attristé contempla son sauvage.

Celui-ci qu'un doux rêve emportait loin de là,
Sourit en murmurant le nom d'Arabella :
Ce sourire et ce nom décident de sa vie.
L'Indienne se baisse, ivre de jalousie,
Et, dénouant sans bruit le lien de bouleau,
Doucement elle livre à la pente de l'eau
La pirogue d'écorce. Ensuite elle se lève,
Et court comme une folle en côtoyant la grève.
La pirogue s'éloigne, elle glisse sans bruit,
Et d'abord l'Indien ne sent pas qu'elle fuit.
Elle entre tout à coup dans ces courants rapides,
Où le flot se hérisse en crinières liquides.
Et là, plus de salut ! on vole comme un trait,
On arrive, on bondit, on tombe, on disparaît.
L'Indien se réveille, autour de lui l'eau gronde,
Et sa pirogue fuit sur la pente profonde.
Il arme son fusil et se lève à demi ;
Il cherche du regard son perfide ennemi :
Une femme est debout près de la cataracte ;
D'un rire convulsif sa lèvre se contracte ;
Elle frappe des mains comme pour s'applaudir,
Et pousse un cri sinistre en signe de plaisir.
Elle l'insulte en vain ; il a l'âme trop fière,
Pour souffrir qu'une femme excite sa colère.
Il jette son fusil, il s'assied froidement,
Et, superbe, il attend son suprême moment.
La pirogue s'avance ! elle passe, elle tombe,
Et disparaît au fond d'une écumeuse trombe.
Du beau Tuscarora rien, plus rien ne resta,
Et l'on n'entendit plus parler de Tawanta.

SOLEIL COUCHANT

Le soleil disparaît dans l'ombre du couchant,
Mélancolique adieu d'un jour de notre vie;
Et ce jour qui s'éteint dans sa calme agonie,
N'est plus qu'une lueur au bord du noir néant.

Et la Terre qui flotte et vogue dans l'espace,
Laisse loin derrière elle et nos ans écoulés
Et nos ambitions, nos projets écroulés,
Dans un muet sillage où tout fuit et s'efface.

C'est l'heure ou notre esprit évoque le passé,
Abîme sur lequel le souvenir surnage;
Et je vois resplendir, comme dans un mirage,
Un essaim de beautés que rien n'a remplacé.

Je les vois dans ce bal, dont l'éclat magnifique
Eclipsait tous les bals renommés jusque-là;
Ivres de leurs printemps, d'amour et de musique,
Pour elles cette nuit bien vite s'envola.

Bientôt, elles aussi, loin de nous s'envolèrent
Dans les bras de la Mort, de l'envieuse Mort;
De leurs admirateurs les uns les oublièrent,
D'autres en vieillissant pleuraient toujours leur sort.

Pour en garder la douce et triste souvenance,
Moi seul reste ici-bas. Quand mon dernier soleil,
S'éteignant dans la paix de l'éternel silence,
Aura fermé mes yeux pour leur dernier sommeil,

Qui parlera de vous, ô jeunes trépassées?
Qui vous ranimera dans vos tombes glacées?
Qui vous fera renaître à la clarté du jour,
Avec vos yeux remplis de pensée et d'amour?

O Zulmé, qui peindra tes yeux d'orientale,
Ta danse harmonieuse et tes pieds andalous?
Ismérie au front blanc, au beau port de vestale,
Quelle main dénouera tes cheveux fins et roux?

Et toi, dont le nom est un secret qui s'impose,
Vivante poésie, âme aimante, cœur pur
D'où montait l'éloquence à des lèvres de rose,
Rayon égaré dans un village obscur,

Femme admirable et sainte, héroïque victime
Qu'attendait à l'affût le sort le plus brutal,
Tu passas inconnue, et ce monde banal
Ignore encore les dons de ton esprit sublime.

Entre deux infinis—le passé, l'avenir—
Le globe qui nous porte avec indifférence,
Poursuit son cours sans trêve, et laisse l'Espérance
Amuser nos douleurs qu'elle prétend guérir.

O Terre, un jour la vie apparut dans tes ondes,
Sur tes verts continents, dans tes vallons fleuris:
Elle disparaîtra lorsque, sous un ciel gris,
La glace étouffera tes semences fécondes.

Alors, cadavre morne, inutile désert,
Compagne d'un soleil aux flammes expirantes,
Tu rouleras sans but tes ruines errantes
Dans ce vide sans borne où notre esprit se perd.

Et tu te dissoudras, et tu seras réduite
Comme nous en poussière, et, comme nous, un jour
Au gouffre d'où tout sort, où tout se précipite,
Tes restes dispersés rentreront à leur tour.

Alors, qui sera là pour dire: "Il fut un monde
Où la beauté fleurit, où l'amour s'alluma;
La Terre était son nom; la vie était féconde
En elle; mais la Mort plus forte la tua."

Non, pas un souvenir, pas la plus mince trace
Ne restera de toi, Terre, éphémère abri.
Et l'homme ose rêver, en sa risible audace,
Que tout l'Univers a les yeux fixés sur lui!

GEORGE HENRY MILES

[1824—1871]

P. L. DUFFY

GEORGE HENRY MILES was born in Baltimore, Maryland, July 31, 1824, and died July 23, 1871, at Thornbrook, his beautiful country home, near his beloved college, where he had spent more than six years as a student, and seven as professor. He entered Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, in his twelfth year, and was graduated June 28, 1843. The picturesque situation of the College, on the side of the Blue Ridge sloping down to the "loveliest valley in the land," as Miles afterward called it, greatly influenced his love of nature, which flowered in many of his poems, notably in that exquisite lyric "Said the Rose." While a student he was received into the Catholic Church, and the environment and traditions of the college enhanced the spiritual quality which he possessed in an exceptional degree, and markedly idealized his vision.

Ethically, there is no American poet of purer taste or greater delicacy and refinement; none freer from blighting realism and withering pessimism. His vision was vitalized by faith, illuminated by hope, and quickened by love of the beautiful in man and in nature; and with him beauty was Plato's "splendor veri."

Immediately after graduation he began the study of law in Baltimore, and afterward practiced at its Bar. But he was a born littérateur and found the law irksome. He was always industrious and energetic, and conjointly with his profession he devoted much of his labor to letters. In 1844, when just entering his twenty-first year, he began his first tragedy, "Michael di Lando, Gonfalonier of Florence." Upon its completion, in 1847, it received the commendation of Edwin Forrest. In the meantime he wrote three short novels: 'Truce of God,' 'Loretto,' and 'The Governess.' All were popular; all have passed through several editions, and are still read. Besides these, he published many fugitive poems and stories. In 1847 Edwin Forrest offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best original tragedy in five acts. Miles won the prize from a hundred competitors with his tragedy of "Mohammed." In 1854 he wrote a comedy, "Blight and Bloom," which had a successful run in New York and elsewhere. In 1855 he produced "Inkermann," a long and spirited ballad of the Crimean War. In 1856 his tragedy "De

Soto" was produced with great success in Baltimore, and long continued popular there and in other cities.

Meanwhile he continued writing poems, among them "Sleep On, or, Beatrice," highly praised by Lowell, and the splendid "Raphael Sanzio." In 1858 he wrote "Señor Valiente," his most successful drama, which had a great run in the principal cities of the country. In 1859 he wrote a three-act comedy, "Mary's Birthday," and a play, "The Seven Sisters," symbolizing the States that were agitating withdrawal from the Union.

In 1858 he was tendered the chair of English literature at his old college, Mount St. Mary's. His acceptance being coincident with the celebration of the semi-centennial of the college, he composed for that occasion and recited "Aladdin's Palace," one of the finest satires in American literature. In 1859 he married Miss Adeline Tiers and took up his residence at Thornbrook, an ideal home for a poet, about a mile from the college. While engaged as professor he continued to write, producing his fine tragedy "Oliver Cromwell," several songs set to music by himself, his fifth tragedy, "Afraja the Sorcerer," and the drama "The Parish Clerk," "Emily Chester," "Love and Honor," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and a five-act tragedy, "Thiodolf the Icelander." Some of these, as the names denote, were dramatized from novels of well-known authors.

In 1864 he went for the second time to Europe, and visited Florence, where he wrote the weird little poem "La Velata," inspired by one of the pictures in the Pitti Palace. His sojourn in Florence intensified the influence of his favorite poet, Browning, who lived so many years there, and who so thoroughly assimilated its artistic, historical, and literary atmosphere. This influence of Browning is very marked in some of Miles's poems, notably in "Raphael Sanzio" and "San Sisto," both suggestive of Browning's "Andrea del Sarto" and similar poems; but Miles's poems are far more than imitations, and could be achieved only by genius. In 1866 he yielded to the requests of friends, and published a selection of the poems he had so profusely scattered through periodicals and magazines. He bestowed more than ordinary care on the poem "Christine, a Troubadour's Song," which gave its title to the volume.

In 1866 he resigned his chair of English literature at Mount St. Mary's to devote himself exclusively to literature, and especially to make critical studies of Shakespeare. While engrossed in these deeper studies he found relaxation in the production of "Abou Hassan, the Wag," from the 'Arabian Nights,' with his own music for its song, "The Maid of Mayence," also "Behind the Scenes, or, The Girl of the Period," and, last of all, "The Picture of Innocence." In the autumn of 1868 he finished his "Essay on Hamlet," intended

for a popular lecture to be delivered by Edwin Forrest and afterward to serve as a text-book for higher classes in English literature. It was his intention to follow this "Essay on Hamlet" with others on Macbeth, Lear, Othello, and Henry IV, but he died when the essay on Macbeth was about half completed. His "Essay on Hamlet," first published in the *Southern Review,* is an original study, profound in its learning and analysis and an invaluable contribution to Shakespearean literature. This essay demonstrates the possession by Miles of the critical faculty in a rare degree, united to wide and deep scholarship. He could not but look forward to concentrated effort in that direction; and had he not died in the prime of manhood he would have taken a front rank among the critics in our American literature.

Contemporary critics credited him with dramatic vigor, as well as grace and beauty of style. His purity and elevation of sentiment caused him always to write like a gentleman. He was variously gifted, and his writings in subject and treatment indicate his versatility. His plots were skilfully worked out, and, when evoked by the subject, invested with an imagination almost oriental in its richness. His lyrics are of rare excellence in structure and sweetness, and his exquisite "Said the Rose" ranks with the choicest in our language. His hymn, "God Save the South," was very dear to Southern hearts during the war, and was sung in the schools of the Confederacy.

While Miles may not rank among the poets of the first class, a high place is conceded to him in the literature of America, while the South claims him as one of her most gifted sons.

Keenly revived interest and growing appreciation found expression last year in a new edition of his works in several volumes by Longmans, Green and Company.

P. L. Murphy

A STUDY OF HAMLET

From "An Essay on Hamlet."

In all of Shakespeare's finer plays there is sure to be at least one master mind among the characters. Lear, even in grotesque dilapidation, is a master mind, Iago is another, Macbeth, or rather his Demon Lady, is another, but the tragedies themselves are far from owing their chief dramatic force and interest to this individual ascendancy. In the calm, vindictive envy of Iago, in the rage and desolation of Lear, in the remorse of Macbeth, passion or plot is the governing motive of interest; but there is never a storm in "Hamlet" over which the "noble and most sovereign reason" of the young prince is not as visibly dominant as the rainbow, the crowning grace and glory of the scene. Richard is the mind nearest Hamlet in scope and power; but it is the jubilant wickedness, the transcendent dash and courage of the last Plantagenet, that rivet his hold on an audience; whereas, the most salient phase of Hamlet's character is his superb intellectual superiority to all comers, even to his most dangerous assailant, madness. The fundamental charm of *Hamlet* is its amazing eloquence; its thoughts are vaster than deeds, its eloquence mightier than action. The tragedy, in its most imposing aspect, is a series of intellectual encounters. The Crusaders of Ashby de la Zouche, engaging all the challengers, is not more picturesque than this Desdichado of Denmark consecutively overthrowing every antagonist, from Polonius in the Castle to Laertes in the grave.

But the difficulty of *representing* this! The enormous difficulty of achieving a true tragic success, less by the passions and trials than by the pure intellectual splendor of the hero! The almost superhuman difficulty of imparting dramatic interest to a long war of words—for the part of Hamlet is well nigh twice the length of any other on the stage—the almost superhuman power whereby the prince, instead of degenerating into a mere senior wrangler, is so exalted by the witchery of speech, that the lit brow of the young academician for once outshines the warrior's crest, for once compels a more than equal homage from the masses!

Perhaps Shakespeare never asked himself the question, never precisely recognized the difficulty. But, as the vision of the unwritten Drama loomed vaguely before him, he must have been conscious of a summons to put forth all his strength. With a central figure of such subtle spirituality, with a plot subordinating action to eloquence, or rather substituting eloquence for action, the great dramatist instinctively employed a Saracenic richness and variety of detail. The structure of *Macbeth* is Egyptian, massive as the Pyramids, or Thebes; of *Othello,* unadorned, symmetrical, classic; of *Lear,* wild, unequal, fantastic, straggling as a Druid Grove; but *Hamlet* resembles some limitless Gothic Cathedral with its banners and effigies, its glooms and floods of stained light, and echoes of unending dirges. I never read "Act I. Scene I. *Elsinore. A platform before the Castle. Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo,*" without, somehow, beholding the myriad-minded poet at his desk, pale, peaceful, conscientious, yet pausing as in the Stratford bust, with lips apart, and pen and eye awhile uplifted, as organists pause that silence may settle into a deeper hush—the longest pause at such a moment that Shakespeare ever made. But though not embarrassed by the difficulty, he must surely have been awed by the immensity of his undertaking. For the fundamental idea of the tragedy is not only essentially non-dramatic, but peculiarly liable to misinterpretation; since any marked predominance of the intellectual over the animal nature is constantly mistaken for weakness.

The difference between a strong man and a weak one, though indefinable, is infinite. The prevalent view of Hamlet is, that he is weak. We hear him spoken of as the gentle prince, the doomed prince, the meditative prince, but never as the strong prince, the great prince, the terrible prince. He is commonly regarded as more of a dreamer than a doer; something of a railer at destiny; a blighted, morbid existence, unequal either to forgiveness or revenge; delaying action till action is of no use, and dying the victim of mere circumstance and accident. The exquisite metaphor of Goethe's about the oak tree and the vase predestined for a rose, crystallizes and perpetuates both the critical and the popular estimate of Hamlet. The Wilhelm Meister view is, practically, the only view;

a hero without a plan, pushed on by events alone, endowed more properly with sentiments than with a character—in a word, *weak*. But the Hamlet of the critics and the Hamlet of Shakespeare are two different persons. A close review of the play will show that Hamlet is strong, not weak—that the basis of his character is *strength*, illimitable strength. There is not an act or an utterance of his, from first to last, which is not a manifestation of power. Slow, cautious, capricious, he may sometimes be, or seem to be; but always strong, always large-souled, always resistless. . . . . .

With too much reason, Hamlet had lost all trust in his mother; and when we cease to trust our mothers, we cease to trust humanity. Hamlet belonged to that middle circle of the Sons of Light, who became cynics, instead of villains, in adversity. Characters of perfect sincerity, of exhaustless tenderness, of ready trust, when once deceived by the few that were dearest, become irrevocably mistrustful of all. Your commonplace neighbor who knows himself a sham, accepts, perhaps prefers, a society of shams; has no idea of being very true to anybody, or of anybody's being very true to him; leads a sham life and dies a sham death, as near as the latter achievement is possible, leaving a set of sham mourners behind him. But your heart, whose perfect insight was blinded only by its perfect love, once fooled in its tenderest faith, must be either saint or cynic; must belong either to God or to doubt forevermore. A blighted gentleness is as savage in the expression of its scorn as your born misanthropist or your natural villain; save that the hatred of the one is for vice and cant, and cunning, of the other for credulity and virtue; save that the last is cruel in word and deed, the first in word alone. . . . . .

By the inexorable logic of events, Hamlet is ranged *against* the throne, the conspicuous head and front of a moral opposition, an inevitable, though passive, rebel. If Horatio is *loyal*, no matter what their previous friendship, they are thenceforth foes. One must have lived through civil war to appreciate the dexterous nicety with which Hamlet feels his former friend.

Hor.—My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham.—I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor.—*Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.*

Even this little, from a man like Horatio, is enough; they are on the same side, rebels both. Quick as lightning the glance is given and returned; he can trust Marcellus and Bernardo, too, and bares his heart to them with a fierce sigh of relief.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio.
My father—methinks I see my father.

* * * * * *

Whatever may be thought of the words, the *action*—that doomed figure, crouching over its tables in the dim midnight—is a flash of positive madness, brief as lightning, but as terrible, too. In this moment of supreme trial, his mind gives way: the remainder of the act is a struggle to restore the lost equilibrium. And in all the annals of tragedy, there is nothing half so frightful as this tremendous conflict of a godlike reason battling for its throne against Titanic terror and despair. . .

The walking ghost of a murdered king, fresh from the glare of penal fires, swearing an only son to vengeance, must be quite as trying to the soul of innocence as the chimeras of remorse to the nerves of guilt. If Hamlet's reason is momentarily dethroned, it is only to reassert its supremacy—only to pass triumphantly through the ordeal of delirious reaction.

* * * * * *

The future is vague and hopeless, but, come what may, he means to be master of the situation. His manner must necessarily change, but he will mask the change with madness—an easy mask for one whose whole life is spent in holding real madness at bay—whose reason would be lost in dark abysses of despair, but for the quenchless truth and splendor of an imagination which encircles and upholds him like an outstretched angel's wing.

THE FOUNDING OF ISLAM

From 'Mohammed.'

ACT I

SCENE I. *Night of Al Kadir.—Cave of Hora, three miles from Mecca.—Mohammed is seen prostrate upon the slope of a rock, resembling a rude pedestal, his face concealed by his turban.—Enter Cadijah.*

CADIJAH (*looking timidly around*).—He bade me meet
him here, before the moon
Had silvered half the night; but, as he spoke,
His flashing eyes were full of mystery;
His words were few, and stern, and tremulous.
And, knotted on his brow, the laboring vein
So fiercely swelled, that in his nervous grasp
I quivered like a leaf—and still my heart
Seems not to beat, but, with my creeping flesh,
To shudder. Yes—I tremble still. (*She sees him.*)
Asleep? (*She approaches, and bends over him.*)
Asleep!—O, sweet surprise—I breathe again!
(*She embraces him.*)
Son of Abdallah and Amina, hear!
Mohammed, wake! (*She tries to arouse him.*)
'Tis strange!—his slumbers ever
Fled at the gentlest whisper of my voice,
Or at the faintest murmur of his babes.
(*She tries again to wake him.*)
Awake! Awake! 'Tis thy Cadijah calls thee!
(*She starts up.*)
Alas, this is not sleep! Some evil spirit
O'ershadows thee:—and, with prophetic soul,
Thou didst invoke Cadijah's presence here,
To share thy danger or avert the spell.
(*She falls upon her knees, with her back to him.*)
Hear, great Taâla! gleaming Sirius, hear!
Al Uzza, Hobal, guardian gods of Mecca,
Assist me now!
(*At the mention of these idols, Mohammed lifts his head:*

as she pronounces the last words, he rises, with his eyes fixed on the top of the rock.)

MOHAMMED.—Gone!—Gone!—Celestial messenger!
Angel of light!—Whence came those damnèd sounds?

CAD.—My own dear lord!

MOH.—What!—thou?—Begone! Away!
The ground is holy!—Yes 'twas there—'twas there
The angel stood, in more than mortal splendor,
Before my dazzled vision!—I have heard thee,
Ambassador from Allah to my soul,
Have heard, and will obey!

(*He bows reverently before the rock.*)

CAD.—Alas, he raves!
My lord, what aileth thee?

MOH.—Cadijah!—Tell me—
Was it from thy most pure and cherished lips
Those names accursèd fell?

CAD.—What names, dear lord?

MOH.—Al Uzza, Hobal, Sirius—Pah! they choke me—
The names by which the idols are invoked!

CAD.—Yes, I did ask our gods to bless thee.

MOH.—Hush!—
Call them not gods—those blind and monstrous things,
Those crude deformities, misshapen lumps
Of lifeless clay! THERE IS NO GOD BUT ONE—
MOHAMMED IS HIS PROPHET!

* * * * * *

Hear me, Cadijah. Thou rememberest well
When first I led to fruitful Syria
Thy caravan: my fifteenth summer still
Was blooming in my cheeks. I there beheld
The rites of Jew and Christian, and oft heard
The precepts of their sacred volumes. Then
The unknown truths, of which my pining soul
Had vaguely dreamed, began to dawn in beauty.
In solitude and silence, years rolled by:
Scorning idolatry, mistrusting all
The subtle heresies of monk and Jew,
Mine eye, unsatisfied, was ever raised

To its Creator, asking light! light! light!
It came, at last, Cadijah—here!—this night!—
This very hour!

* * * * * *

I was here alone,
Expecting thee, when, suddenly, I heard
My name pronounced, with voice more musical
Than Peri warbling in the dreamy ear.
Ravished, I turned, and saw upon that rock,
Resplendent hovering there, an angel form:
I knew 'twas Gabriel, Allah's messenger.
Celestial glories compassed him around;
Arched o'er his splendid head, his glistening wings
Shed light, and musk, and melody. No more
I saw—no more my mortal eye could bear.
Prone on my face I fell, and, from the dust,
Besought him quench his superhuman radiance.
"Look up!" he said: I stole a trembling glance;
And there, a beauteous youth, he stood and smiled.
Then, as his ruby lips unclosed, I heard—
"GO, TEACH WHAT MORTALS KNOW NOT YET—THERE IS
NO GOD BUT ONE—MOHAMMED IS HIS PROPHET!"

* * * * * *

My mission is to all mankind, but first
To *thee!* Dost thou believe?
CAD.—My lord!
MOH.—My wife!
Believe!—for though thy breath is half my life,
And though I hold thy deep maternal love
Dearer than all the wealth that lines the sea,
Or decks the Persian priest, or tyrant Greek—
Dearer than all the beauty in the world
Gathered and moulded into one fair woman—
Yet, by the throne of Allah, whose commands
Possess my soul, if thou believest not,
With thy whole heart and mind, thou shalt expire,
A victim to thy infidelity!
(*She falls upon her knees.*)
Who will believe, if thou art recreant?

Who will receive, if thou dost turn away?
Who will adore, if thou shalt still refuse
To bend thy stubborn knee? 'Tis writ above,
By angel fingers, with a pen of light,
Upon the mystic tablets, which contain
Th' eternal scheme fulfilled and unfulfilled;
Thou shalt believe, and shalt be blest forever!
Blest in the shadow of the Tuba tree—
Blest in the pearl-paved garden of Al Jannat—
Blest at the sweet and fragrant fount of Tasnim—
Blest in the midst of Allah and his angels!
Exalt thy heart in praise and gratitude!—
Confess! confess there is no God but One—
Mohammed is his Prophet!

ALÂDDIN'S PALACE

Aladdin's Palace, in a single night,
From base to summit rose ere morning light,
A pillared mass of porphyry and gold,
Gem sown on gem, and silk o'er silk unrolled;
So from the dust our young Republic springs,
Before the dazzled eyes of Eastern Kings,
Not like old Rome, slow spreading into state,
The century that freed, beholds us great,
Sees our broad empire belt the western world,
From main to main our starry flag unfurled;
Sees in each port where Albion's sea kings trail
Their purple plumes, Columbia's snowy sail.
Three deep the loaded deck our long wharves line,
Three deep on buoyant hoops fast flounces shine,
While thrice three-story brown stone proudly tells
The tale of Mammon's modern miracles,
Marking full fifty places in a square
Where the born beggar dies the Millionaire.

But yet remember, glorious as we are,
Aladdin's Genie left one window bare;
And we, perchance, upon a close review,
May find our Palace lights unfinished too—

Some slighted panel in the stately hall,
Some broidered hangings stinted on the wall,
Nay, e'en some jewels gone, that graced us when
All men were free here—even gentlemen.

* * * * * *

Of all the slaves in social bondage nursed,
PATER-FAMILIAS stands supremely first:
Proud of his bondage, tickled with his chains,
The parent cringes while the stripling reigns.
Down with the Dotard! consecrate the Boy!
Since Age *must* suffer, let bright Youth enjoy.
Drink morning in!—old eyes were meant to wake:
Shake hands with ruin!—old hearts never break.
Welcome the worst—'tis but to close the door
And pack the outlaw to some College-Cure.
Alas! the tutor apes the parent fool,
The idle birch hangs rotting in the school.
Touch the young tyrant—like Olympian Jove
The avenging sire defends his injured love;
Clutches a cowhide, contemplates a suit,
Talks wildly of a martyr and a brute.
The worst disgrace his free-born son can know
Is not to merit, but receive a blow.

* * * * * *

Your boy secure, what next? Go home and rear
That up-town palace?—Why, you're never there.
Down by the docks your home is o'er the desk
From morn till night, curled like an arabesque,
Spinning the rich cocoon for child and wife,
Though, like the worm, the tribute cost your life.
Crawl home at midnight, to the basement go,
Hug the lit fender, toast the slippered toe;
One well-earned moment rest the throbbing head,
Though all the ceiling own the waltz's tread.
Or dare the ballroom, you'll not spoil the feast,
'Tis the old story—Beauty and the Beast.

* * * * * *

Better be dead than ope those honest eyes
To half your marble mansion's mysteries.

Press your lone pillow, scheme to-morrow's pelf,
Your daughter, trust her, can protect herself:
Dread neither foreign Count nor native Fool,
Her heart was buried at a Boarding School.

* * * * * *

From private morals pass to public taste;
One jewel missing, can the next be paste?
A race of readers, we can surely claim
A dozen writers with a world-wide name—
One drama that can hold the stage a season,
Two actors that confound not rant with reason—
A minstrel equal to an average air,
An artist that has brains as well as hair?
Alas! the river where the millions drink
Flows from a Helicon of tainted ink,
Lower and lower the darkening stream descends,
Till, lost in filth, the sacred fountain ends.

* * * * * *

Kings rule the East, the Merchant rules the West.
Save round his hearth, supreme his high behest.
For him the captive lightning rides the main,
For him rent mountains hide the creaming train,
For him the placer spreads its golden sands,
The steamer pants, the spicy sail expands;
For him the quarry splits the moaning hill,
For him Laborde imports her newest trill.
Submissive science smooths his lordly path,
States court his nod and Senates dread his wrath.
Erect, undaunted, eager, active, brisk,
A front for ruin, nerve for any risk;
Shy of the snare, impatient of the chance,
The world a chess-board 'neath his eagle glance,
Armed with a Ledger—presto pass—he carves
And spends ten fortunes where a genius starves.
No robber knight that ever drove a-field
Bore braver heart beneath his dinted shield.
Atilt with fortune, if he win the prize,
The turnpike trembles, marble cleaves the skies.

* * * * * *

O land of Lads, and Liberty, and Dollars!
A Nation first in schools and last in scholars!
Where few are ignorant, yet none excel,
Whose peasants read, whose statesmen scarcely spell;
Of what avail that science light the way,
When dwindling Senates totter to decay?"

* * * * * *

Of what avail the boast of steam and cable,
If doomed to grovel 'neath the curse of Babel?
Low droops our Eagle's eye to find us still
Cowed 'neath his wing—by Albion's gray-goose quill.
Why boast of Britain foiled on Bunker crest,
Her pen still rules the Rebel of the West.

SAN SISTO

Three hundred years the world has looked at it
Unwearied—it at Heaven; and here it hangs
In Dresden, making it a Holy City.
It is an old acquaintance; you have met
Copies by thousands—Morghens here and there—
But all the sunlight withered. Prints, at best,
Are but the master's shadow—as you see.
I call that face the holiest revelation
God ever made to genius. How or why,
When, or for whom 'twas painted, wherefore ask?
Enough to know 'tis Raphael, and to feel
His Fornarina was not with him, when
Spurning the slow cartoon he flashed that face,
That Virgin Mother's half-transfigured face,
On canvas. Yes, they say, 'twas meant to head
Some virginal procession:—to that banner
Heaven's inmost gates might open, one would think.
But let the picture tell its story—take
Your stand in this far corner. Falls the light
As you would have it? That Saint Barbara,
Observe her inclination and the finger
Of Sixtus:—both are pointing—*where?* Now look
Below—those grand boy-angels;—watch their eyes

Fastened—*on whom?*—What, not yet catch my meaning? . .
Step closer—half a step—no nearer. Mark
The Babe's fixed glance of calm equality.
Observe that wondering, rapt, dilated gaze,
The Mother's superhuman joy and fear,
That hushed—that startled adoration! Watch
Those circled cherubs swarming into light,
Wreathing their splendid arch, their golden ring,
Around the unveiled vision. Look above
At the *drawn curtain!* Ah, *we* do not see
God's self, but *they* do:—they are face to face
With the unveiled Omnipotent!—

THE DEATH OF DE SOTO

From "De Soto."

ACT V.

SCENE VI. (*Night. Ulah's grave, Mississippi. Enter De Soto, Tuscaluza, grappling.*)

DE S. (*holding him a moment.*)
Behold her grave!—Chief, I could smite thee now,
As I have sworn—but take another chance,
And use it well. (*Throwing him off.*)
I will not touch my sword—
We meet on equal footing, knife to knife.
TUS.—Give me a moment's rest—thy lion grasp
Upon my throat has robbed me of my breath.
DE S.—Rest—breathe—and pray—for thou hast need of all.
There liveth not the mortal whose right arm
Crossed mine in combat—and thou knowest, savage,
That I have sometimes fought. (*Goes to the grave.*)
At last in Heaven!—
Sweet saint, remember me.
TUS. (*springing upon him*).—Lie there with her!
DE S. (*intercepting the blow*).—False heart—false hand.
'Tis thus thou shouldst have struck! (*Stabs. Tuscaluza falls.*)
TUS.—Exult not, Spaniard—thou shalt follow soon—

Beneath thy steel coat lies the arrow head—
Behold that broken shaft—. Thou shalt not see
The morning. (*He dies.*)

De S.—There is nothing left to conquer!
He said that I was wounded. (*Feeling.*)
True—'tis here.
An arrow in my side—I felt it not—
'Tis deep.—Now, death, we're face to face at last.
I fear thee not! (*Looking at Tuscaluza.*)
How tranquilly he lies!
Shall I have peace like that? O what a joy
Steals over me: before me sweeps my life,
Fleet and distinct: the mother smile shines out—
The curate blesses me—the manuscripts
Spread their black letters—Isabella steps
From the stone chapel's fretted arch—the lists
Ring with her name—Pizarro beckons me—
Ho, to the rescue!—River of my soul,
Say, wilt thou sing to sleep this brain of mine
With all these memories? O leave me one—
Endless and changeless as thy mighty song—
Love!—(*Enter Porcallo, Alvarado, followed by Anasco, Gallego, Gayton, and Spanish army.*)

Alvar.—Art thou wounded? Where?

De S.— Disturb it not—
Not for the universe! Closer, Porcallo.
'Tis our last battle-field. Dost thou remember
The sunset of our first? The day was won,
And spent with toil, I slept: thy tears awoke me—
I felt thine arms around me—heard thy voice
Whispering I should be a Conqueror.
Have I fulfilled that early prophecy?

Por.—A Conqueror unsullied by the stain
Of unresisting blood.

De S.—May Heav'n confirm it!
Farewell, old friend—there's many a gallant field
Before thee yet: remember me whene'er
The cry is Santiago, and our banner
Firm in the rocking war, wins victory
From Fate.

POR.—Remember? I shall die with thee.

DE S.—No, by my Knighthood, No!—I charge thee bear
This message to my wife—to Isabella:
Tell her to teach my story to my boy,
That he may love the sire he scarcely knew—
Tell her to live for *him*:—then add but this—
Amidst temptation, danger, and despair,
I kept our vow!

ALVAR.—The fleet is in the river.

DE S.—Ha!—say you so?—War's music be their welcome—
What word?

ALVAR.—Gonzalo brings it—lo, he comes!
(*Enter Gonzalo.*)

DE S.—Is Isabella well?—I'll hear the worst.
There is a curse unspoken in thy face.

GON.—She's dead.

DE S.—O, God! how desolate the earth has grown,
How sweet the skies that hold her!
(*Taking him aside.*) Well?—

GON. Thy son—

DE S.—I am his father! Dost thou fear to speak,
When I dare listen?

GON. Dead.

DE S. The cup is full!—

GON.—You bleed.

DE S.—Ay, father, you have made me bleed.—
Alvar (*taking him aside*), have masses said at Ulah's grave,
And plant a cross of stone there, that its shadow
May sometimes sweep the river.—
Men of Spain,
In him behold your leader—by the cross,
I charge you swear to follow without question
Where'er he leads. (*They kneel.*)

OMNES.—We swear!

DE S. (*to Alvar*).—Lead them to Spain.

ALVAR.—And thou?

DE S. (*plucking out the arrow*).—Out, minister of mercy, out!
Blest be the hand that sent thee.—*I stay here!*

My children, cluster round me—I am dying.
Bright be your lot amid the groves of Spain,
New honors and true loves. For me—but this:—
Deep in that mighty river be my grave,
Its foam my shroud, its ceaseless voice my dirge,
Its everlasting wave my monument! (*He dies.*)

GOD SAVE THE SOUTH!

(Southern Anthem of the Civil War—1863).

God save the South,
God save the South,
Her altars and firesides,
God save the South!
For the great war is nigh,
And we will win or die,
Chanting our battle-cry,
Freedom or death!

God be our shield,
At home or afield,
Stretch thine arm over us,
Strengthen and save.
What tho' they're three to one,
Forward each sire and son,
Strike till the war is won,
Strike to the grave!

God make the right
Stronger than might;
Millions would trample us
Down in their pride.
Lay thou their legions low.
Roll back the ruthless foe,
Let the proud spoiler know,
God's on our side.

Hark honor's call,
Summoning all,
Summoning all of us
Unto the strife.

Sons of the South, awake!
Strike till the brand shall break,
Strike for dear Honor's sake,
  Freedom and Life!

  Rebels before
  Our fathers of yore,
Rebel the righteous name
  Washington bore.
So, then, be ours the same,
Name that he snatch'd from shame,
Making it first in fame,
  Foremost in war.

  War to the hilt,
  Theirs be the guilt,
Who fetter the freeman
  To ransom the slave.
Up, then, and undismay'd
Sheathe not the battle blade
Till the last foe is laid
  Low in the grave!

  God save the South,
  God save the South,
Dry the dim eyes that now
  Follow our path.
Still let the light feet rove
Safe through the orange grove;
Still keep the land we love
  Safe from Thy wrath.

FIDELIS

From 'Said the Rose, and Other Lyrics.'

A Maiden stood by a shining stream,
  Sing tarry, tarry;
Her eye was rapt in a sweet, sweet dream,
  Ay, marry, marry.

A suitor bold rode merrily by,
"Dream on," quoth he, "you will wake one day!
So my hounds shall hunt and my falcon fly.
Away! Away!"

A Ladye sat by a clouded stream,
Sing tarry, tarry;
Her heart still true to its first sweet dream,
Ay, marry, marry.
A Baron rode up with hawk and hound,
"Well, mistress mine, do you still say nay?
Come! my lance is sure and my steed is sound,
Away! Away!"

A Mourner knelt by a frozen stream,
Sing tarry, tarry;
Her hair all white with a snowy gleam,
Ay, marry, marry.
Once more to her side the Baron came
With hawk in hand, though his beard was gray;
But her maiden dream was still the same.
Away! Away!

SAID THE ROSE

From 'Said the Rose, and Other Lyrics.'

I am weary of the Garden,
Said the Rose;
For the winter winds are sighing,
All my playmates round me dying,
And my leaves will soon be lying
'Neath the snows.

But I hear my Mistress coming,
Said the Rose;
She will take me to her chamber
Where the honeysuckles clamber
And I'll bloom there all December
'Spite the snows.

Sweeter fell her lily finger
Than the Bee!
Ah, how feebly I resisted,
Smoothed my thorns, and e'en assisted
As all blushing I was twisted
Off my tree.

And she fixed me in her bosom
Like a star;
And I flashed there all the morning,
Jasmin, honeysuckle scorning,
Parasites forever fawning
That they are.

And when evening came she set me
In a vase
All of rare and radiant metal,
And I felt her red lips settle
On my leaves till each proud petal
Touched her face.

And I shone about her slumbers
Like a light;
And I said, "Instead of weeping,
In the garden vigil keeping,
Here I'll watch my Mistress sleeping
Every night."

But when morning with its sunbeams
Softly shone,
In the mirror where she braided
Her brown hair I saw how jaded
Old and colorless and faded
I had grown.

Not a drop of dew was on me,
Never one;
From my leaves no odors started,
All my perfume had departed,
I lay pale and broken-hearted
In the sun.

Still, I said, her smile is better
Than the rain;
Though my fragrance may forsake me,
To her bosom she will take me
And with crimson kisses make me
Young again.

So she took me . . . gazed a second . . .
Half a sigh. . . .
Then, alas, can hearts so harden?
Without ever asking pardon,
Threw me back into the garden
There to die.

How the jealous garden gloried
In my fall!
How the honeysuckles chid me,
How the sneering jasmins bid me
Light the long, gray grass that hid me
Like a pall.

There I lay beneath her window
In a swoon,
Till the earthworm o'er me trailing
Woke me just at twilight's failing,
As the whip-poor-will was wailing
To the moon.

But I hear the storm-winds stirring
In their lair;
And I know they soon will lift me
In their giant arms and sift me
Into ashes as they drift me
Through the air.

So I pray them in their mercy
Just to take
From my heart of hearts or near it
The last living leaf, and bear it
To her feet, and bid her wear it
For my sake.

PENINA MOÏSE

[1797—1880]

BARNETT A. ELZAS

PENINA MOÏSE was born in Charleston on April 23, 1797. Her father, Abraham Moïse, was an Alsatian Jew who had settled in St. Domingo and who fled with his family to Charleston during the negro insurrection of 1791. Penina had barely passed her twelfth year when her father died and she was compelled to leave school and to take her part in supporting the large and almost helpless family he left behind. Being studiously inclined, she devoted every spare moment to reading and soon possessed a well-developed mind. She manifested literary tendencies at an early age, but it was not till 1830 that her poems were printed in number. From that time, however, she wrote incessantly, mainly poetry, though numerous examples of her prose are preserved in the files of *The Charleston Courier*. Her pen was remarkably prolific, and while much of her writing does not rise above the level of the average feminine verse, she certainly must have possessed an extraordinary gift to be able week after week—frequently as often as three times a week—to contribute long poems on almost every conceivable subject to the columns of a single paper. These poems comprise a variety of themes "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Many of them are "occasional" poems, being suggested by some incident in her life.

The atmosphere in which Penina Moïse lived was not inspiring. Poverty, sickness, suffering, and death, which played so large a part in her personal experience, find constant expression in her writings. She literally "learned in suffering what she taught in song"; and while the keynote of resignation and faith runs through her compositions, the themes, to the general reader, are monotonously depressing. Several of her best poems were devoted to topics relating to the emancipation of her people: "The Rejection of the Jew Bill in the House of Lords" (1833), "The Jews of Damascus" (1840), "To Sir Moses Montefiore." In 1833 she published a small volume of poems, which she called 'Fancy's Sketch Book,' and also contributed to 'The Charleston Book' in 1845. Her best known work, however, which will keep her name alive, is the volume of hymns which she wrote for the use of the Congregation Beth Elohim, of which she was a member. This volume went through four

editions. Her hymns have been incorporated in many collections, usually without acknowledgment. Charlotte Adams characterizes these hymns well when she says of them: "They are beautiful and stately songs, reminding one in their rhythmic march of the religious verses that Cowper, Pope, Addison, and other Eighteenth Century poets bequeathed to the world."

Shortly before the war her sight began to fail and she soon became totally blind. With her sister, Rachel, then a widow, she opened a school after the war, she giving oral instruction to the pupils. She continued to write, however, her niece acting as her amanuensis. In 1872 her sister died. She continued to live with her niece, Miss Jacqueline Levy, who kept up the school till her aunt's death, which occurred on September 13, 1880. Almost to the last she wrote her verses—now chiefly to her friends, whose attentions were unceasing.

The following paragraph, taken from a sympathetic tribute by Charlotte Adams in *The Critic,* gives an admirable picture of her personality:

"There died in Charleston in 1880, at the age of eighty-three, a Jewish poetess, whose life most admirably illustrates the literary idea of the old South, in the person of intellectual, talented, and, alas, sadly limited womanhood. This was Penina Moïse, who for many years was the literary pivot of Hebrew Charleston, and whose influence extended far beyond the circle of her co-religionists. Blind, poor, getting her living in her old age by keeping a little school, she yet created a literary salon, to which the best minds of Charleston flocked. Her Friday afternoons were a center of intellectual intercourse. To the romantic imagination of the young girls whom she taught, sitting in her large rocking-chair, in her plain calico gown, with her sightless eyes looking out from under the black coif which completely hid her hair, she presented herself as an incarnation of intellectual and social splendor—a queen of literary society. Madame de Staël squabbling with Napoleon Bonaparte, Madame Récamier reclining in limp garments on her tub-like couch, with Chateaubriand reading his manuscripts to her, Madame du Deffand exchanging epigrams with Horace Walpole—these were but the prototypes of Penina. Miss Moïse was connected, by blood and marriage, with the best Hebrew families of Charleston, and many of her scholars were of her own kindred. Her methods of instruction were of the 'Magnall's Questions' order, and might have befitted the reign of George IV. She delighted in composing alphabets for literary novices, geographical rhymes, and historical conundrums. Her pupils read aloud to her, and by her system of education girls of twelve were made familiar with George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Walter

Scott, and other English classics. Numerous volumes of French women's memoirs were perused by Miss Moïse's scholars, for 'Penina,' as her pupils fondly called her, although born in Charleston, was the child of San Domingo French parents, who had found a refuge in South Carolina when the Revolution of 1791 drove them from the West Indies and stripped them of their wealth. Miss Moïse had all the gaiety, the contentment, and the joyous philosophy of the French temperament. Twenty-five years of blindness did not diminish her fondness for life's pleasures. She lived in books, and especially in the lives of noted French women found the enjoyment of the keenest sympathy. The melodious Hebrew name borne by this remarkable woman seemed to define her station in the Jewish colony at Charleston, which was very largely of San Domingo origin. Was not the 'Peninah' of Scripture the sister of the pious Hannah and the aunt of the prophet Samuel? And was it not fit that her namesake should be regarded as a 'Mother in Israel'? Living her chastened life apart from the gay world, in a rarefied, impersonal atmosphere, Penina was, in the finest sense, the mother of her people. To her the girl babies were brought before their names were called aloud in the synagogue. Secrets of betrothal, marriage, business, and illness were confided to her tender care, and her advice was asked upon all important occasions."

Barnett A. Elzas

TO PERSECUTED FOREIGNERS

From the *Southern Patriot,* February 23, 1820.

Fly from the soil whose desolating creed,
Outraging faith, makes human victims bleed.
Welcome! where every Muse has reared a shrine,
The respect of wild Freedom to refine.

Upon OUR Chieftain's brow no crown appears;
No gems are mingled with his silver hairs.
Enough that Laurels bloom amid its snows,
Enriched with these, the sage all else foregoes.

If thou art one of that oppressed race,
Whose name's a proverb, and whose lot's disgrace,
Brave the Atlantic—Hope's broad anchor weigh,
A Western Sun will gild your future day.

Zeal is not blind in this our temp'rate soil;
She has no scourge to make the soul recoil,
Her darkness vanished when our stars did flash;
Her red arm, grasped by Reason, dropt the lash.

OUR Union, Liberty and Peace imparts,
Stampt on our standards, graven on our hearts;
The first, from crush'd Ambition's ruin rose,
The last, on Victory's field spontaneous grows.

Rise, then, elastic from Oppression's tread,
Come and repose on Plenty's flowery bed.
Oh! not as Strangers shall your welcome be,
Come to the homes and bosoms of the free.

THE REJECTION OF THE JEW BILL BY THE HOUSE OF LORDS

From the *Courier*, September 14, 1833.

"And the heart of Pharaoh was hardened—neither would he let the children of Israel go."

Why against Folly point satiric swords?
Rise scornful Muse and sing the House of Lords!
Let bigot pride your boldest stroke receive,
Patrician prejudice relentless cleave.
Who would have looked for Jesuitic tenets,
St. Omer's scourges within British Senates?
Who could have dreamed a faggot yet would blaze,
Far more unquenchable than zealots raise,
Felled from the highest branches of a tree,
Rooted within the soil of Liberty?
Spotless are now the records of old Spain!
For Acts of Faith leave not so deep a stain,
Nor structures based on erring superstition,
As this Aristocratic Inquisition.
Was it a Vulture fierce or gentle Dove
Sent as the type of mediatorial love?
Faithful disciples! well ye emulate
Your intercessor by intolerant hate.
Forgetting Fate's antithesis, ye wield
Oppression's rod, instead of Mercy's shield.
Apostatizing from that plan divine,
Which grants to Justice no sectarian shrine.
A star once led to Virtue in the East,
Not such the sparkler on a ducal breast.
This to no godlike attribute will guide,
Though Fame a Wellington has deified.
Hero! if laurelled brow that name deserve,
Coward! by nobler test—the moral nerve.
Proud Philistine, explore the secret spring,
That moved the puppets of thy martial ring;
In Israel's hand thou'lt find the golden wire,
Whose impulse stirred Enthusiasm's fire.

And to this sordid bourn they would confine
The noble remnant of a lofty line;
Crush the high aspirant to Glory's meed,
And bid him from her brilliant lists recede.
By civil excommunication blast,
Souls in the purest mould of Honor cast,
Like the red text upon the regal wall,
Truth flashes warning of that nation's fall,
Which in the revel of prosperity
Profanes the cup—nor heeds the captives' cry.
It cannot be—Brittania must explode
That dark deformity from Freedom's code.
It shall not be! with prescient exultation,
My joyous harp rings out Emancipation!

CONSECRATION HYMN

Written for the Reconsecration of the Synagogue which was destroyed in the great fire of 1838.

When Faith, too young for a sublimer creed,
Her simple text from nature's volume taught,
She 'wakened Melody, whose shell and reed,
Though rude, upon her spirit gently wrought.
But soon from sylvan altars she took wing,
And music followed still the angel's flight;
Savage no more, she touched a golden string,
And sung of God, in Revelation's light.
Lend, lend our chords, ye seraph-pair,
The soul of Jesse's son,
That we may in harmonious prayer,
Exalt the Holy One!

Girt in His lightning robe, God gave the law
From trembling Sinai, to His eldest-born;
Tablets, that time from memory could not draw,
A talisman in Judah's bosom worn.
His spirit before thousands past,
To one alone revealed;
And 'mid the thunder's awful blast,
Faith's covenant was sealed.

"Him first, Him last," Him let us ever sing,
Whose promise yet the Hebrew pilgrim cheers;
Who shall His wandering people once more bring
Back to the glory of departed years.
Bright pillar of our desert path,
Through shame and scorn adored;
Thy mercy triumphs o'er thy wrath,
Creator, King, and Lord!

Lost is the pomp, that in the land of palms
Thy regal temple on Moriah graced;
No wreathing incense here Thy shrine embalms,
No cherub-plumes are round its altars placed.
Our censer is the "vital urn,"
Our ark's upborne by zeal;
To these, Almighty! wilt thou turn
At Israel's appeal.

Now, let joyous Hallelujahs ring,
The fallen casts her ashes far away;
Behold another fane from ruin spring,
In brighter and more beautiful array.
Enter in brotherly accord
God's holy dwelling-place;
Chastened in spirit and in word,
There supplicate His grace.

Hear, O Supreme! our humble invocation;
Our country, kindred, and the stranger bless!
Bless, too, this sanctuary's consecration,
Its hallowed purpose on our hearts impress.
Still, still let choral harmony
Ascend before Thy throne;
While echoing seraphim reply:—
The Lord our God is One!

RESIGNATION

Written after the death of her brother in 1838.

When I would smile, remembrance brings
A thousand sad and bitter things,
Vexations, crosses, wrongs, and woes
That blighted hope and broke repose.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
When shall I say, Thy will be done?

I mourned for one who, like a twin,
Shared every thought that passed within;
"Oh! would that I might die for thee,"
Was echoed in my agony.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
I should have said, Thy will be done!

Time brought me to the Lord, my Shield,
Whose help my wounds had scarcely healed
When suff'rings, various and deep,
Destroyed my health and banished sleep;
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
My words were not, Thy will be done!

I saw my kindred's fortunes changed,
The feelings of my friends estranged;
In silence I was doomed to grieve
O'er wants my hand could not relieve.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
I said not yet, Thy will be done!

How weak in faith must I have been;
How led by sorrow into sin,
In trial ne'er to recognize
The seraph mercy in disguise.
Heavenly Sire! Holy One!
My heart now says, Thy will be done!

SUBMISSION TO THE WILL OF GOD

God Supreme! to Thee I pray.
Let my lips be taught to say,
Whether good or ill may flow,
Hallelujah, be it so!

What Thy wisdom may dictate
Let Thy servant vindicate;
Though it may my hopes o'erthrow,
Hallelujah, be it so!

Friends may falsify my trust,
Kindred also prove unjust,
Wound my heart and chill its glow,
Hallelujah, be it so!

Health and comfort may decline,
Why at this should I repine?
Both to Thee, my God, I owe,
Hallelujah, be it so!

When by disappointment stung,
Hard it is for human tongue
Still to say, though tears may flow,
Hallelujah, be it so!

Yet, from Mercy's aid shall spring
Strength of spirit still to sing
'Mid bereavement, pain, and woe,
Hallelujah, be it so!

PRAYER

Pray when the morn unveileth
  Her glories to thine eyes;
Pray when the sunlight faileth,
  And stars usurp the sky;
Far from thy bosom flinging
  Each worldly thought impure,
The praise of God be singing,
  Mortal for evermore.

Pray for the friend whose kindness
Ne'er fail'd in word or deed;
Pray for the foe whose blindness
Hath caused thy heart to bleed;
A blessing for thy neighbor
Ask thou of God above;
And on thy hallowed labor
Shall fall His smile of Love.

Beside the stranger's altar,
Or at thy proper shrine,
Let not thy accents falter
In uttering truths divine,
But e'en when life is waning,
Thy faith with zeal declare;
One God alone is reigning
Whose worship none may share.

LOVE AND LAW

From the *Courier*, March 6, 1832.

A random shaft from Cupid's quiver,
Once struck a famous barrister;
The lady was a cold deceiver,
Therefore his suit ne'er harassed her.
But during a long evening session,
When he to Hymen's bonds alluded;
She only laughed at his confession
And said the thought must be precluded.
The Muses with the Graces joined,
A lovely jury soon composed;
To try the fellow who purloined
Hearts that no flaw had e'er disclosed.
Deeper in crime her soul to steep,
(As urged by the Solicitor;)
This modern Macbeth murdered sleep,
When to his eyes a visitor.
To court subpoena'd, the coquette
Was rashly guilty of misprison;
Her judges at defiance set,

And boldly plead without permission.
"Try me for larcenies in Love?
The law of Nature learn to read;
Woman's prerogative 'twill prove,
And not a felon's flagrant deed.
If actionable such offence,
Ye Nine consulting justice strict,
Who steal with Fiction's keys each sense
I can of pilfering convict."
Not for myself but sex I plead,
Prescriptive right of breaking chains;
Once from this privilege recede,
And not a wreck of power remains.
What penalty must I endure
In this case of attachment?
Yon plaintiff-lawyer may procure
Of writs a whole detachment;
This form he feigns to love so well,
May even now incarcerate;
I'll find new suitors in my cell,
Fearless your verdict I await."
"Not guilty!" from the Graces burst
When the appeal was ended;
But soon the sentence was reversed,
Nor mercy recommended.
At once the Muses seized their lyres,
Untwisted all the silver strings;
And bound the culprit with their wires,
Who still in bondage smiles and sings.

LINES

Written in my Eighty-third year, and gratefully addressed to all my dear Relatives and Friends in acknowledgment of their unremitting kindness.

Long past the allotted term of mortal years,
My soul a captive in the vale of tears,
Flutters its wings, to shake the dust away,
Contracted in its narrow cage of clay;
Conscious the hour of freedom is at hand,
When it will soar to Faith's own fatherland,

By mercy there with manna to be fed,
Gathered by angels for their daily bread,
And with "the just made perfect" ever shared,
Whose deeds on earth, their souls for heaven prepared,
Such is at least the promise Hope has made,
In dreams where Paradise is oft portrayed
As a more glorious Eden than the first,
Where life's most tragic drama was rehearsed.
But why should I not wish to linger here?
Do I not dwell in Friendship's atmosphere?
Where generous souls such balmy tribute bring,
As makes my wintry age so like to spring
That scarce the blind recluse, amid its snows,
Detects the absence of the vernal rose.

Scant in the hour-glass of Time are now
The sands symbolic of life's measured flow,
But ere the few that still remain shall fall,
On thee, long, long-slumbering muse, for aid I call,
Through inspiration's golden medium yet
In part to cancel gratitude's past debt.
Vain hope! that such poor coinage could repay
The sterling gifts received from day to day,
To Heaven for requital I commend,
My kindred dear, and many a faithful friend,
Praying through future years they may enjoy,
Health, peace and happiness without alloy.

Praise to my young associates who delight
To be as 'twere to me a second sight,
Through which alone I may again behold,
Flowers and gems of intellectual mould—
Whose gentle ministry, with soothing power,
Brightens my spirit in its cloudiest hour,
Till e'en through darkened vision it perceives
The silver interlining Mercy weaves.

JAMES MONROE

[1758—1831]

W. H. HECK

JAMES MONROE was born of cultured parents in Westmoreland County, Virginia, April 28, 1758. In this rich section were many families of note, and Monroe was reared in an environment expressive of the best American life of his time. At sixteen years of age he entered William and Mary College, but left it two years later to join the forces organizing to resist British authority. Enlisting in the Continental Army as lieutenant in the Third Virginia Regiment, he fought gallantly in several engagements, receiving at Trenton a wound in his shoulder. In the battles of 1777-'78 he served as major on the staff of Lord Stirling; but, on account of the scarcity of funds, he failed to get further promotion and spent most of the next two years in retirement at his home, although called upon at different times by Governor Jefferson to defend the State against invasion, and on one occasion to make a report on the condition of the Southern Army. In 1780 he became a law student under Jefferson, and thus began an intimacy which greatly influenced his life. Writing to his teacher in September of that year, Monroe says: "Believe me, I feel that whatever I am at present in the opinion of others or whatever I may be in future has greatly arisen from your friendship."

In 1782 Monroe became a delegate to the Virginia Assembly and a member of the Executive Council. From 1783 to 1786 he served in the Continental Congress, achieving prominence through his activity in favor of putting "the regulation of trade in the hands of the United States as necessary to preserve the Union." He was one of the four Virginians that delivered to Congress the deed ceding the Northwest Territory to the United States. He was again elected to the Virginia Assembly in 1787, and in the next year became a member of the State Convention to ratify the National Constitution. Although his experiences in the Continental Congress had taught him the defects of the Articles of Confederation, Monroe opposed some of the centralizing tendencies of the new Constitution. He addressed to his constituents a pamphlet entitled "Some Observations on the Constitution"; but as the pamphlet was late in coming from the printer, and as it did not seem in all respects satisfactory, Monroe withheld it from circulation. The following extract summarizes his views:

"Upon the whole it results that although I am for a change, and a radical one, of the confederation, yet I have some strong and invincible objections to that proposed to be substituted in its stead. Those of less weight might be yielded for the sake of accommodation; but until an experiment shall prove the contrary, I shall always believe that the exercise of direct taxation and excise, by one body, over the very extensive territory contained within the bounds of the United States, will terminate either in anarchy and a dissolution of the government, or a subversion of liberty. The judiciary I consider as illy organized and its powers as too extensive; the whole government in a measure without responsibility, and the rights of men too loosely guarded. And when I behold the Senate, a corps more diplomatic in its principle, permanent in its station, and systematic in its operations, than ever the late Congress itself, wielding in the one hand the strong powers of the executive, and with the other controlling and modifying at pleasure the movements of the Legislature, I must confess that not only my hopes of the beneficial effects of the government are greatly diminished, but that my apprehensions of some fatal catastrophe are highly awakened."

Monroe, however, acquiesced in the ratification, especially after the States had agreed upon certain amendments. In 1790 he accepted the senatorship from Virginia, and for four years in Congress was one of the leading opponents of the Washington Administration, though always an admirer of Washington personally. Therefore, he was surprised, in 1794, at being appointed Minister to France. His outspoken sympathy with the French Revolution made him, in the eyes of the Administration, a valuable person to conciliate the Republic at a time when its goodwill was necessary to the commercial prosperity of the United States. With messages of fraternal greeting from both the Senate and the House, and with injunctions that seemed to give him wide scope in winning French favor, Monroe reached Paris just after the fall of Robespierre, and immediately applied to the Committee of Public Safety. As the Committee hesitated to receive him, he decided to make application to the National Convention. Being allowed permission to speak before that body, he presented the messages from Congress and delivered an address that delighted the Convention with its extreme expressions of friendship, but called forth severe rebuke from his home Administration. Monroe made good use of the friendly attitude of the French Government, which he had thus aroused, and succeeded in gaining compensation for several injuries to the commerce of the United States. His success, however, was short-lived. The mission of John Jay to England, the real purpose of which was kept from Monroe, resulted in a treaty that angered the French Nation and seemed to confirm its suspicions

of the sincerity of the United States in sending Monroe to Paris with avowals of national friendship. This embarrassing situation resulted in the recall of Monroe, who returned home with a bitterness from which he never recovered. He soon published (1797) a lengthy pamphlet entitled "A View of the Conduct of the Executive in the Foreign Affairs of the United States, etc.," and thus he justified himself in the eyes of his friends and of Virginia and condemned himself in the eyes of his Federalist critics.

Virginia showed its trust in him by making him Governor in 1799. He held this office until 1802, when President Jefferson sent him to France to aid Livingston in a purchase of the territory, lately ceded to France by Spain, controlling the outlet of the Mississippi. In spite of delays with Marbois, the French Minister, Monroe and Livingston successfully concluded the Louisiana Purchase in the spring of the following year. Monroe was also commissioned as Minister to Spain, to make a similar purchase of Florida, and as Minister to England, to effect a treaty safeguarding the maritime rights of the United States. In both of these efforts he failed, though not through any fault of his own; and he returned home in 1807, feeling that his success in France was not duly appreciated because of his inability to overcome England's stubborn unfriendliness. But in 1811 Virginia again rewarded him with the office of Governor, and in a few months he was called by President Madison to be Secretary of State. When the War of 1812 became inevitable, Monroe urged the President to reorganize the Department of War, and finally, in consequence of British successes in and around Washington, he himself was made Secretary of War and vigorously undertook the management of the campaign. At Madison's request he continued in the State Department also, and thus shouldered a double responsibility in a time of great national trial. The War portfolio he held until 1815, and the State portfolio until his election to the Presidency in 1817.

The history of Monroe's Presidency (1817-'25) is too well known to be fully outlined here. This "era of good feeling" was marked by great growth in territory in the purchase of Florida, in population, and in wealth. Monroe concentrated his attention on advancing the commercial rights of the United States with other nations, of constructing a navy and coast fortifications, and of urging internal improvements. His inaugural address and his annual and special messages are mainly devoted to these matters. The long struggle of the South American republics to gain independence from Spain excited his intense interest, though he insisted all the time that Congress was right in maintaining a strict neutrality. He finally acknowledged the independence of the republics and exchanged envoys with them. In face of the appeal of Spain to the Holy Alliance for aid in bringing

the republics again under Spanish control, and in the belief that England would be guided by Canning to resist such action on the part of the Holy Alliance, Monroe advised carefully with his Cabinet and friends, and then wrote in his Annual Message of December 2, 1823, the famous passages which enunciated the "Monroe Doctrine."*

In this same message Monroe well states his opposition to slavery: "In compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives adopted at their last session, instructions have been given to all the Ministers of the United States accredited to the powers of Europe and America to propose the proscription of the African slave trade by classing it under the denomination, and inflicting on its perpetrators the punishment, of piracy. Should this proposal be acceded to, it is not doubted that this odious and criminal practice will be promptly and entirely suppressed. It is earnestly hoped that it will be acceded to, from the firm belief that it is the most effectual expedient that can be adopted for the purpose."

From the time of his retirement in 1825 until his death in New York, July 4, 1831, Monroe lived quietly at his home in Loudoun County, or with his daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur, in New York. He served his State in some minor offices, and especially enjoyed his membership on the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia; but he refused to run for any political office or to have his opinions on current problems used for political purposes. His finances were greatly embarrassed on account of debts contracted during his two missions abroad; and in 1825 he asked Congress to reimburse him, with interest, for his expenditures while in this Government service. Toward the close of his life he wrote to Madison: "I never recovered from the losses of the first mission, to which those of the second added considerably." As the amount granted by Congress was less than that asked for, Monroe published in 1826 a "Memoir Relating to his Unsettled Claim upon the People and Government of the United States." In 1830 Monroe alluded, in a letter to his son-in-law, to two books he was writing, one an autobiography which was never published and the other "A comparison between our government and the ancient republics, and likewise with the government of England," which was published in its unfinished form in 1867. After the death of his wife, in 1830, he settled permanently in New York and lived there with his daughters until his death. In 1858, one hundred years after his birth, his body was carried with ceremony to Richmond and there re-interred.

While a member of the Continental Congress (1786) Monroe married Miss Eliza Korkwright of New York. Of his two children,

*These passages are given in full in the selections following this sketch.

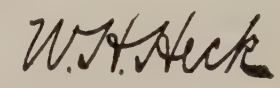
the elder daughter married Judge George Hay, of Virginia, and the younger Samuel L. Gouverneur of New York. To his wife and children he was affectionately devoted, and the allusions to them in his letters reveal his constant thought of them. Judge Watson, of Charlottesville, at one time a member of his household, thus describes him: "In his intercourse with his family he was not only unvaryingly kind and affectionate, but as gentle as a woman or a child. . . . I shall never forget the touching grief manifested by the old man on the morning after Mrs. Monroe's death, when he sent for me to go to his room, and with trembling frame and streaming eyes spoke of the long years they had spent happily together, and expressed in strong terms his conviction that he would soon follow her."

Among his friends Monroe numbered some of the greatest men of his time, especially Jefferson and Madison, with whom he corresponded during most of his life. Though without the graces of a polished gentleman of society, he won friends everywhere by his kind and simple graciousness.

The following list of the chief public offices held by Monroe will give an idea of the honor in which he was held by his contemporaries: Twice Member of the Virginia Assembly; a delegate to three Continental Congresses; twice Governor; United States Senator for part of two terms; twice Minister to France; Minister to England and Spain; Secretary of State, Secretary of War, and President for two terms. He was a man without great originality or a genius for statesmanship, but he was a direct, far-sighted manager of public affairs, honest, patriotic, and courageous. Daniel C. Gilman, from whose biography of Monroe most of the data in this sketch has been gathered, thus gives his estimate of the man and the official: "He was in early life enthusiastic to rashness, he was an adherent to partisan views, he was sometimes despondent and sometimes irascible; but as he grew older his judgment was disciplined, his self-control became secure, his patriotism overbalanced the considerations of party. Political opponents rarely assailed the purity of his motives or the honesty of his conduct. . . . His numerous state papers are not remarkable in style or in thought, but his views were generally sound."

As a writer on political questions, Monroe cannot be highly praised. His addresses, messages, and pamphlets are written with dignity, and sometimes with a patriotic fervor that is contagious, but they are not marked with power or grace. A lack of sententiousness has kept his best utterances from being remembered and quoted. Although in dealing with definite, practical measures his style is clear,

in general discussions it often becomes involved through an accumulation of dependent clauses and through a failure to make easy the transitions of thought from one sentence or paragraph to another. Even his letters are often stiff and cumbrous. Monroe's education at William and Mary College was cut short by the Revolutionary War, and his busy life afterward kept him from gaining a wide knowledge of books. There are surprisingly few literary allusions in his letters and documents. He was a man educated mainly by his varied experiences in the service of his country, and his great career shows the value of such an education.



ADDRESS TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF FRANCE

Delivered August 15, 1794.

CITIZENS, PRESIDENT AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE:—My admission into this Assembly, in the presence of the French Nation (for all the citizens of France are represented here) to be recognized as the Representative of the American Republic impresses me with a degree of sensibility which I cannot express. I consider it as a new proof of that friendship and regard which the French Nation has always shown to their ally, the United States of America.

Republics should approach near to each other. In many respects they all have the same interest. But this is more especially the case with the American and French Republics:—their governments are similar; they both cherish the same principles and rest on the same basis, the equal and unalienable rights of men. The recollection too of common dangers and difficulties will increase their harmony, and cement their union. America had her day of oppression, difficulty and war, but her sons were virtuous and brave and the storm which long clouded her political horizon has passed and left them in the enjoyment of peace, liberty, and independence.

France, our ally and our friend and who aided in the contest, has now embarked in the same noble career; and I am happy to add that whilst the fortitude, magnanimity, and heroic valor of her troops, command the admiration and applause of the astonished world, the wisdom and firmness of her councils unite equally in securing the happiest result.

America is not an unfeeling spectator of your affairs in the present crisis. I lay before you in the declarations of every department of our Government, declarations which are founded in the affection of the citizens at large, the most decided proof of her sincere attachment to the liberty, prosperity, and happiness of the French Republic. Each branch of Congress according to the course of proceedings there has requested the President to make this known to you in its behalf; and in fulfilling the desires of those branches I am instructed to declare to you that he has expressed his own.

In discharging the duties of the office which I am now called on to execute, I promise myself the highest satisfaction; because I well know that whilst I pursue the dictates of my own heart in wishing the liberty and happiness of the French Nation, and which I most sincerely do, I speak the sentiments of my own Country; and that by doing everything in my power to preserve and perpetuate the harmony so happily subsisting at present between the two Republics, I shall promote the interest of both. To this great object therefore all my efforts will be directed. If I shall be so fortunate as to succeed in such manner as to merit the approbation of both Republics I shall deem it the happiest event of my life and return hereafter with a consolation, which those who mean well and have served the cause of liberty alone can feel.

LETTER TO THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA

London, England, Nov. 29, 1803.

I recollect that while I had the honor to serve the Commonwealth in the Executive, it appeared that there were many cases of contestation between the State and British subjects, growing out of our revolution and treaties with this country for tracts of land and lots lying in several of our counties and towns, some of which were of great value. Several of these controversies were of long standing and attended with great expense, while the result was quite uncertain. It has occurred to me, that it might be advantageous to the State to compromise these disputes with the parties by the purchase of their claims for some reasonable equivalent. It is presumable that they would prefer selling them at a very moderate price, a half or less of their value to be paid by instalments, which might be satisfied out of the lands alone, to the prosecution of a doubtful controversy, which keeps them so long, even in a case of favorable issue, from the possession of the property. It might also be more satisfactory to the State to adjust these controversies by amicable compromise, than by legal decision, since the former is a mode that will content every one. If the State is disposed to adopt this mode, and thinks proper to repose the trust in me, I will accept it with pleasure, and undertake to execute it in the best manner in my power. I shall wish no compensation for the service; my sole object will be to render myself useful to my country, and my highest gratification to succeed in the undertaking.

* * * * * *

It may be deemed presumptuous in me to express a wish as to the application of the money which may thus be raised, in case the idea is adopted and executed with success. The wisdom of the Legislature will, I doubt not, destine it to some humane and useful object. Had I a seat in the Legislature and a vote on the application, it would be to the purpose of public instruction. It is an opinion which I have long entertained, on which every day's experience and observation tends to confirm, that however free our political institutions may be in the commencement, liberty cannot long be preserved

unless the society in every district, in all its members, possesses that portion of useful knowledge which is necessary to qualify them to discharge with credit and effect, those great duties of citizens on which free Government rests. The responsibility of public servants, however, well provided for by the Constitution, becomes vain and useless if the people in general are not competent judges, in the course of the administration, of all the questions which it involves. If it was wise, manly and patriotic in us to establish a free Government, it is equally incumbent on us to attend to the necessary means of its preservation. The money thus raised, might form the commencement of a system, which under favorable auspices, especially the humane patronage of the Legislature, might be matured hereafter and extended throughout the Commonwealth. You will excuse the liberty I have taken to make this suggestion, and be assured that it will give me great and sincere pleasure to have it in my power while I remain abroad to render service to my country and my friends in this or any other mode in which they will be pleased to command me. Be so kind as to present my most friendly regards to the gentlemen at your Board, and believe me to be, dear sir, with great respect and esteem,

Affectionately yours, &c.

THE "MONROE DOCTRINE"

Extracts from President Monroe's Seventh Annual Message, December 2, 1823.

MANY important subjects will claim your attention during the present session, of which I shall endeavor to give, in aid of your deliberation, a just idea in this communication. I undertake this duty with diffidence, from the vast extent of the interests on which I have to treat and of their great importance to every portion of our Union. I enter on it with zeal from a thorough conviction that there never was a period since the establishment of our Revolution when, regarding the condition of the civilized world and its bearing on us, there was greater necessity for devotion in the public servants to their respective duties, or for virtue, patriotism, and union in our constituents.

Meeting in you a new Congress, I deem it proper to present this view of public affairs in greater detail than might otherwise be necessary. I do it, however, with peculiar satisfaction, from a knowledge that in this respect I shall comply more fully with the sound principles of our Government. The people being with us exclusively the sovereign, it is indispensable that full information be laid before them on all important subjects, to enable them to exercise that high power with complete effect. If kept in the dark, they must be incompetent to do it. We are all liable to error, and those who are engaged in the management of public affairs are more subject to excitement and to be led astray by their particular interests and passions than the great body of our constituents who, living at home in the pursuit of their ordinary avocations, are calm but deeply interested spectators of events and of the conduct of those who are parties to them. To the people every department of the Government and every individual in each are responsible, and the more full their information the better they can judge of the wisdom of the policy pursued and of the conduct of each in regard to it. From their dispassionate judgment much aid may always be obtained, while their approbation will form the greatest incentive and most gratifying reward for virtuous actions, and the dread of their censure the best security against the abuse of their confidence. Their interests in all vital questions are the same, and the bond, by sentiment as well as by interest, will be proportionably strengthened as they are better informed of the real state of public affairs, especially in difficult conjunctures. It is by such knowledge that local prejudices and jealousies are surmounted, and that a national policy, extending its fostering care and protection to all the great interests of the Union, is formed and steadily adhered to.

A precise knowledge of our relations with foreign powers as respects our negotiations and transactions with each is thought to be particularly necessary. Equally necessary is it that we should form a just estimate of our resources, revenue, and progress in every kind of improvement connected with the national prosperity and public defense. It is by rendering justice to other nations that we may expect it from them. It

is by our ability to resent injuries and redress wrongs that we may avoid them.

* * * * * *

At the proposal of the Russian Imperial Government, made through the minister of the Emperor residing here, a full power and instructions have been transmitted to the minister of the United States at St. Petersburg to arrange by amicable negotiation the respective rights and interests of the two nations on the northwest coast of this continent. A similar proposal had been made by His Imperial Majesty to the Government of Great Britain, which has likewise been acceded to. The Government of the United States has been desirous by this friendly proceeding of manifesting the great value which they have invariably attached to the friendship of the Emperor and their solicitude to cultivate the best understanding with his Government. In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers.

Since the close of the last session of Congress the commissioners and arbitrators for ascertaining and determining the amount of indemnification which may be due to citizens of the United States under the decision of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, in conformity to the convention concluded at St. Petersburg on the 12th of July, 1822, have assembled in this city, and organized themselves as a board for the performance of the duties assigned to them by that treaty. The commission constituted under the eleventh article of the treaty of the 22nd of February, 1819, between the United States and Spain is also in session here, and as the term of three years limited by the treaty for the execution of the trust will expire before the period of the next regular meeting of Congress, the attention of the Legislature will be drawn to the measures which may be necessary to accomplish the objects for which the commission was instituted.

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It was stated at the commencement of the last session that a great effort was then making in Spain and Portugal to improve the condition of the people of those countries, and that it appeared to be conducted with extraordinary moderation. It need scarcely be remarked that the result has been so far very different from what was then anticipated. Of events in that quarter of the globe, with which we have so much intercourse and from which we derive our origin, we have always been anxious and interested spectators. The citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellow-men on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. In the war between those new Governments and

Spain we declared our neutrality at the time of their recognition, and to this we have adhered, and shall continue to adhere, provided no change shall occur which, in the judgment of the competent authorities of this Government shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security.

The late events in Spain and Portugal shew that Europe is still unsettled. Of this important fact no stronger proof can be adduced than that the allied powers should have thought it proper, on any principle satisfactory to themselves, to have interposed by force in the internal concerns of Spain. To what extent such interposition may be carried, on the same principle, is a question in which all independent powers whose governments differ from theirs are interested, even those most remote, and surely none more so than the United States. Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers, to consider the government de facto as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to those continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can anyone believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form, with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain and those new Governments, and their distance from each other, it must be obvious that she can never subdue them. It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course.

LETTER TO JOHN C CALHOUN

OAK HILL, August 4, 1828.

DEAR SIR:—On my return here two days since from Albemarle, whither I had been to attend a meeting of the visitors of the University, and a convention on the subject of internal improvement, I had the pleasure to receive your letter on the 10th ulto.

* * * * * *

I very sincerely regret the proceeding to the South, alluded to in your letter respecting the late law for the encouragement of manufactures, as well from the feeling I bear to the parties who appear, by the *Gazette,* to be most active in it, as a regard to the public interest. For several of them I have great respect & esteem, and take an interest in their welfare. I have heretofore been gratified to see an advancement of their fame. This incident may tend to injure them. As to the Union, all movements which menace, or even suggest the least danger to it, cannot fail to have an ill effect. None of the States are so deeply interested, according to my best judgment, in its preservation, as the Southern. Rivalry, restraints on intercourse, would immediately ensue, under partial confederacies, or any other arrangements, which could be formed, the pernicious consequences of which may easily be conceived. Hostility and wars would be inevitable, whereby our free system of government would be overwhelmed. The Southern States would soon become a scene of the most frightful calamities, because their slaves would be excited to insurrection. It is my candid opinion, if there is any portion of the Union which ought to feel peculiar solicitude for its preservation, it is those States, as it likewise is that they should promote the connection and dependence of the several States on each other, by intercourse, commerce & every practicable means tending to obliterate local distinctions, diffuse a common feeling, and bind the Union by the strongest ties of interest & affection, more closely together.

With respect to the promotion of these objects, by the improvement of the Union by roads & canals, in the extent heretofore stated, and by the encouragement of manufactures,

my views were fully disclosed in my inaugural address in 1817; as they were in the messages subsequently sent to Congress. They have not changed, but have gained strength by subsequent events. I make to you this communication with the candor I have always observed in my communications with you, and with the best feeling for those to whom it particularly relates. That it might have been advisable, considering the objections entertained to this measure in the South, to have advanced more gradually, in carrying into effect this policy, is a subject into which I do not enter. But that the encouragement of manufactures is one, regarding the dangers to which our Union and free government are exposed, and which bear with peculiar force on the Southern States, which they should cherish, is a point on which my mind has long since, perhaps improperly, been made up. Nor have I any doubt, having all the raw materials among ourselves, and blessed with other advantages enjoyed by no European country, that at no distant period we shall obtain those articles at home, at a cheaper price than they can be procured from foreign countries. The law having been passed by a constitutional majority, what I most anxiously wish is, that a fair experiment be made of its effect.

We had the satisfaction to find Mr. Gouverneur, and our daughter, and their children in good health. The journey was fatiguing to Mrs. Monroe, but her health had improved when I left her, and has improved since. Mr. and Mrs. Hay are in good health. We all desire our best regards to Mrs. Calhoun & family, and beg you to be assured that we shall always be happy to see you both whenever it may be convenient for you to visit us.

LETTER TO JOHN C. CALHOUN

January 7, 1829.

Dear Sir:—I have had the pleasure to receive your favor of the 29. Decr., and should have answered it sooner had not my attention been called to Mr. Hay, who has been indisposed, and still is, tho' on the recovery. My health is essentially restored, but I am still weak, and have avoided exposure to the cold air, except in a few instances in a carriage.

The subject to which you refer is of the most delicate nature that can be conceived, on which I always reflect with great concern & distress. Whatever shakes our system, or menaces it, will create a despondence throughout the civilized world. They all look to us and will give up their cause as lost if we shew a doubt of success. I can only remark in this that none of the views which I suggested, in my letter to you of August last, have been changed. They were formed on long reflection, founded in experience, and a particular consideration of the state of the Southern country, & especially in the article of slaves, the number of which, in most of them, exceeds that of the white population. My opinion is that we should provoke no issue to shake the system, or which, in the eyes of the world or among ourselves, should make a change, most satisfactory to the Southern States, imputable to necessity, and the preservation of the Union. The best way will be, I think, to let the experiment operate & to appeal to other motives, in case the result should correspond with the anticipation formed of it. It merits great consideration, and especially if an appeal be made to the danger of disunion, whether it may not have a different effect; whether, if the power to regulate trade is allowed to have no internal operation, the Eastern and Western States may not find it for their interest, at some future period to break off, and give to their industry, their institutions and other means, an hostile direction towards us. I well know that those who have taken a different view of the subject are men of high honor, and are governed by a sense of what they owe to their immediate constituents. To these men, and to many of their predecessors, I have been attached thro' the whole course of my public life,

and have often acted in perfect harmony, and with none more cordially or uniformly than with yourself, at very difficult periods, & especially in the late war. That attachment still exists, and always will, because it is founded on pure principles, the result of my disinterested reflections, a just estimate of their character & merit. I write to you without reserve, because I have perfect confidence in the candor with which you will view any suggestion which I make. I cannot now enter more fully into the subject, but I am satisfied that our system requires great circumspection and care, to preserve it. It is getting into operation, on a fair experiment of its principles, without the aid of many causes connected with the revolution itself. To these my attention has been drawn, since my retirement, with great interest. I have long wished to see you, and have attributed your not calling to motives of delicacy only, arising from the state of affairs. I beg you to be assured that that state produced no effect on my mind, in reference to a visit from you, nor will it at any time.

My family desire their best regards to Mrs. Calhoun, whom we should likewise be happy to see with you.

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

[1858—]

W. M. BUNTING

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE was born in Marion, Alabama, August 26, 1858, and was graduated in his native town from Howard College. His father, Judge John Moore, was an early pioneer of that section and served for twenty-six years as Judge of the District Court until his death in 1904.

Mr. Moore showed a decided fondness for literature, ancient history, and the Greek classics early in life, and he easily led in college debates. After graduation he edited the *Marion Commonwealth* for a year, and made considerable reputation as a poet and writer. Some of his poems written at that time were widely copied by newspapers throughout the South. He taught school the following six years in Butler and Wilcox counties, establishing Moore Academy at Pineapple, Alabama. During these years of school work he studied law, but declined to accept a license, as he did not wish to practice. His love of nature and literary work impelled him to return to country life, and he removed to Maury County, Tennessee, near Columbia. His fondness for horses soon led him to contribute short stories to *The Horse Review* of Chicago, the largest and best-known turf journal in America. His *nom de plume* of "Trotwood" soon won him fame with horse-lovers and nature-worshipers. Through the succeeding years Mr. Moore edited a department in *The Horse Review,* and wrote numerous poems and short stories; in 1897 these were published in a volume entitled 'Songs and Stories From Tennessee,' which immediately found favor and won for him a name among Southern writers. It was the story "Ole Mistis" that first made him known to the literary world.

Many of Mr. Moore's stories were considered classics, reflecting the life, the time, and the character of the people of middle Tennessee and Alabama before and immediately following the war. His dialect stories and interpretations of the old plantation darkey hold a decided place in Southern literature. His "Old Wash" stories have a pathetic touch, and were idealized by the late Howard Weeden of Alabama, in many wonderfully artistic water-color pictures of the various negro types.

Mr. Moore's poem on Sam Davis, the hero scout of Tennessee,

was instrumental in the erection of two monuments to his memory, one now being erected on Capitol Hill at Nashville, an honor accorded to only one other person, General Andrew Jackson.

His poem "A Ballad of Emma Sansom," the Alabama heroine who piloted General Forrest, riding behind him on horseback to the bridge over Black Creek, on the raid when he captured General Streight and his entire command, will be recorded in history as one of the most thrilling ballads of the "Lost Cause." This poem was read on the floor of the Alabama Legislature, and was instrumental in securing a pension for the heroine in her declining years.

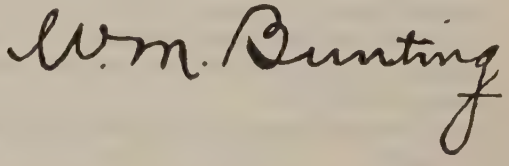
"To a Sweet Pea" is said to be one of his most artistic poems. It illustrates the epigrammatic terseness of the author's style. The poem "The Recompense" is considered by many critics one of his best poems. His inspiring idealism and love for the highest type of womanhood are beautifully portrayed in this little poem.

'A Summer Hymnal,' a pastoral of the Middle Basin of Tennessee, published in 1901, met with unusual success. It is a charming nature story, permeated with the Tennessee atmosphere and filled with fine descriptions of the picturesque surroundings of the author's home. It has its tragedy in the life of the blind man, but the tragedy makes for eternal happiness in the world of the spirit.

'The Bishop of Cottontown' is a more pretentious work, strongly local in color, abounding in fine descriptions and dramatic situations, and filled with the purpose of dealing a death-blow to the Southern system of child labor in cotton-mills. Mr. Edward Markham, in the *Cosmopolitan* for July, 1908, quotes from this volume—because he says the author tells the story better than he can say it.

In his life work Mr. Moore belongs to that rapidly increasing class of progressive Southern men who stand for the new South. At present he is editor of the *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine*, published at Nashville, Tennessee. He is printing a serial, 'The Gift of the Grass,' which is meeting with favorable criticism; and he has lately completed a drama called "The Ghost Flower."

Mr. Moore is plain and simple in life and habits, retiring by nature, and shrinking from notoriety. His literary work is only fairly begun, and his best novel is yet to be written if his latest work is taken as an evidence of his growth.



GRAY GAMMA

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It is no secret among those who know him that Old Wash's stories are always more truth than fiction. This one, Gray Gamma, happened substantially as related by the old man, near Columbia, Tennessee, in the famous "dimple of the Universe."

"I AIN'T nurver tole you 'bout dat hoss race down to Ashwood, when Marse Bill Young bet me ergin two thousan' dollars ob er Alabamian gemman's money, has I?" asked old Wash the other night, after he had come in to tell me the Jersey cow had found a calf in the meadow lot that day.

"Wal, sah, I've seed many er race, but dat wuz de mos' interestines' one, frum my p'int ob view, dat I ebber seed, 'kase I wuz de principalist stakes, an' dey stood me on er stump, an' nuthin' but dat filly's grit saved me from bein' a dead nigger in Alabama terday, 'stead of a eminently 'spectable cullered gem'man frum de race-hoss state of Tennessee.

"I had er mighty good marster—wuz Marse Bill Young—an' he wuz de fust man ter bring thurrerbreds to de country. Ain't I neber tole you 'bout dat bay colt, Firefly, by Dan Rice, out ob Margerite, by 'Merican Clipse? Heish! Long es I bin wid you, I ain't neber tole you 'bout dat colt? For de Lawd's sake!

"Wal, sah, he wuz de bes' t'ree-year-old I eber put er shoe on. Fus' dam by 'Merican Clipse; second dam by Timoleon; third dam by—"

"Never mind about his dams," I remarked, as I gave the old man a cut of 'Williamson County Twist,' which I always keep in the drawer for him—"just go on with the race."

"Wal, sah, I had er mighty good marster—wuz Marse Bill Young—an' he wuz de fust man to bring thurrerbreds to de country, es I wuz sayin'. He didn't hab but one fault, an' dat wuz he'd bet ennything in de wurl' he had, 'cept his wife an' chilluns, on his own hosses. He neber did think enny ob his own hosses could be beat, but he cum mighty nigh changin' his 'pinion 'bout dat thing onc't, an' losin' erbout de valu'blest nigger in Murry county to boot. Dat nigger wuz me! Mind

you, I ain't blowin' my own horn—nobody eber heurd me doin' dat—but I'm jest tellin' you what Marse Bill Young said hissef.

"I was de blacksmith fur de plantashun, an' shod all de thurrerbreds. An' right now I can gib any ob dese here newfangled hoss-shoers er lesson er two, kase we knowed how ter shoe hosses in dem days; ef I hadn't I wouldn't er bin in dis state terday.

"Wal, sah, 'long 'bout in Feb'rery—'way back in de forties—dar cum er gemman from Huntsville wid er string er thurrerbreds gwine to Nashville fur de spring races. De Lawd sake! Dey used ter hang up purses in dem days! Why, dis same mair, Gray Gamma, dat I'm tellin' you 'bout, won forty thousan' dollars fur ole Marster in one purse—won it in er walk—but bless yer soul—ole Marster spent it in er fly! He wuz a white gemman! Munny wa'nt what he wuz livin' fur. He wuz livin' fur ter race hosses!

"Wal, sah, ez I wuz sayin', all de gem'man dat passed thru de country in dem days, befo' de railroads, jes' went out and stopped at ole Marster's. De common folks put up at de hotel—an' so, ez I wuz sayin', de Alabama man he put up at ole Marster's, wid all his hosses an' niggers an' teams an' horrows fur to horrow de track wid, when dey get to Nashville.

"Wal, sah, dey had a mair in dat string frum Alabama dat dey laid great stress on. De Alabama nigger tole me in confердence she could outrun her shadder wid one leg tied up—an' she cud! How did I know? Wal, de truf is, me an' de Alabama nigger gib her an' Firefly er midnight trial one moonlight night fur er poun' er Tennessee terbaccer, while ole Marster an' de owner wuz playin' poker fer keeps in de billiard room. Dey called de mair Mary Lef', an' all I know is she lef' me an' Firefly dat night jes' lak we wuz er pair er muels stuck in er mud hole. Jimminy! how she could run!

"De nex' day ole Marster cum ter me lookin' sorted worried—fur he thout er heap er me—an' he said:

" 'I'm feared I played de debbil las' night,' sez he.

" ' How so, Marster,' says I.

" ' Well, Wash, you know dey can't nobody bluff me when it comes to my hosses! Dey am as good as dey make 'em. An' all I've got ter say ter you is dat I called de Majah's bluff

las' night when he talked erbout Mary Lef' beatin' Firefly. I bet him you ergin two thousand uv his dollars dat he can't do it—dat's all—an' ef Firefly can't win, you jes' es well make up your mind to tell us all good-bye. De race comes off day after termorrer,' an' he walk off as onconcerned ez ef he wuz tellin' me ter go an' kill hogs.

"De Lawd sakes! I didn't mind it ef I'd only had er dog's chance—but hadn't I done seed what dat mair Mary Lef' c'u'd do? An' me ter leave Dinah an' de babies an' ole Tennessee an' all I had, on sech a chance es dat? Wal, sah, I jes' went off an' sot down an' corresponds wid myse'f. I knowed it wa'n't no use ter go an' tel Marster all 'bout what me an' de Alabama nigger done, 'kase de debbil hissef couldn't make him break his word—an' I'd er got er cowhidin' ter boot.

"I jes' made up my mind dat it wuz all ober fur yo' Uncle Washin'tun!

"Wal, sah, when de news spread, an' Dinah heurd it, den dar *wuz* er scene. She 'lowed she'd go an' beg Marster ter let her an' de babies go too, an' I nurver will fergit de night we went up to de big house—me an' Dinah—to beg Marster not ter sep'rate us. Wal, sah, he cum out on de po'ch es tall an' cold es a Deacon's tombstone—but I knowed he had a warm heart fur all dat—an' Dinah wuz cryin' an' I wuz mighty nigh it, an' all Dinah had bref enuff to say wuz:

"' *Marster, please don't sep'rate us, put me an' de babies up, too,*' an' she could say no more.

"Marster looked sorter troubled, lak he hadn't thout er 'bout de thing befo', an' he walked ter de drawin' room an' said quietly lak:

" ' Majah Fellows, will you step heah er moment?"

"An' de Huntsville gemman stepped out on de po'ch an' we step back in de shadder, an' ole Marster, sez he:

" ' Majah, I wuz a little hasty in my bet the other night. I had forgot dis boy had er young wife an' two chilluns. I have neber sep'rated a man an' his wife—in fact, sah, neber sold one ob my niggers—an' fur dat rezon sah, sez he, I would like to amend my bet, if ergreeable ter you.'

" ' State your amendment, sah,' said de Huntsville man.

" 'The condition of our match, sah,' said ole Marster, quietly, 'wuz four mile heats, an' two thousan' agin my nigger.

I kno' yer mair is de fastest, but I believe Firefly can outlast her. He is bred to stay, an' de only chance I have to win, I think, is to comply wid the four mile condition. But in order not to sep'rate this boy an' his wife, I will make the distance only a mile—which is only a good wuck-out fer yo' mair—an' in case you win I'll put up the woman an' her two children an' er thousan' dollars in gold ergin the boy alone, that my three-year-old filly, Gray Gamma, will beat your mair, Mary Lef', at the same distance, in the nex' heat!'

" ' Sence you wish it, sah, so be it,' said de Majah, 'but'—an' hit made my blood bile when I heurd him add—' *It must also be added that the winner of the last heat gets both hosses contestin'.*'

"Ole Marster flushed, 'kase it looked lak de Alabama man wanted der yearth! It wa'n't so bad to lose me an' Dinah, but I knowed ole Marster didn't wanter run no risk 'bout losin' dat ar filly, an' when he said ' *all right, sah,*' I knowed he done it jes' fur our sake!

But when he sed Gray Gamma, my heart gib er leap, fur I knowed her blood wuz ez pyore es de icicle dat hangs on Diana's temple, an' es hot es de h'artdraps dat flows thru' Juno's veins—fur I heurd ole Marster say it menny er time—tho' I didn't kno' whut it meant so pow'ful clear 'cept she wuz one ob de elected an' cud run lak a greyhoun'. But she had de meanes' temper in creashun, an' would hab her way er die. De fac' is she wuz mighty nigh sp'iled in er two-year-old form an' hadn't been raced sence; but she peered to hab got ober it, an' I heurd de trainer tell ole Marster de Lawd only knowed how fas' she could run!

"After we went home I tole Dinah all erbout de filly, an' dat night we rastled wid de angel in pra'ar—we prayed dat de angel might take de crotchets outen de filly's head—we knowed she'd do de rest!

"Wal, sah, when de day cum, de whole neighborhood turned out. Ole Marster put me on er stump an' de Huntsville gemman put er bag ob gold beside me, an' Firefly an' Mary Lef' cum up an' wuz soon erway. I seed Dinah cryin' in de wagon whar she an' de babies wuz, an' den I looked at ole Marster—he wuz jes' smokin' er seegar lak he wuz lookin' at er heat ergin time, an' sez I, ' *sho'ly he ain't got no heart,*' but

I knowed better befo' de race wuz ober! Firefly wuz game an' staid wid de mair. I c'u'd see he wuz better at de half dan he wuz at de quarter, de further he went de better he wuz, an' I seed whut er fool I wuz not ter let ole Marster make it fo' miles, an' jes' es I begin ter think an' hope dat Firefly would beat her ennyway, Mary Lef's rider went to de whip, de mair made er spurt, an' pushed her nose erhead, I heurd er shout—an'—an' *I b'longed to de Alabama man!*

"I got offen de stump. I cudn't see which way ter go, I wuz cryin' so. Ole Tennessee neber looked so sweet ter me befo'. De wheat fiel's looked greener an' de cabins whiter an' de hills mo' like kinfo'ks to me dan eber befo'.

"I heurd ole Marster say: 'Wash, you am de property ob Majah Fellows,' jes' lak he wuz er gibin' erway er dog, an' sez I to myself, *'sholy ole Marster ain't got no soul.'* An' I leaned ergin de stump. Den I heurd him say:

"'Majah Fellows, while yo' mair is coolin' out the nex' hour I'll ask yo' permission to let this boy change my filly's shoes—he has bin my blacksmith, you kno'.'

"'Sartenly, sah,' said de Majah.

"An' right dar is whar Marster had sense an' I didn't. It wuz a cold day an' de groun' wuz nearly froz, an' de track wuz slick, so Marster tole me to cork de shoes all aroun' an' he sed sorter sly like:

"'I'm surprised Mary Lef's owner can't see dat her plates are too slick fur ice.' An' den when I finished, he said, sorter smilin': *'You needn't look so solemn, you'll be buried on dat hill yit.'*

"Wal, I dun lak he said, and dat wuz one time I sho' did my bes' at shoein' an' all de time I wuz prayin' fur Gray Gamma ter go off right. When I wuz through, Marster look her ober an' gib her a apple an' patted her neck an' he buckled de girth hissef.

"When de filly cum out an' de race wuz called I seed Marster wuz a changed man—he drap his keerlessness—he throw erway his seegar—he see ebrything. Yet he laugh and joke.

"I trotted behin' him as he went up de stretch to gib de jockey orders, an' es he passed de wagon whar Dinah wuz cryin', sez he: *'Come, girl, don't be cryin' dar; hit's prayers*

you need—pra'ars dat de filly gits off right. Ef she do you needn't stay twell de race is ober—jes' take de chillun an' go back to de cabin,' an' he stalked on an' me er follerin' him so dazed I cudn't hardly walk.

"To my dyin' day I'll neber furgit de look dat wuz in ole Marster's eye when he went up to de boy dat wuz on Gray Gamma.

" 'Jim,' sez he, 'gimme dat whip, an' he throwed de rawhide ober de fence. 'Dis mair needs pettin' in dis race—not whippin'. Now look at me,' an' his steel-blue eyes looked lak ole Marster cud look when he tried; *'dis race is mine ef yu let dis filly get off right! Don't cross her; don't stop her; don't draw yer rein.* She'll set de pace—jes' you set still an' guide her. Do you heah?'

" 'Yes, Marster,' an' de starter called 'em to de head ob de stretch!

"My heart beat lak a drum. I cudn't hardly breathe; I cudn't stan', so I jes' nachully sot down on de groun'. I knowed ebrything 'pended on de start, dat de filly wuz lak er sp'iled gal, an' ef erlowed her own way she'd go lak a skeared doe, but ef checked she mout sulk all through de race.

"I neber tuck my eyes offen her, an' when dey said *'Go!'* at de fust trial, I seed her wheel an' shoot erway lak er beam ob sunlight, an' all at onc't I felt mighty good an' I jumped up an' sez I: *'Thank God! I'll die in ole Tennessee yit!'*

"But Mary Lef' wuz fas', an' she'd had de 'vantage of a good wuck-out, an' when her rider seed Gray Gamma's tactics he jes' turned her loose—an' she dun jes' lak she dun to de colt—crep' up ter de filly's flank, up ter her saddle, up ter her haid, an' sez I, *'Is she gwinter beat us ennyhow?'*

"Hit's been a long time," said the old man, as he looked away off in meditation, "but dat picture is branded in my mind es plain ter-day es I seed it den. I ken see eben how de sky an' de clouds looked, an' de outline ob dem two hosses es dey went nose an' nose eround dat track. Hit 'peered lak er hour befo' dey went de ha'f, an' I dreaded de time I knowed wuz comin' when de rider ob de Alabama mair wud go to his whip. He dun it at de three-quarter pos', an' thinks I, *'now I'm gone! Alabama will come wid er bolt!'* But Gawd bless yore soul, honey, Gray Gamma hed er bolt, too, an' when de

mair tried ter go by her de boy on Gray Gamma jes' leaned ober an' teched her gently lak wid de spur in de flank an' she jes' grappled de frozen groun' wid dem corks, glued down her ears mad-lak, shot her naik ahead, an' I jumped up an' down, an' hollered 'Praise Gawd! *I'll die in ole Tennessee yit!'*

"An' Gray Gamma?—she seemed to git better! She seemed ter fly! It look ter me lak she neber touched de yearth fer er quarter ob er mile! I run to de wire at de stump, de same stump I cried on befo', an' I jumped on it lak er game rooster on the barn fence, an' they heurd me at de quarters, two miles erway: *'Come home! Come home, Gray Gamma!'*

"An' she cum—de sweetest sight dis nigger eber seed.

"She cum lak er bloomin' skule gal playin' *'Puss in de corner,'* in low neck an' short sleeves, wid roses on her breast, mornin' on her cheeks an' stars in her eyes, an' makin' er run fur de home base!

"She cum lak ten camp meetin's in full blast—an' me jes' got relig'un!

"She cum lak whole rigiments marchin' to de beat ob kittledrums—an' me de drum-majah!

"She cum lak de cherriut ob de Lawd in de pillar ob fiah—glory halleluyer!

"Wal, sah, all I rickerlic' is, dat I had her 'roun' de neck an' wuz kissin' de star in her furred, an' I look an' dar stood ole Marster, sorter smilin', wid his eyes sorter moist, an' Dinah tryin' ter kiss his han's, an' he cum an' put a twenty-dollar gold piece in my han', an' sez he:

"Stop your blubberin', yer damned idjut, an' go ter yer cabin. You don't know er race hoss ef you'd meet 'im in de road. *But de naixt time you hab a moonlight race wid my hosses, pick out one dat will teach 'em how ter race ergin ole Tennessee!*"

TO A SWEET PEA

(Which, climbing into a rosebush, had escaped the first frost).

Come, little fairy, with your outstretched wings,
  Tiptoeing, with your cloudless eyes a-dream!
Why art thou here where late the blue-bird sings,
  And all thy sisters drunk of Lethe's stream?
Dost fear to die? 'Tis but a mental pain—
And each must sleep if each would wake again.

Ah, child of rainbow and the setting sun,
  (Flirting all the summer where the poppies grow),
Death came before your little task was done?
  He has that way as we poor mortals know.
Then why seek shelter 'neath the rose's breast?
For each must sleep if each have perfect rest.

Afraid to go clad in that gaudy gown?
  Poor little dancing spirit of wild joy!
God made thee such; nor will He ever frown
  On any work of His, tho' sad th' alloy.
Go as thou art, if honest be thy aim,
For God made honor everywhere the same.

Nor fear to go. On some far twinkling star
  There is a home for butterflies like thee;
As sterner worlds for sterner spirits are
  So fairer worlds for sweeter beings be.
Good-bye; some day I'll catch thy faint perfume,
And know it bloweth from immortal bloom.

THE RECOMPENSE

From 'A Summer Hymnal.'

We never give, but giving, get again—
  There is no burden that we may not bear—
Our sweetest love is always sweetest pain—
  And yet the recompense, the recompense is there.

Who weeps, yet worships some sweet silent star
  E'en through his tears shall catch uplifting light —
We grow to what our aspirations are—
  Look up, O Soul, and be a star to-night.

Who pours his heart out to some flower rare
  On scaleless cliff above a sailless sea,
Shall drink its perfume, if he linger there,
  Until his very soul that flower shall be.

Who bares his head where God's star-altars rise
  And strives to probe with prayer their mystery,
Even with the act claims kindred with the skies—
  We are the Wish of all we will to be.

Who loves his love through death and riftless ruth
  Yet ne'er shall clasp and kiss her in his leal,
Shall wedded be in spirit and in truth—
  We are the Deed of all we think and feel.

We never give, but, giving, get again—
  There is no burden that we may not bear—
Our sweetest love is always sweetest pain,
  And yet the recompense, the recompense is there.

TWO PREACHERS

From 'A Summer Hymnal.'

Two preachers were preachin' the other day,
  An' both of their sermons I heard;
One preached like a preacher the same old way,
  But the other one preached like a bird.

"You must join my church or be lost—lost—lost,"
  The one in the pulpit did say,
But he in the tree his little head toss'd
  An' kept on a singin' away.

"An' my creed is this, an' my creed is that,"
  Said he of the pulpit that day,
But he of the tree stood firm an' pat
  An' sang on in his sweet little way.

Then he of the pulpit he talked of fire
An' spoke of a wrath above,
But the song from the tree rose higher an' higher,
An' the soul of that song was—love.

An' it lifted me up on the wings of the song,
Up—up to my Maker above,
Till my heart it repented of every wrong
An' my soul it jus' bubbled with love!

Two preachers were preachin'—Yes, that is the rule,
An' those were the sermons I heard—
An' the one in the pulpit—he was a fool—
But the one in the tree was a bird!

SAM DAVIS

From 'Songs and Stories from Tennessee.'

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, while from the tree
The grim rope dangled threat'ningly.

The birds ceased singing—happy birds,
That sang of home and mother-words,
The sunshine kissed his cheek—dear sun;
It loves a life that's just begun!
The very breezes held their breath
To watch the fight twixt life and death.
And O, how calm and sweet and free,
Smiled back the hills of Tennessee!
Smiled back the hills, as if to say,
"O, save your life for us to-day."

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, "and I shall see
You safe within the rebel line—
I'd love to save such life as thine."

A tear gleamed down the ranks of blue—
(The bayonets were tipped with dew),
Across the rugged cheek of war
God's angels rolled a teary star.
The boy looked up—'twas this they heard:
"And would you have me break my word?"

A tear stood in the General's eye!
"My boy, I hate to see thee die—
Give me the traitor's name and fly!"

Young Davis smiled, as calm and free
As He who walked on Galilee:
"Had I a thousand lives to live,
Had I a thousand lives to give,
I'd lose them, nay, I'd gladly die
Before I'd live one life, a lie!"
He turned—for not a soldier stirred—
"Your duty, men—I gave my word."

The hills smiled back a farewell smile,
The breeze sobbed o'er his hair awhile,
The birds broke out in sad refrain,
The sunbeams kissed his cheek again—
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,
They shook his name among the stars.

O Stars, that now his brothers are,
O Sun, his sire in truth and light,
Go tell the list'ning worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right!
For martyr of all martyrs he
Who dies to save an enemy!

MAURICE MOORE

[1729—1777]

ALFRED MOORE WADDELL

ONE of the most highly cultivated and brilliant men, and one of the truest patriots living in North Carolina prior to the American Revolution, was Judge Maurice Moore—so designated to distinguish him from his father, Colonel Maurice Moore, one of the leading spirits of the earlier colonial period and founder of the town of Brunswick on the Cape Fear River, once historic but now extinct. The grandfather of Judge Moore, James Moore (son of Roger Moore, one of the leaders of the Irish rebellion of 1641) migrated from Barbadoes to the new colony of "Carolina" at Charleston about the year 1680, "and first appeared as one of the leaders of the people in 1684," says McCrady (I. 347); and the same authority gives his successive official positions as follows: Member of Assembly, 1692; member of the Council, 1695; Governor, 1701; and Attorney-general, 1703. He died of yellow fever, in Charleston, in 1705. His eldest son, James, was also Governor in 1719. His second son, Colonel Maurice Moore, removed to North Carolina after making an expedition with his brother against the Indians there in 1711, and for his services in taking troops to aid South Carolina, in 1715, he was invited before the Assembly of that province and received publicly a formal note of thanks.

The subject of this sketch was the eldest son of Colonel Maurice Moore, and was born in Brunswick County about the year 1729. Where he received his education is not known, but he early became a leader at the Bar, and in 1768 was appointed one of the three Superior Court Judges of North Carolina, which office he held as long as the court lasted; that is to say, until the impending Revolution closed its doors.

He was a member of the Provincial Congress which met at Hillsborough in 1775, and was appointed a member of the committee to draw up the address to the people of the British Empire setting forth the condition of affairs. This address was unanimously adopted. He was also a member of the Provincial Congress at Halifax in 1776, and helped to frame the Constitution for the new State, which remained unchanged until 1835.

On the fifteenth of January, 1777, by an unusual coincidence,

Judge Moore and his equally distinguished brother, Brigadier-general James Moore—who had been in command of the whole Southern Department, and was then on his way north to join General Washington—died on the same day and in the same house in Wilmington.

The only surviving son of Judge Moore was Alfred Moore, who became Attorney-general and Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina, and finally, in 1799, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; after five years' service, he died in 1810. His only daughter, Sarah, married General Francis Nash, who was killed at the battle of Germantown, Pa., October 4, 1777.

The letter signed "Atticus," which follows this sketch, and which well illustrates Judge Moore's gifts as a satirist and a master of invective, was provoked by the conduct of the colonial Governor, Tryon, throughout his whole administration of six years, and especially by his final performances after the battle of Alamance, when with spectacular display he hanged some of the "regulators" whom he had captured. The letter was published about a month after the battle, and just about the time that Tryon left North Carolina to become Governor of New York.

Judge Moore, being a humane and honorable gentleman, was touched by the wrongs inflicted by oppressive officials on the "regulators," who were mostly ignorant backwoodsmen, and sympathized with them in their distress; but when they were brought before him for trial for the outrages which they had unquestionably perpetrated he was compelled to do his duty. He did it fearfully, if regretfully; but he afterward openly denounced the Governor (whose appointee he was) and then wrote the "Atticus" letter, which was widely circulated throughout the country, and added greatly to his reputation.

It ought to have produced that effect, for it was an awful, overwhelming indictment of a vain, conceited, and ambitious military tyrant, who sought by alternately cajoling and bullying the people to establish himself with the English Ministry, and thus secure promotion. He succeeded in this design, but carried to his more elevated position the open wound inflicted by the sharp and powerful lance of "Atticus."

As to the literary merits of this philippic there can be no difference of opinion. There is in it, from beginning to end, the flavor of a refined culture and the tone of a lofty spirit roused to righteous indignation. There is a nervous force in its sentences that strikes one's mind with a pleasing shock; and to one who loves antithesis there is continuous pleasure in reading it. There is irony, satire, ridicule, pathos, and fierce invective, each phrased with the skill of a literary artist, and driven home with the power of a vigorous intellect,

which left its victim a pitiable figure before the public gaze. Published contemporaneously with the last of the celebrated letters of "Junius" in England, and in the same vein, a comparison was at once suggested; the general verdict was not at all unfavorable to the American writer, and so remains to this day. There was a great difference in the stage and in the two cases—the one behind an impenetrable mask, at the capital of the British Empire, with all England, if not all Europe, as his readers; the other, instantly recognized through the cobweb veil he wore—not for disguise but in compliance with the literary fashion of the day—and writing in the forest for the scattered readers of a new country. The one became famous, the other ought to be.

Alfred Moore Waddell

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(See also North Carolina historians of the period: Martin, Jones, Wheeler, J. W. Moore, etc.)

THE "ATTICUS" LETTER

[This famous letter may be found entire in the *Virginia Gazette*, November 7, 1771; the *Colonial Records of North Carolina*, Vol. VIII; and in Haywood's 'Governor William Tryon and his Administration in the Province of North Carolina,' pp. 156-164.]

To His Excellency William Tryon, Esquire.

I am too well acquainted with your character to suppose you can bear to be told of your faults with temper. You are too much of the soldier, and too little of the philosopher, for reprehension. With this opinion of Your Excellency, I have reason to believe that this letter will be more serviceable to the province of New York than useful or entertaining to its governor.

The beginning of your administration in this province was marked with oppression and distress to its inhabitants. These, sir, I do not place to your account; they are derived from higher authority than yours. You were, however, a dull, yet willing instrument, in the hands of the British ministry, to promote the means of both. You called together some of the principal inhabitants of your neighbourhood, and in a strange, inverted, self-affecting speech, told them you had left your native country, friends, and connexions, and taken upon yourself the government of North Carolina with no other view than to serve it. In the next breath, sir, you advised them to submit to the Stamp Act, and become slaves. How could you reconcile such baneful advice with such friendly professions? But, sir, self-contradictions with you have not been confined to words only; they have equally been extended to actions. On other occasions you have played the governor with an air of greater dignity and importance than any of your predecessors; on this, Your Excellency was meanly content to solicit the currency of stamped paper in private companies. But, alas! ministerial approbation is the first wish of your heart; it is the best security you have for your office. Engaged as you were in this disgraceful negotiation, the more important duties of the governor were forgotten, or wilfully neglected. In murmuring, discontent, and public confusion, you left the colony committed to your care, for near eighteen months together, without calling an assembly. The Stamp Act repealed, you

called one; and a fatal one it was! Under every influence your character afforded you, at this assembly, was laid the foundation of all the mischief that has since befallen this unhappy province. A grant was made to the Crown of five thousand pounds, to erect a house for the residence of a governor; and you, sir, were solely entrusted with the management of it. The infant and impoverished state of this country could not afford to make such a grant, and it was your duty to have been acquainted with the circumstances of the colony you governed. The trust proved equally fatal to the interest of the province and to Your Excellency's honour. You made use of it, sir, to gratify your vanity, at the expense of both. It at once afforded you an opportunity for leaving an elegant monument of your taste in building behind you, and giving the ministry an instance of your great influence and address in your new government. You, therefore, regardless of every moral, as well as legal obligation, changed the plan of a province-house for that of a palace, worthy the residence of a prince of the blood, and augmented the expense to fifteen thousand pounds. Here, sir, you betrayed your trust, disgracefully to the governor, and dishonourably to the man. This liberal and ingenious stroke in politics, may, for all I know, have promoted you to the government of New York. Promotion may have been the reward of such sort of merit. Be this as it may, you reduced the next assembly you met to the unjust alternative of granting ten thousand pounds more, or sinking the five thousand they had already granted. They chose the former. It was most pleasing to the governor, but directly contrary to the sense of their constituents. This public imposition upon a people who, from poverty, were hardly able to pay the necessary expenses of government, occasioned general discontent, which Your Excellency, with wonderful address, improved into a civil war.

In a colony without money, and among a people almost desperate with distress, public profusion should have been carefully avoided; but unfortunately for the country, you were bred a soldier, and have a natural, as well as acquired fondness for military parade. You were entrusted to run a Cherokee boundary about ninety miles in length; this little service at once afforded you an opportunity of exercising

your military talents, and making a splendid exhibition of yourself to the Indians. To a gentleman of Your Excellency's turn of mind, this was no unpleasing prospect; you marched to perform it, in a time of profound peace, at the head of a company of militia, in all the pomp of war, and returned with the honourable title, conferred on you by the Cherokees, of *Great Wolf of North Carolina.* This line of marked trees, and Your Excellency's prophetic title, cost the province a greater sum than two pence a head, on all the taxable persons in it for one year, would pay.

Your next expedition, sir, was a more important one. Four or five hundred people, who called themselves Regulators, took it into their heads to quarrel with their representative, a gentleman honoured with Your Excellency's esteem. They foolishly charged him with every distress they felt; and, in revenge, shot two or three musket balls through his house. They at the same time rescued a horse which had been seized for the public tax. These crimes were punishable in the courts of law, and at that time the criminals were amenable to legal process. Your Excellency and his confidential friends, it seems, were of a different opinion. All your duty could possibly require of you on this occasion, if it required anything at all, was to direct a prosecution against the offenders. You should have carefully avoided becoming a party in the dispute. But, sir, your genius could not lie still; you enlisted yourself as a volunteer in this service, and entered into a negotiation with the Regulators which at once disgraced you and encouraged them. They despised the governor who had degraded his own character by taking a part in a private quarrel, and insulted the man whom they considered as personally their enemy. The terms of accommodation Your Excellency had offered them were treated with contempt. What they were, I never knew. They could not have related to public offences; these belong to another jurisdiction. All hopes of settling the mighty contest by treaty ceasing, you prepared to decide it by means more agreeable to your martial disposition, an appeal to the sword. You took the field in September, 1768, at the head of ten or twelve hundred men, and published an oral manifesto, the substance of which was that you had taken up arms to protect a superior court of justice from insult. Permit me

here to ask you, sir, why you were apprehensive for the court? Was the court apprehensive for itself? Did the judges or the attorney-general address Your Excellency for protection? So far from it, sir, if these gentlemen are to be believed, they never entertained the least suspicion of any insult, unless it was that which they afterwards experienced from the undue influence you offered to extend to them, and the military display of drums, colours, and guards, with which they were surrounded and disturbed. How fully has your conduct, on a like occasion since, testified that you acted in this instance from passion, and not from principle! In September, 1770, the Regulators forcibly obstructed the proceedings of Hillsborough Superior Court, obliged the officers to leave it, and blotted out the records. A little before the next term, when their contempt of courts was sufficiently proved, you wrote an insolent letter to the judges and attorney general, commanding them to attend it. Why did you not protect the court at this time? You will blush at the answer, sir. The conduct of the Regulators at the preceding term made it more than probable that these gentlemen would be insulted at this, and you were not unwilling to sacrifice them to increase the guilt of your enemies.

Your Excellency said that you had armed to protect a court. Had you said to revenge the insult, you and your friends had received, it would have been generally credited in this country. The men, for the trial of whom the court was thus extravagantly protected, of their own accord squeezed through a crowd of soldiers and surrendered themselves, as they were bound to do by their recognizances.

Some of these people were convicted, fined, and imprisoned; which put an end to a piece of knight-errantry, equally aggravating to the populace and burthensome to the country. On this occasion, sir, you were alike successful in the diffusion of a military spirit through the colony and in the warlike exhibition you set before the public; you at once disposed the vulgar to hostilities, and proved the legality of arming, in cases of dispute, by example. Thus warranted by precedent and tempered by sympathy, popular discontent soon became resentment and opposition; revenge superseded justice, and force the laws of the country; courts of law were treated with

contempt, and government itself set at defiance. For upwards of two months was the frontier part of the country left in a state of perfect anarchy. Your Excellency then thought fit to consult the representatives of the people, who presented you a bill which you passed into a law. The design of this act was to punish past riots in a new jurisdiction, to create new offences and to secure the collection of the public tax; which, ever since the province had been saddled with a palace, the Regulators had refused to pay. The jurisdiction for holding pleas of all capital offences was, by a former law, confined to the particular district in which they were committed. This act did not change that jurisdiction; yet Your Excellency, in the fullness of your power, established a new one for the trial of such crimes in a different district. Whether you did this through ignorance or design can only be determined in your own breast; it was equally violative of a sacred right, every British subject is entitled to, of being tried by his neighbours, and a positive law of the province you yourself had ratified. In this foreign jurisdiction, bills of indictment were preferred and found, as well for felonies as riots, against a number of Regulators; they refused to surrender themselves within the time limited by the riot act, and Your Excellency opened your third campaign. These indictments charged the crimes to have been committed in Orange county, in a distinct district from that in which the court was held. The superior court law prohibits prosecution for capital offences in any other district than that in which they were committed. What distinctions the gentlemen of the long robe might make on such an occasion, I do not know; but it appears to me those indictments might as well have been found in Your Excellency's kitchen; and give me leave to tell you, sir, that a man is not bound to answer to a charge that a court has no authority to make, nor does the law punish a neglect to perform that which it does not command. The riot act declared those only outlawed who refused to answer to indictments legally found. Those who had been capitally charged were illegally indicted, and could not be outlaws; yet Your Excellency proceeded against them as such. I mean to expose your blunders not to defend their conduct; that was as insolent and daring as the desperate state your administration had reduced them to could

possibly occasion. I am willing to give you full credit for every service you have rendered this country. Your active and gallant behaviour, in extinguishing the flame you yourself had kindled, does you great honour. For once your military talents were useful to the province; you bravely met in the field and vanquished an host of scoundrels whom you had made intrepid by abuse. It seems difficult to determine, sir, whether Your Excellency is more to be admired for your skill in creating the cause, or your bravery in suppressing the effect. This single action would have blotted out forever half the evils of your administration; but alas, sir, the conduct of the general after his victory was more disgraceful to the hero who obtained it than that of the man before it had been to the governor. Why did you stain so great an action with the blood of a prisoner who was in a state of insanity? The execution of James Few was inhuman; that miserable wretch was entitled to life till nature, or the laws of his country, deprived him of it. The battle of the Allemance* was over; the soldier was crowned with success, and the peace of the province restored. There was no necessity for the infamous example of an arbitrary execution, without judge or jury. I can freely forgive you, sir, for the killing of Robert Thompson at the beginning of the battle; he was your prisoner, and was making his escape to fight against you. The laws of self-preservation sanctioned the action, and justly entitle Your Excellency to an act of indemnity.

The sacrifice of Few, under its criminal circumstances, could neither atone for his crime nor abate your rage; this task was reserved for his unhappy parents. Your vengeance, sir, in this instance, it seems, moved in a retrograde direction to that proposed in the second command against idolaters; you visited the sins of the child upon the father, and, for want of the third or fourth generation to extend it to, collaterally divided it between brothers and sisters. The heavy affliction, with which the untimely death of a son had burthened his parents, was sufficient to have cooled the resentment of any man whose heart was susceptible of the feelings of humanity; yours, I am afraid, is not a heart of that kind.

*Now spelled Alamance.

If it is, why did you add to the distresses of that family? Why refuse the petition of the town of Hillsborough in favor of them, and unrelentingly destroy, as far as you could, the means of their future existence? It was cruel, sir, and unworthy a soldier.

Your conduct to others after your success, whether it respected person or property, was as lawless as it was unnecessarily expensive to the colony. When Your Excellency had exemplified the power of government in the death of a hundred Regulators, the survivors, to a man, became proselytes to government; they readily swallowed your new-coined oath, to be obedient to the laws of the province, and to pay the public taxes. It is a pity, sir, that in devising this oath, you had not attended to the morals of those people. You might have easily restrained every criminal inclination, and have made them good men, as well as good subjects. The battle of the Allemance had equally disposed them to moral and to political conversion; there was no necessity, sir, when the people were reduced to obedience, to ravage the country or to insult individuals.

Had Your Excellency nothing else in view than to enforce a submission to the laws of the country, you might safely have disbanded the army within ten days after your victory; in that time the chiefs of the Regulators were run away, and their deluded followers had returned to their homes. Such a measure would have saved the province twenty thousand pounds at least. But, sir, you had farther employment for the army; you were by an extraordinary bustle in administering oaths, and disarming the country, to give a serious appearance of rebellion to the outrage of a mob; you were to aggravate the importance of your own services by changing a general dislike of your administration into disaffection to his Majesty's person and government, and the riotous conduct, that dislike had occasioned, into premeditated rebellion. This scheme, sir, is really an ingenious one; if it succeeds, you may possibly be rewarded for your services with the honour of knighthood.

From the 16th of May to the 16th of June, you were busy in securing the allegiance of rioters, and levying contributions of beef and flour. You occasionally amused yourself with

burning a few houses, treading down corn, insulting the suspected, and holding court-martial. These courts took cognizance of civil, as well as military offences, and even extended their jurisdiction to ill-breeding and want of good manners. One Johnston, who was a reputed Regulator, but whose greatest crime, I believe, was writing an impudent letter to your lady, was sentenced, in one of these military courts, to receive five hundred lashes, and received two hundred and fifty of them accordingly. But, sir, however exceptionable your conduct may have been on this occasion, it bears little proportion to that which you adopted on the trial of the prisoners you had taken. These miserable wretches were to be tried for a crime made capital by a temporary act of assembly, of twelve months duration. That act had, in great tenderness to his Majesty's subjects, converted riots into treasons. A rigorous and punctual execution of it was as unjust as it was politically unnecessary. The terror of the examples now proposed to be made under it was to expire, with the law, in less than nine months after. The sufferings of these people could therefore amount to little more than mere punishment to themselves. Their offences were derived from public and from private impositions; and they were the followers, not the leaders, in the crimes they had committed. Never were criminals more justly entitled to every lenity the law could afford them; but, sir, no consideration could abate your zeal in a cause you had transferred from yourself to your sovereign. You shamefully exerted every influence of your character against the lives of these people. As soon as you were told that an indulgence of one day had been granted by the court to two men to send for witnesses, who actually established their innocence and saved their lives, you sent an aide-de-camp to the judges and attorney-general, to acquaint them that you were dissatisfied with the inactivity of their conduct, and threatened to represent them unfavorably in England if they did not proceed with more spirit and dispatch. Had the court submitted to influence, all testimony on the part of the prisoners would have been excluded; they must have been condemned, to a man. You said that your solicitude for the condemnation of these people arose from your desire of manifesting the lenity of government in their

pardon. How have your actions contradicted your words! Out of twelve that were condemned, the lives of six only were spared. Do you know, sir, that your lenity on this occasion was less than that of the bloody Jeffries in 1685? He condemned five hundred persons, but saved the lives of two hundred and seventy.

In the execution of the six devoted offenders, Your Excellency was as short of General Kirk in form, as you were of Judge Jeffries in lenity. That general ordered the execution he had the charge of with play of pipes, sound of trumpets, and beat of drums; you were content with the silent display of colours only. The disgraceful part you acted in this ceremony, of pointing out the spot for erecting the gallows, and clearing the field around for drawing up the army in form, has left a ridiculous idea of your character behind you, which bears a strong resemblance to that of a busy undertaker at a funeral. This scene closed Your Excellency's administration in this country, to the great joy of every man in it, a few of your own contemptible tools only excepted.

Were I personally Your Excellency's enemy, I would follow you into the shade of life, and show you equally the object of pity and contempt to the wise and serious, and of jest and ridicule to the ludicrous and sarcastic. Truly pitiable, sir, is the pale and trembling impatience of your temper. No character, however distinguished for wisdom and virtue, can sanctify the least degree of contradiction to your political opinions. On such occasions, sir, in a rage, you renounce the character of a gentleman and precipitately mark the most exalted merit with every disgrace the haughty insolence of a governor can inflict upon it. To this unhappy temper, sir, may be ascribed most of the absurdities of your administration in this country. It deprived you of every assistance men of spirit and abilities could have given you, and left you, with all your passions and inexperience about you, to blunder through the duties of your office, supported and approved by the most profound ignorance and abject servility.

Your pride has often exposed you to ridicule, as the petulance of your disposition has to contempt. Your solicitude about the title of *Her Excellency* for Mrs. Tryon, and the arrogant reception you gave to a respectable company at an

entertainment of your own making, seated with your lady by your side on elbow-chairs, in the middle of the ball-room, bespeak a littleness of mind which, believe me, sir, when blended with the dignity and importance of your office, renders you truly ridiculous.

High stations have often proved fatal to those who have been promoted to them; yours, sir, has proved so to you. Had you been contented to pass through life in a subordinate military character, with the private virtues you have, you might have lived serviceable to your country and reputable to yourself; but, sir, when, with every disqualifying circumstance, you took upon you the government of a province, though you gratified your ambition, you made a sacrifice of yourself. Yours, &c.,

ATTICUS.

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE

("Charles Egbert Craddock")

[1850—1922]

G. H. BASKETTE

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE was born January 24, 1850, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Her father, William Law Murfree, was a lawyer, and before the Civil War a large property owner of Nashville, Tennessee. Her mother, Priscilla Murfree, was a daughter of David Dickinson, a prominent landed proprietor of Rutherford County, Tennessee, owning extensive plantations in Mississippi and Tennessee, including "Grantlands," the estate on which Miss Murfree was born, and which her mother inherited. In 1856 the family removed to Nashville, where they lived seventeen years; later they lived nine years in St. Louis, Missouri, returning in 1890 to Murfreesboro. Miss Murfree's great-grandfather, Hardy Murfree of North Carolina, who was a colonel in the Continental Army, moved to Tennessee in 1807 and became a large land owner and a citizen of note in his adopted State. The town of Murfreesboro was named in his honor.

In her Tennessee home, typical of the affluence, refinement, and hospitality of the Old South, Miss Murfree had ample opportunity to cultivate the talents used to such advantage in her literary work. When a child she had a fever that caused a lameness for life, and that, depriving her of participation in many of the sports of other children, turned her more constantly to the congenial entertainment of reading. She was considered very precocious and talented, and her parents devoted great attention to her education, as well as to her accomplishments in music and the French and Italian languages; and, although she attended excellent schools in Nashville and, after the war, in Philadelphia, this training was supplemented by several years of serious study at home, sufficiently extensive to include a course of law-reading, which she has since utilized chiefly in the plots of her stories involving legal questions.

With an intellectual family environment, and amply supplied with the best books, she developed critical and literary tastes and capabilities that fitted her for the work she was afterward so successfully to undertake. But it was not until some years after the

Civil War had swept away her father's fortune that she seriously contemplated a literary career.

The *Atlantic Monthly* published her first short story in 1878, entitled "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove," under the pen-name "Charles Egbert Craddock," a masculine pseudonym assumed by Miss Murfree the better to conceal her identity, and probably with the idea that a man's name would be more likely to commend a literary novitiate to the favor of editors. This name was selected, it is related, when she was about to send her first story to the publishers. She had begun another story, in which she had given the hero the name of Egbert Craddock. Fancying this name, she appropriated it for herself, prefixing "Charles" for the sake of verisimilitude. In the same year (1878) her next two stories were accepted by *Appleton's Journal,* just before the discontinuance of that magazine, and consequently neither appeared in its pages; but one of these stories was published in *Appleton's Summer-Book* in 1880, and a different magazine purchased the other from the Appletons. New work followed rapidly, and contributions were requested by various magazines, for her first stories won instant appreciation from discerning editors and soon made an unusual impression on the reading public. She resolutely set to work to portray the life and scenery of the Tennessee Mountains, and commanded with almost startling suddenness widespread attention and admiration, occupying a field of fiction that she has made distinctively her own.

For this work she had been particularly well prepared. With her family, she had been accustomed to make summer sojourns in the mountains, and her close and critical observations had made her familiar with the character and customs of the dwellers in those fastnesses. Here was a fruitful field for the story-teller, and one that was practically unknown to literature. The isolated lives of the mountain people and their surroundings offered opportunities that would thoroughly test the author's capacity to give to the world a graphic and dramatic insight into a strange, homely, ignorant, and yet intensely interesting community life of which it knew little or nothing. Miss Murfree took advantage of these opportunities with a success that heralded her fame as an author. The earliest of these mountain stories, including "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly.* "That man Craddock" had made a literary hit, and there was constant inquiry concerning his personality and his habitation, but it did not become known to the public that "Mr. Craddock" was a woman until Miss Murfree disclosed her identity in 1885 by presenting herself to Mr. Aldrich, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly.*

Miss Murfree's first volume was a collection of her short stories, published in 1884, an entrance into the book world which gave her a wider hearing and notably extended her reputation. In the same year appeared her first novel, 'Where the Battle was Fought,' the scene of which is laid on and about the battle-field of Stone's River near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. This story is of a more conventional type than her mountain stories and deals with conditions following a devastating war. It met with a ready and even eager reception, but, while it gave further proof of the author's skill in character portrayal, vivid landscape painting, research, and study of effect, it lacked the freshness and originality of method of the stories that had first made so favorable an impression. Other stories of mountain life were issued from the press in rapid succession, no less than eleven volumes appearing from 1885 to 1897. The first of these volumes was 'Down the Ravine,' a story for the young, which deserves its high place in juvenile literature, yet, like 'The Story of Keedon Bluffs,' also classed as a juvenile, in quality, style, and graphic interest, it is quite as acceptable to older readers. Among her books of this period are several of her strongest novels, including 'The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains' and 'The Despot of Broomsedge Cove.' After the publication of 'The Young Mountaineers,' a book for boys, in 1897, Miss Murfree turned her talents to the production of a different class of novels and short stories, some of a historical character, relating to the early settlements and the pioneer life in Tennessee, and others interweaving the mountain life with characters and incidents of the Civil War. 'The Story of Old Fort Loudon' was published in 1899, and in the same year appeared 'The Bushwhackers, and Other Stories.' These were followed by eight other volumes, including 'The Spectre of Power,' 1903, 'The Storm Center,' 1905, 'The Windfall,' 1907, and her latest book, 'The Fair Mississippian,' 1908.

The limits of this sketch will not permit a carefully critical study of Miss Murfree's books, with suitable references and excerpts, to determine their comparative merits, or of such a close analysis of the author's work, its characteristics and peculiarities, its excellencies and defects, as would do ample justice to her.

In general, it may be said that Miss Murfree's writings are marked by an originality of style and method that places her among the *creative* authors of America as distinguished from many other writers of fiction who have attained reputation and popularity. This is especially true in reference to her stories of mountain life, which comprise her most noteworthy work and constitute the strongest claim to recognition of her genius and to the permanency of her

place in literature. These stories are unique in their freshness of literary atmosphere, in their charm of description, and in their compass of a hitherto undeveloped and unrevealed theater of human interest. In this field the gifted author has in many respects wrought with a strikingly realistic accuracy and yet with an investment of idealism and poetic fancy that appeal very strongly to the imagination of the reader. Skilfully and wonderfully she has depicted the mountain scenery in its varying shades and aspects. With fine narrative art, with intense dramatic power, and with the touch of keen human sympathy, she has given an insight into the lives, customs, traditions, superstitions, struggles, loves and longings of a curiously quaint, yet sturdy people, who, at least before the inroads of modern enterprise had brought them into a closer contact with a progressive civilization, were singularly separate from the unfamiliar world outside their restricted environment. It must be said, however, that Miss Murfree has taken an author's license, and, by confining her delineations of character and conduct to the more uncouth representatives of the mountain people, has given the impression that there is a more general and unvarying class life than actually exists. Her characters, while in many instances subtly portrayed and differentiated, are in the main of such a uniform type that they all appear, as another writer has said, to be drawn from the same model. Nevertheless, the fact that she deals with a community class which, because of the peculiarities of its environment and mode of life, is distinct from like grades of people in districts more accessible to educational and refining influences, only emphasizes the author's art and resources. Out of the monotony of general awkwardness and uncouthness, the overshadowing pervasiveness and sameness of the mountain impression, and the drawl of persistent and unchanging dialect, she has cleverly fashioned personalities, incidents, plots, and *dénouements,* with scenic settings that are marvelous in their picturesqueness and variations. Her heroes, whether they be tillers of the scantily productive hillsides, or whether they be "moonshiners," herders, blacksmiths, traders, fanatical preachers, or refugees from justice, are given individualities that are clearly asserted in their rude manners and conduct under the influences of motives and passions that appeal to a common human nature.

Miss Murfree's mountain women are drawn with a realistic skill that makes a pathetic picture of their narrow lives and limitations. Faded old women who have worn themselves out in the routine of drudgery are especially well depicted. Her heroines, the younger women, whose characters are portrayed usually under the stress of depressing experiences, are in instances made quite at-

tractive in native feminine grace, despite the handicap of ignorance and poverty, but in the main they are remindful of a common mold, and are made the victims of unfulfilled desires and disappointed hopes. Cynthia Ware, the heroine of 'Drifting Down Lost Creek,' may be taken as a type. In her trustful heroism and patient suffering she makes as pathetic a figure as can be found in literature. As has been indicated, a pervading, if not dominant feature of this class of Miss Murfree's stories, and one made prominent in all her works is her descriptive writing. Her descriptions of mountain scenery are exceptionally fine—indeed, unsurpassed—and they are multiplied throughout her stories with wonderful frequency. As Dr. Baskerville says in his sketch of the author: "The large and solemn presence of nature is never lost sight of, her various moods and manifestations being used as a kind of chorus to interpret the melancholy or the emotion of the human actors. The narrative is inlaid with exquisite bits of landscape, serving not so much to disclose the range and minute detail of the author's observations—at least in her earlier works—as to give expression to the fitting sentiment or development to the appropriate passion." These exquisite descriptions of the mountain views and cloud effects occur so often one is made to marvel how the author can avoid making them but thinly disguised repetitions, or how she can make available a vocabulary sufficiently full for her purpose. And yet, similar as some of the scenes may appear, the descriptions are remarkably dissimilar. It is true, however, that in so much of this kind of writing Miss Murfree has apparently exhausted the language, and has made the too frequent use of such words as "vague," "vibrant," "lucent," "opaque," "opalescent," etc., a serious defect. In fact, she overdoes her landscape-painting, and at times it becomes tiresome. She, too, often interrupts her story and stops its movement to indulge her *penchant* for scene-painting. The impression made on the reader is that, conscious of her power in this respect, she wishes to make the most of it on every possible occasion. Nevertheless, the power is there, and it is not confined to landscape-painting, for many of her finest and most vivid pictures are those of a different character, such as the interior of the homes of mountain dwellers, moonshiners' caves, and other scenes of human interest and struggle.

Of Miss Murfree's books that are distinct in scope and scene from her stories of mountain life, her latest novel, 'The Fair Mississippian' (1908), may be taken as a test of her matured powers. This is a well-sustained story with the scene laid in Mississippi near the bank of the great river with its bayous and adjacent marshes and cypress sloughs, giving the author ample range for her descriptive

habit. The descriptive passages, however, that are not strictly parts of the story, are less frequent, and are briefer and less suggestive of interrupting nature choruses than in many of her other books. The plot of the story, like most of Craddock's plots, is simple rather than intricate, and it is not strikingly original. The feature of adventure is made prominent, and there are some tense and stirring scenes. The characters are well portrayed and the motives well elucidated, but the book cannot be called a study of Southern life—and perhaps it was not so intended—as the action is restricted to an isolated spot, and the personages of the social set are, with a few exceptions, not representative, but distinguished mainly by their oddities. The story evinces the author's care for detail and her study of her subjects, notably in regard to the legal complications concerning a will, and throughout it holds the interest of the reader. As a literary production it may be classed with the best of current American fiction.

Miss Murfree's stories are wholesome and pure, without a hint of the erotic, or of prurient suggestion, or any appeal to maudlin sentimentality. In this respect they are models of healthy, entertaining, and often instructive fiction. Her style is robust, vigorous, and original, clear and accurate in expression, but elaborate, and given to adjectivity, with a diction that often suggests a drain upon the vocabulary and smacks of affectation. But to those who know the author personally as a vivacious and engaging conversationalist, her writing is recognized as in accord with her natural manner of speech.

Miss Murfree is entitled to a high place among American novelists. Her work promises to maintain a hold upon the more intelligent and discriminating readers of fiction; and, as she is still in the vigor of life and activity, a large class of readers will look forward with interest to further productions from her prolific pen.

A TRIAL BY JURY

From 'In the Clouds.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

THE surprise of the day was the speech of the attorney-general. It opened simply enough. He sought to show that it was impossible for Tad to be alive. The poor boy was doubtless at the bottom of the river. How could it be otherwise? Assume, as his learned opponent would have them believe, that he had swum ashore. Where was he now? The suggestion that he was in the custody of some enemy of the prisoner, who sought by concealing him to effect the incarceration of Reuben Lorey in the penitentiary for a long term, was so absurd that he hesitated to argue such a foolish position before so intelligent a body of men as the jury whom he had the pleasure of addressing. Who would, for revenge, encounter the hazards of such a scheme? The boy was as well known throughout the section as Piomingo Bald. Any chance glimpse of him by a casual visitor would fling the conspirators themselves into the clutches of the law, that would be loath to lightly loose its hold on such rascals. Who would voluntarily burden themselves with the support of an idiot? If anybody had found Tad, he would have been mighty quick to carry the boy back to old man Griff. Say that no one had detained him—what then? He was an idiot, incapable of taking care of himself. If he were wandering at large, starving, half clad, would not some one have seen him besides Alethea Sayles, in all these weeks, gentlemen, in all these months? It was a remarkable story that the witness had told—a remarkable story. (The counsel seemed to find fit expression of his sense of its solemnity by sinking his basso profundo to a thunderous mutter.) No one for a moment could doubt the sanity of that witness. She was evidently a girl of fine common sense; an excellent girl, too—no one could for a moment doubt the truth of any word she uttered. The fact was, Alethea Sayles saw a strange thing that night. She thought she saw Tad. It was only his image, not himself. "The forlorn boy is dead, gentlemen," he continued. "She saw the fantasy of her own anxious, overwrought brain. He

was in her mind. She had pondered long upon him, and upon the plight of her lover, who had killed him. What wonder, then, that in the mist, and the flickering moonlight, and the lonely midnight, she should fancy that she saw him!"

He told the gaping and amazed jury that this was not an isolated instance. He mentioned other victims of hallucination; he detailed the strange experiences of Nicolai, of Spinoza, of Dr. Bostock, of Lord Londonderry, of Baron de Geramb, of Leuret, of Lord Brougham.

Harshaw, who had sat listening, with his hands in his pockets and his legs crossed, a smile of ostentatious derision upon his face, grew grave upon the mention of the last name. He had never heard of the others, but to attempt to bolster a theory of spectral apparition by this name, revered in the profession, was, he felt, a juridical sacrilege that should cause the attorney-general to be at the very least stricken from the rolls.

As Kenbigh went on, expounding the relative and interdependent functions of the brain and eye, the fine and subtle theories of spiritual and physical life, its vague boundaries, its unmeasured capabilities—the deductions, the keen analysis of science, all reduced to the vernacular in the mouth of a man trained by years of practice to speak to the people—Harshaw sat in blank dismay. He had never heard of any spiritual manifestation but the vulgar graveyard ghost, usually headless, stalking in its shroud to accomplish missions of vengeance upon the ignorant in the deep midnight. But Kenbigh's account of sundry ethereal-minded and mild-mannered spectres, with a preference for high company, singing, appearing at dinner-tables, conversing agreeably, arrayed in conventional garb, as decorous and reasonable and as mindful of etiquette as if still bound by all the restraints of the world, the flesh, and the devil, disappearing as noiselessly as they had come, with no appreciable result of the visit—it shocked every sense of precedent within him. He was country-bred, and did not know that when ghosts are fashionable they conduct themselves as fashionable people do. He noted keenly the discrepancies in the scientific explanations. Always, despite its show of learning, its systems, its terminology, its physiology, its psychology, and its persistent reference of supernatural ap-

pearances to natural causes, Reason retires from the spectral exhibition with some admission of occult influences, not fully understood—in effect making a bow to the ghost in question, "Saving your presence." He noticed, too, that the jury were listening with that intentness and eager interest which characterize every mind, even the most ignorant, in considering things of the other world, manifestations of hidden agencies. When he rose to reply he felt at a loss. The sound, however, of his own hearty voice ringing against the walls, instead of the sepulchral basso profundo of the attorney for the State, the motion of his own stalwart arm sawing the air—for he was in the habit of impressing his views with a good deal of muscular exertion—had an invigorating effect upon him, and brought him back to his normal state of confidence and bluster. He found words for his ready scorn. He sought to discredit the attorney-general's phantoms. He did not know where the counsel got these old women's tales; they were an insult to the intelligence of the jury. The learned counsel knew mighty well he wasn't going to be called upon for his authorities—medical books can't be produced as evidence in a court of justice, much less ghost stories, "Raw-head-and-bloody-bones"! For his own part, he didn't believe a word of them. A fact is a thing that can be proved. The law requires authentication. "Henry Brougham, Lord Chancellor, saw visions, did he? And may be Lord Coke dreamed dreams," he sneered indignantly. "And Lord Mansfield perchance walked in his sleep. And who knows they did? And what drivel is this! Gentlemen, *we* live in the nineteenth century!"

The aspersion of Lord Brougham—for thus he considered the anecdote—was very bitter to him. He was a man of few enthusiasms, and such hero-worship as was possible to him had been expended upon the great lights of his profession whose acquaintance he had formed in his early reading of law, some twenty years ago. He so dwelt upon this point that the jury received the valuable impression that Henry Brougham was a chancellor and a "valley man," hailing from Knoxville, perhaps, and was held in high esteem by the lawyers in Shaftesville, and that Harshaw seemed to think the attorney-general had slandered him. He wrenched himself from this

phase of the subject with some difficulty. "Gentlemen," he said sarcastically, "the attorney-general is a mighty smart man. He's got a heap of learning lately about visions." He glanced down obliquely at his opponent; he would have given a good deal to know how the counsel for the State came by his information. He could have sworn that it was not indigenous. "But there are plenty of folks in this town could have told him just as much and more. He 's mighty particular to show the difference between *il*-lusion and *de*-lusion, and hallucination and mania. Visions! That ain't what *we* call 'em—gentlemen. Down here in the flat woods we call 'em—'snakes'!" The hit told, and he went on, encouraged. "Right over yonder in Tim Beeker's saloon they keep every assortment of vision. Men have seen green rabbits there, and black dogs, and snakes, and whole menageries of hallucinations. Is anybody going to believe Alethea Sayles had the jim-jams that night, coming from camp-meeting? She had no call to see visions! This girl had her head in her hands; she was leaning on the fence; she felt some one touch her; she looked up, and saw the boy before her. Mighty few of the ghosts that we have heard of had such consistency of entity as to make their presence perceived by the sense of touch; on the contrary, it is thus that their unreality is often demonstrated in these same fables. A lady passes her fan through one immaterial image. A man thrusts his knife vainly into the misty heart of another. And why does this instance differ? Because, gentlemen, there was no phantom. It was Tad Simpkins in flesh and blood. The fugitive boy sees Alethea Sayles, whom he knows well; he is about to appeal to her; he lays his hand on her hand. She lifts her head, and at the unexpected appari—sight, she screams, and the foolish boy is frightened, and flees!"

He went on to say that he would impose upon the patience of this court and jury only a few moments longer. He wanted to contradict the statements of the attorney-general that no one would voluntarily burden himself with the support of a useless member of society. "How many yaller dogs at your houses, gentlemen? I'd be afraid to count how many at mine. How many of your wife's relations? No, gentlemen, none of us are so rich in this world's goods as we deserve to be, but we ain't got down to dividing bread and meat that close yet.

As to the reckless crime of keeping the boy in hiding in order to put Mink Lorey in the penitentiary for involuntary manslaughter—why, gentlemen, if there were not just such reckless people continually committing crimes, the consequences of which they cannot escape, the attorney-general and I would have nothing to do. We'd have to suck our paws for a living, like a bear in the winter, and look at one another—a profitless entertainment, gentlemen." He sat down, his pink smile enlivening his countenance, well satisfied with his efforts and with the prospects of the case.

The attorney-general, who had the last word, was very brief in saying it. The judge charged the jury, and he, too, was brief. The long slant of sunshine falling athwart the room was reddening when the jury were led out by the officer to their deliberations, noisily ascending the stairs to the jury room above, assigned to their use.

They slouched into their lair, looking more like offenders detained against their will than the free and enlightened citizens of a great country in the exercise of the precious privilege of serving on the jury. They were all tired. They had undergone much excitement. They felt the mental strain of the arguments and counter-arguments to which they had listened.

"It hev fairly gin me a mis'ry in my head ter hev ter hear ter them red-mouthed lawyers jaw an' jaw, like they done!" exclaimed one, flinging himself in a chair, and putting his feet up against the round sides of the stove, which was cold and fireless, the day being warm and genial. The windows were open, the sunlight streaming over the dusty floor and chairs and benches. Two or three of the jurymen, looking out, laughing, and making signs to the people in the streets, were smartly remonstrated with by the officer in charge.

His objections had the effect of congregating them in the middle of the room, where the discussion began, most of them lighting their pipes, and tilting their chairs on the hind legs. Two or three lifted their feet to the giddy eminence of the backs of other chairs; several stretched themselves at lank, ungainly length upon the benches. They were mostly young or middle-aged men; the senior of the party being a farmer of fifty, with a pointed, shaven chin, newly sprouting with a

bristly beard, over which he often passed his hand with a meditative gesture. His eyes were downcast; he leaned his elbows on his knees; his mien was depressed, not to say, afflicted. "I ain't hearn ten words together," he remarked. "I never knowed when they lef' off, sca'cely, bein' so all-fired oneasy an' beset 'bout them cattle o' mine." He turned to explain to the new juror whom they had taken on that morning. "Ben Doaks hed my cattle a-summerin' of 'em up on Piomingo Bald, an' when the cattle war rounded up I went thar ter pick out mine, an' I druv 'em down an' got ez far ez Shaftesville, an' I let 'em go on with Bob, my son, 'bout fifteen year old. An' I stopped hyar ter git a drink an' hear a leetle news. An' durned ef they did n't ketch me on the jury! An' Bob dunno what's kem o' me, an' I dunno what's kem o' Bob an' the cattle, nor how fur they hed traveled along the road 'fore they fund out I war n't comin' arter."

"Waal, I reckon they be all right," said the new man, a hunter from the mountains, just come into town with game to sell.

"Lord knows! I don't!" said the old fellow, sighing over the futility of speculation. "Ef Bob war ter draw the idee ez I got hurt, or robbed, or scrimmagin' in them town grogshops—I hev always been tellin' him a all-fired pack o' lies 'bout the dangers in sech places, bein' ez I war n't willin' ter let him go whar I'd go myself—he'd leave them cattle a-standin' thar in the road, an' kem back ter town ter s'arch fur me. He hain't got much 'speriunce, an' he ain't ekal ter keerin' fur them cattle. They 'll stray, an' I'll never see 'em agin."

"I reckon they hev strayed back ter the mountings by this time; must be wilder 'n bucks, ef they hev been out all summer," suggested a broad-faced, twinkling-eyed young fellow, with a jocose wink at the others.

"Bob dozes, too; sorter sleepy-headed, ye know," said the old man, taking notice of all the contingencies. "I hev seen him snooze in the saddle, ef the cattle war slow. He's growin', an' runs mighty hard, an' ef he sets still, he falls off. Ef he got tired, he 's apt ter lie down in a fence-corner ter rest; an' he mought go ter sleep thar an' somebody mought toll the cattle off. Or else he mought ax somebody ter keer fur the

cattle till he could kem back an' find me. Lord A'mighty, thar's no yearthly tellin' what Bob mought do!"

"Then, again, he *mought n't,*" said Jerry Price. "Ye hev jes' got ter gin up yer hold on worldly things when ye air on a jury, like ye war dead."

"Yes; but when ye air dead ye ain't able ter be pestered by studyin' 'bout what yer administrator air a-doin' with yer yearthly chattels an' cattle."

"How d' ye know?" demanded Price. "Arter all we hearn ter-day, a body mought b'lieve a real likely harnt air ekal ter ennything in motion an' looks, an' ye dunno *what* they air studyin' 'bout. But time's a-wastin'. 'Less we air wantin' ter bide hyar all night agin, we hed better be talkin' 'bout our verdict on Mink Lorey. The jedge 's waitin', an' from all I hev seen o' him he ain't handy at patience."

"Waal, sir," said the man with his feet on the stove, who was the foreman of the jury, taking his pipe from his mouth, "I ain't settin' much store on Gwinnan. I don't b'lieve he acted right an' 'cordin' ter law about this jury. Thar's thirteen men on this jury!"

They all sat motionless, staring at him.

"Yes, sir," he declared, reinserting his pipe between his teeth, and speaking with them closed upon it. "I know the law! My uncle war a jestice o' the peace fur six year, 'bout ten year ago. An' he hed a Code o' Tennessee! An' I read in it! Some mighty interestin' readin' in the Code o' Tennessee. Sure 's ye born, thar is! The law say the juror, ef he be ailin', kin be excused, an' another summonsed. But Peter Rood war n't excused, nor discharged nuther. He's on this jury yit."

"Waal, fur Gawd's sake, don't git ter jawin' 'bout Peter Rood!" cried Bylor, the man on whose chair the dead juror had fallen and who had turned his face to the close encounter of the stare of death in those glassy eyes. Bylor's nerves were still unstrung. He looked as ill as a broad-shouldered, sunburned, brawny fellow could look. "I never slep' a wink las' night; an' that thar cussed 'torney-gineral a-tellin' them awful tales 'bout harnts all day, an' that thar solemn Lethe Sayles purtendin' she hed seen that drownded idjit—I felt ez ef I'd fall down in a fit ef they didn't quit it."

"I don't b'lieve she seen Tad's harnt," said Ben Doaks, instinctively adopting her view.

"Then what war it in the *graveyard* fur?" demanded the foreman conclusively.

There was a momentary silence. The sunshine was dying out on the floor; the dim tracery of the boughs of the hickory-tree was the only manifestation of its presence. The rural sound of the lowing of cattle came in on the soft air—the village kine were returning from their pastures. The voices of men in the rooms below rose and fell fitfully; they were trying another case, in the interim of waiting for the verdict.

"An' how kem nobody hev seen him sence, 'ceptin' Lethe Sayles?" he supplemented his question.

"The jedge hinted ez much ez we-uns oughter be powerful keerful o' not convictin' a man fur killin', when a witness claimed ter hev seen the dead one sence," argued Jerry Price ambiguously.

"She never seen nuthin' but his ghost," said the foreman.

"Ben, how'd that leetle red cow o' mine git her hawn bruk?" interpolated the bereaved cattle-owner, meditating on the vicissitudes experienced by his herds in their summer vacation.

"Gawd A'mighty, man, quit talkin' 'bout yer cattle, interruptin' we-uns jes ez we war a-gittin' ter the p'int," exclaimed the foreman.

"I'd heap ruther hear Mr. Beames talk 'bout his cattle 'n hear 'bout harnts, an' sech," said Bylor, as he lay on the bench. He was still feeling far from well. He got up presently, and went to the officer, who was at the door, and petitioned for something to drink. But that worthy, determined upon the literal performance of duty, withstood his every persuasion, even when he declared he was "plumb sick"; and the rest of the jury, alarmed lest he should be excused, another juror summoned, and the whole performance of the trial begin anew, the agony of their detention thus lengthening indefinitely, pleaded for him. The officer's devotion to what he considered his duty did not save him from some abuse.

"'Twould sarve ye right ef we war ter lay a-holt o' ye an' fling ye outer this winder," said Ben Doaks.

"Ye mis'able leetle green gourd, ye dunno nuthin' 'bout

nuthin'," declared the foreman, the much informed because of the Code.

"Waal, ye kin say what ye wanter," retorted the official. He was a young man; he had a resolute eye and a shock head. "But ye ain't goin' ter git out'n here till ye find yer verdict." He withdrew his tousled head suddenly, and shut the door on them.

Rebellion availing nothing, they resorted to faction.

"Ye need n't be so powerful techy 'bout harnts; ye ain't seen none ez I knows on," said the foreman, turning upon the sick juror.

"Naw, an' I don't wanter hear 'bout none o' 'em till my stommick feels stronger."

"Shucks! that air nuthin' oncommon, seein' harnts an' sech. Plenty o' folks hev seen the same one. Thar's ever so many o' them herders on Thunderhead hev seen the harnt ez herds up thar. Rob Carrick seen him. I have hearn him tell 'bout'n it arter he got his mind back. Hain't you, Ben?"

The moon was at the eastern windows. The white lustre poured in. The great room seemed lonely and deserted, despite the group of deliberating jurymen, and the colorless double with which each had been furnished, to ape his gesture, and caricature his size, and dog his every step. An owl was hooting in some distant tree. The voices from the street were faint.

"Ain't that thar weasel of a constable goin' ter hev no lamps brung hyar ter-night?" exclaimed Bylor.

But the lamps which came in almost immediately were inadequate to contend with the solemn, ethereal, white pervasion of the night that still hung in the window, and lay upon the floor, and showed the gaunt bare tree outside. They only gave a yellow cast to the circle in which the party sat, and made their faces seem less pallid and unnatural.

"Yes, I hev hearn Carrick tell it a many a time. He used ter herd with Josh Nixon in life." Ben Doaks paused a moment. "I seen the Herder wunst myse'f, though I never felt right sure about it till ter-night. I 'lowed I mought jes' hev fancied it."

"What made ye sure 'bout it ter-night?" demanded Bylor, starting up from the bench.

" 'Count o' what the 'torney-gineral said 'bout *hellucina-*

tion. I know now ez 't war a vision sent from hell, an' I reckon that air one reason I hev fund it air so hard ter git religion. My mind hev got too much in league with Satan."

"Waal, Carrick 'lowed ez Josh Nixon kem back from hell ter herd on Thunderhead 'kase all his bones war n't buried tergether," said the foreman.

"Law, Ben," broke out the owner of cattle, "I wonder ef them beef bones we seen on the top o' Piomingo Bald war n't the bones o' that thar leetle black heifer o' mine ez couldn't be fund, an' ye 'lowed mus' hev been eat by a wolf."

"I knocked off the vally o' that thar heifer in our settlin' up, an' I hed hoped ter hear no mo' o' her in this mortal life!" cried Ben Doaks, lifting his voice from the bated undertone in which he had discussed the spectral phenomena to an indignant worldly resonance.

"I did n't know ez ye branded yer beastis on her bones," sarcastically; "the las' time I seen her she war too fat ter show 'em. I never looked fur yer mark on them bones on the bald."

"Waal," said a slow, measured voice, with that unnatural tone one has in speaking to one's self, "Tad hev got no call ter kem back."

"Who air ye a-talkin' ter?" cried Bylor, starting up, his nerves quivering at the slightest provocation.

"Somebody told me just then 't war Tad's harnt," said Price, rousing himself with an effort.

"They never!" cried Bylor. "Old man Beames hain't got done moanin' 'bout his cattle, like they war the ornymints o' the nation. Nobody never opened thar mouths ter ye. Ye jes' answered ter nuthin'."

"Harshaw never b'lieved Lethe Sayles seen no harnt," declared one.

"He *hed* ter say that," observed the foreman, evidently of spectral tendencies, "no matter what he believed. The 'torney-gin'al war powerful sure she seen a harnt."

"He 'lowed it war a *hell*ucination," protested Bylor, being extremely averse to any theory involving supernatural presence.

"Waal," argued the logical Price, "he 'lowed ez a *hell*ucination war suthin' 'ez looks like a person, but 't ain't him. Now ain't that a harnt? Ain't Tad's harnt suthin' that looks like Tad, an' ain't Tad?"

"Oh," cried Bylor, springing from the bench, "I feel obligated ter git away from sech talk! I jes' look ter see Peter Rood a-stalkin' round hyar direc'ly, with that awful stare he hed in his eyes when he war stone dead fur ever so long, with his face so close ter mine. I can't abide it no longer! Let's toss up. Heads, acquit! Tails, convict!" He produced a coin from his pocket.

"Naw, ye won't," said the foreman quickly. "Naw! We'll delib'rate on this hyar question, an' decide it like a jury oughter."

Bylor cast a glance at the windows, each with its great white image upon the floor below; at the dim faces about him; at the lamps, dull and yellow, making the moonlight seem more pallid and vaguely blue. He threw himself upon the bench, and for a long time was silent.

"Look hyar," said Jerry Price, "it hev jes' got down ter this—harnt or no harnt. Ef Lethe Sayles seen *Tad,* Mink never killed him, an' hev ter be acquitted. Ef Lethe Sayles seen Tad's harnt, Mink killed him whilst doin' a unlawful act, an' he hev ter go ter the pen'tiary fur involuntary manslaughter, ez the jedge 'lows sech be a felony."

The wrangle over the question, which bristled with difficulties enough, began anew. They were even more illogical and irritable than before. They were utterly unused to debate, to reason. The mental strain of laboriously applying their attention to each detail, striving to master circumstance and argument, throughout the two days during which the case had been tried twice before them, had resulted in a certain degree of prostration of their faculties. The singular surprise in the evidence and the sudden death of one of their number had unnerved them all, more or less. Being ignorant men, untrained to discriminate and differentiate, while they could accept the strange occurrences which the attorney-general had brought to their knowledge, they were not able to perceive and apply the scientic explanations. And in fact many of these were lame and inadequate. They had heard these seemingly supernatural instances from a man of education and acumen, and it had fallen to their lot to probe the probabilities, and possibilities, and decide an important question based upon them.

THE FAITH OF THE INDIAN

From 'The Amulet.' Copyright, The Macmillan Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Now it seemed that the Cherokees had lost their own religion, if this amulet represented it, for by their curious racial logic Raymond possessed its symbol and therefore they no longer had the fact.

"It is a heathen notion that I have got their religion," protested Raymond. "They never had any religion."

"It is religion to them," said Arabella. "Religion is faith. Religion is a conviction of the soul."

"True religion is a revelation to the mind direct from God," said Mr. Morton, didactically. "The name doth not befit the hideous pagan follies of the Indians."

She did not feel qualified to argue; she only said vaguely with a certain primness, in contrast with her method of addressing the young men:

"Faith always seems to me the function of the soul, as reason is of the mind. You can believe an error, but mistakes are not founded on reason."

Then she asked him suddenly if the stress that the Cherokees laid on this amulet did not remind him of the attributes of the ark of the Hebrews and their despair because of its capture.

"The ark was a type—a type," he declared, looking off with unseeing eyes into the blue and roseate sky and launching out into a dissertation on the image and the reality, the prophecy and its fulfilment, with many a digression to a cognate theme, while Captain Howard affected to listen and went over in his mind the quarter-master's accounts, the state of the armament of the fort, and the equipment of the men, all having relation to the settling of his affairs in quitting his command. The younger people chatted in low voices under cover of the monologue, it not being directly addressed to them.

They had slowly strolled along the rampart as they talked, the two elderly men in the rear, the girl in the centre, with her charming, fair-haired beauty, more ethereal because of that pervasive, tempered, pearly light which just precedes the

dusk, while the young officers, in the foppery of their red coats, their white breeches, their cocked hats, and powdered hair, kept on either side. The party made their way out from the dead salient of the angle, only to be defended by the musketry of soldiers standing on the banquettes, and ascended the rising ground to the *terreplcine,* where cannon were mounted *en barbette* to fire above the parapet.

As Arabella noticed the great guns, standing a-tilt, she said they reminded her of grim hounds holding their muzzles up to send forth fierce howls of defiance.

"They can send forth something fiercer than howls," said Raymond, applausively. He was a very young soldier, and thought mighty well of the little cannon. Captain Howard, who had seen war on a fine scale and was used to forts of commensurate armament, could not repress a twinkle of the eye, although for no consideration would he have said aught to put the subaltern out of conceit with his little guns.

The other cannon were pointed through embrasures beneath the parapet. One of them had been run back on its chassis. She paused beside it, and stood looking through the large aperture, languid, and silent, and vaguely wistful, at the scene from a new point of view.

As she lingered thus all fair-haired in her faint green dress, with her hat on her arm full of violets, one hand on the silent cannon, she seemed herself a type of spring, of some benison of peace, of some grave and tender mediatrix.

The foam was aflash on the rapids of the Keowee River; the sound of its rush was distinct in the stillness. Now and again the lowing of cattle came from some distant ranch of pioneer settlers. The Indian town of Keowee on the opposite side of the river was distinct to view, with its conical roofs and its great rotunda on a high mound, all recognizable despite the reduction of size to the proportions of the landscape of the distance. No wing was now astir in the pallid colorless sky. One might hardly say whence the light emanated, for the sun was down, the twilight sped, and yet the darkness had not fallen. A sort of gentle clarity possessed the atmosphere. She noted the line of the parapet of the covered way, heretofore invisible because of the high stockade, and beyond still the slope of the glacis, and there—

"What *is* that?" she said, starting forward, peering through the embrasure into the gathering gloom. A dark object was visible just beyond the crest of the glacis. It was without form, vague, opaque, motionless, and of a consistency impossible to divine.

"Why, the Indian priests or conjurers," Mervyn explained. "They have been there all day."

"They are called the *cheerataghe*—men possessed of divine fire," Raymond volunteered.

The captain-lieutenant somewhat resented the amendment of his explanation. "They are the only people in the world who believe that Raymond has any religion of any sort." He laughed with relish and banteringly.

"Don't you think that is funny, Mr. Mervyn?" she demanded, her tone a trifle enigmatical. She did not look at him as she still leaned with one hand on the cannon, her hat full of violets depending from her arm.

"Vastly amusing, sure," declared Mervyn—and Ensign Innis laughed, too, in the full persuasion of pleasing.

"I can't see their feathers or bonnets," she said.

"No," explained Raymond, "they have their heads covered with the cloth they weave, and they heap ashes on the cloth."

"Oh-h-h!" cried out Arabella.

"Watch them—watch them now," Raymond said quickly. "They are heaping the ashes on their heads again."

There was a strange, undulatory motion among the row of heavily draped figures, each bending to the right, their hands seeming to wildly wave as they caught up the invisible ashes before them and strewed them over their heads, while a low wail broke forth.

"And you think this is funny?" demanded Arabella of the young men, looking at them severally.

"I can't say I think it is *un*funny," said Innis, with a rollicking laugh.

"I think it is very foolish," said Lawrence.

"I don't believe they have lost a religion because I've got it in my pocket," said Raymond.

"And they are old men—are they?" she asked.

"Old?" said Mervyn. "Old as Noah."

"And they have had a long journey?"

"Pounded down here all the way from Chote on their ten old toes."

"And how long will they stay there, fasting, and praying, and wailing, and waiting, in sackcloth and ashes?"

"Perhaps till they work some sort of spell on me," suggested Raymond. She laughed at this in ridicule.

"Till the fort is evacuated, I suppose," said Mervyn.

"So long as that!" she exclaimed, growing serious. All at once she caught her breath with a gasp, staring at the Indians in the gathering gloom, as with a sudden inspiration.

"I would speak with them!—Oh la!—what a thing to tell in England! Take me down there—quick. Tillie vallie!—there is no water in the fosse. What a brag to make in Kent! There can be no danger under the guns of the fort. Lord, papa—*let me go!*"

Captain Howard hesitated, but made no demur. The war was over, and there was indeed no risk; and Arabella's pilgrimage into primeval realms would be infinitely embellished by this freak. All of the young officers accompanied her, the interpreter, hastily summoned, following; the commandant and the parson watched from the rampart.

She went through the gray dusk like some translucent apparition, the figment of lines of light. The moon, now in the sky, hardly annulled the tints of her faint green gown; her hair glittered in the sheen; her face was etherally white. The wailing ceased as her advance was observed. The swaying figures were still. A vague fear seized her as she came near to those mysterious veiled creatures, literally abased to the ground. She wavered for a moment—then she paused on the crest of the glacis in silence and evident doubt.

There was an interval of suspense. The odors of violets and dust and ashes were blended on the air. Dew was falling; the river sang; and the moon shone brighter as the darkness gathered.

"Good people," she said, with a sort of agitated, hysteric break in her clear voice, for she was realizing that she knew not how to address magnates and priests of a strange alien nation.

The croak of the interpreter came with a harsh promptitude on each clause.

"Good people, I hear a voice"—she paused again, and cor-

rected her phrase—"I feel a monition—to tell you that your prayers are answered. Your 'religion' I have the power to restore. To-morrow, at the fort, at high noon, it shall be returned to you. If you help the helpless, and feed the hungry, and cherish the aged, and show mercy to captives, it will be a better religion than ever heretofore. I promise—I pledge my word."

She wavered anew and shrank back so suddenly that Raymond thought she might fall. But no! She fled like a deer, her green draperies all fluttering in the wind, the moonlight on her golden hair and in her shining eyes. The officers followed, half bewildered by her freak, Raymond first of all. He overtook her as she was climbing through the fraise of the steep exterior slope of the rampart, clutching at the sharp stakes to help her ascent.

"Stop! stop!" he said, catching at her sleeve and pausing to look up gravely into her eyes as she, laughing, gasping, half-hysterical, looked down at him standing on the berme below. "Are you in earnest?" he demanded.

"Yes—yes—I shall give back the amulet."

She seemed hardly to realize that it was his; that he had captured it in a *mêlée;* that it was now in his possession; that he had a word in the matter, a will to be consulted.

"I don't understand—" he hesitated.

"Oh—la,—*you!* You make no difference. *I* have worked a spell on *you*—as you know!"

She laughed again, caught her breath with a gasp, and began once more to ascend swiftly through the fraise. But he was beside her in a moment. He caught her little hand trembling and cold in his.

"Arabella," he cried, in agitated delight, "you know I worship you—you know that you have indeed all my heart—but only a subaltern—I hardly dared to hope—"

"La! you needn't bestir yourself to hope now! Sure, I didn't say *you* had worked any spell on *me.*"

Not another word was possible to him, for the others had overtaken them, and it was in a twitter of laughter that she climbed through the embrasure, and in a flutter of delighted achievement that she breathlessly detailed the adventure to her father and the parson. Then, hanging on the commandant's

arm, she demurely paced to and fro along the moonlit rampart, now and again meeting Raymond's gaze with a coquettish air of bravado which seemed to say:

"Talk love to me *now,* if you dare!"

THE DUEL IN THE SWAMP

From 'The Fair Mississippian.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Sloughs, lagoons, bayous unnumbered! The horses were soon mired to their girths; the men were splashed from head to foot, and those inexpert at swimming a horse when suddenly out of his depth, had their high riding-boots full of water. More than once an alligator was viewed, half embedded in the ooze, only distinguished from the rotten log that he resembled when he would rouse himself to swim slowly a few yards, tempting the knights of the magazine shot-guns.

"Don't ye know that a bullet from a forward shot will glance off as if he wore chain armor!" old Sloper remonstrated. "The only chance is a rifle-ball behind the eye."

"And when did *you* become acquainted with chain armor?" asked one of the Mayberry youths, in merry wonderment and with a twinkling eye.

"About twenty-five years before you was bawn," retorted the old swamper. He paused to spit forth an enormous volley of tobacco-juice against the trunk of a tree, with a seeming solicitude for the accuracy of his aim; then resumed with the greatest deliberation.

"I holped in a jewel that was fought by two tremenjious swells, who got themselves landed by the Great Republic for that purpose. They tuk up an insult to each other while on the boat. They came up to my wood-yard—I used ter furnish fuel ter the packets reg'lar. They said all they wanted was a man ter see fair play an' shut his mouth. They plastered mine good an' tight with a double eagle. One of the parties was tremenjious brash an' overbearin'; I could see that the other looked into death's eye-sockets at close quarters. I medjured the ground for them with the Flying Cloud's wood-staff that the mud clerk had left at the yard—miserable, unshifty, keer-

less cuss! Bet he needed it himself before he got ter New Orleans! An' these two dandy fellers tuk thar stand an' fired. An' the one that was so cocksure missed his aim, though his hair-trigger was as fine a weepon as ever I see. An' the t'other, that thought he had come to his las' minit, shot straight. But he aimed at the man's mouth, as it 'peared to me. He threw up his pistol at the last second. The ball tuk the gentleman right through the throat. Ought to have seen the blood spurt out'n his jugular! Mighty nasty way to kill a gentleman, I thought! An' as we both run to the body on the ground, one on either side, the winner's hand shook so he could hardly undo the vest. So I laid back the fine linen shirt, though I knew it was no use to feel his heart, for he was as dead as a buckeye; I seen between it an' his silk underwear a shirt of fine steel rings. 'Twould turn a bullet; 'twould break a knife! An' the s'vivor says—his chin shook so that he could hardly talk—'What do you think of that? I s'picioned from the fust that he would give me no fair chance in a fight, an' he forced it upon me.' An' I say, 'Let's put this murderer in the bayou. Thar's some fierce catfish thar, an' snakes, an' slimy beasts to eat the flesh from his bones. The mud is deep an' will hold him down, an' the mire is fit for his last home! The Miss'ippi is too tricky to trust—floats things, ye know. The bayou for me, every time!' "

"Why, Mr. Sloper," cried young Mayberry, suddenly grave and aghast. "I should think that you would have been afraid."

"Well, he ain't never got up from thar—so fur as I have heard tell. What's to be afeard of?"

"Was that *all* you did? To bury him in the bayou?"

"Naw, sir; I went down to Natchez an' spreed away the double eagle, the twenty dollars."

"But I mean about notifying the authorities?"

The old swamper's face had a bewildered look.

"Whar was they? What call had they ter meddle? I done nothin' but the heftin'."

"Didn't the Great Republic say anything the next time she passed?"

"Oh, yes! I told the mud clerk that the price of wood had riz, an' he told me to go to hell. That's the last word with the Great Republic."

Suddenly a sound smote the sylvan silence. A keen note of query, a wide blare of discovery—and all the pack opened on the scent, baying as rhythmically as if trained to this woodland music. The horn rang out its elated, spirited tones, the sound leaping like a live thing along the far reaches of the levels. The horsemen, in a frenzy of excitement, were separating, each taking his own course and riding as if the rout of some swift pursuit were upon his track.

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